

## Chapter One "Souls"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

With only the stars above providing the nights dim light, dozens of wizards and witches stumbled there way blindly through the tombstone covered Cemetery. Called upon by the mark which had been burnt into their forearms years ago, the Death Eater's stared in disbelief as their master welcomed them, the master they for so long believed to be dead.

Amazed at the sight they had been greeted with, those who stood before the pale faced creature at their front had to pull their gaze from their master to look upon a beaten, and chained Harry Potter. Arms coiled in chains and binding him to the grave of his nemeses father, Harry let his head hang under the jeering of the jubilant Death Eaters, all of them oblivious to the fact of the sleeping muggles in the small surrounding village.

After what seemed like a millennium of the Death Eater's taunting him, Harry took a small breath of relief when it appeared Voldemort had grown bored. Angered at having been left to rot for so many years as a bodiless entity, the Dark Lord brought pain to each and every one of those who had denounced him in his time of need. Diverting his gaze as he couldn't bear to watch, Harry tried his best not to focus on the pathetic sounding pleas of the Death Eater's around him. Deciding to concentrate on a plan of escape instead, it was just Harry's bad luck that when he had turned his eyes focus from the malicious pack of Death Eater's, he turned them to lay eyes on his fellow Triwizard champion, Cedric Diggory.

Only slightly older, Cedric lay lifelessly a few feet a way, the older teens eyes agape and staring unfocusedly skyward. Pale and cold, his once mirth filled eyes expressed nothing, it was a sight that Harry was sure would haunt his dreams, a sight that made him stare endlessly into the dull pair for so long, he consequently lost track of time. When he finally managed to grasp his bearings and look away from his dead school mates face, it was only to discover Voldemort had finishing with the disciplining of his followers.

The once jubilant Death Eater's now cowered silently several feet away. Some whimpering and holding themselves together in their own arms, shivering from the after effects of the torture curse. The only person still actually within arms reach of the Dark Lord other than Harry himself was the sniveling form of Peter Pettigrew. The stout, balding man continuously groveling at the hems of Voldemort's robes, thanking him repeatedly for his new shiny silver hand.

Yet it seemed to Harry though, that just how he thought Pettigrew was the lowest scum of the earth, Voldemort did as well. Paying no attention to Peter whatsoever, Voldemort strolled forwards with his crimson coloured eyes glittering maliciously and fixed pitilessly on the teen that had once before robbed him of his destiny.

"Harry Potter... You don't know how much it pleases me to see you like this," Voldemort announced. His cold blue lips twisted into a smirk. "To see you how you truly really are, weak, pathetic."

Weakly lifting his head so he could look upon his nemesis, Harry scoffed, a motion that sent a wave of pain aching through his chest. "W-weak? Pathetic? No, you must be mistaken, I'm not the one who chains and tortures mere children."

To the surprise of many, Voldemort let loose a ruthless laugh. If you could call it that, to Harry it sounded more along the lines of a man gasping while choking at the same time. "No, Harry I'm afraid it is you who is mistaken. Torturing children is not a sign of weakness, it's a sign of not having what I've lost. For you see, Harry, I have no conscience, nor do I know any emotion."

"How... How can you have nothing and still call your self human!" Harry exclaimed, a trickle of blood dribbling down the corner of his mouth as he spoke.

"Quite simple. For you see I've never refereed to myself as human," Voldemort sneered, a set of words that set off a round of laughter from his supporters. "I am above humankind, Harry. Above all its unimportant emotions and petty possessions. I am immortal. A god among those who are too weak to see power for what it really is... Greatness. If you have power, Harry, you have everything."

Harry shook his head as if to clear Voldemort's words from his head, the snake like faces impassive expression plaguing his mental thoughts. "P-power isn't everything." he muttered.

"Oh but it is, Harry, for power is the one thing that will keep you alive this very night." Voldemort replied.

Staring at his parents murderers serpentine face in confusion, Harry was somewhat comforted to find that the Death Eater's were looking at one another as if they too did not fully understand the words of their master.

One of the braver Death Eater's hesitantly stepped forward. "My Lord, the boy has seen our faces. He'll tell them who we are! We'll all be condemned to Azkaban if he's set free!" said the man who cringed slightly when he addressed the thing he served.

Spinning on his heel to look at his frightful looking disciple, Voldemort let a venomous sneer play across his thin lips. "You fear the world knowing you serve me Goyle?" he questioned in a deathly hiss.

The Death Eater stammered. "N-no of course not my Lord, it's the prison I fea-" Goyle fell silent as Voldemort cut him off.

"SILENCE! Do you take me for a fool! You think that fourteen years away have made me dimwitted! Or perhaps Goyle, you think I don't know how to lead and protect my own followers." Voldemort spat, the other man opened his mouth to object only to be cut off again by the Dark Lord. "Never question me, Goyle. Ever! I think it best if you were to get this through that thick skull of yours the only way you've ever learned how."

Goyle's bulk stature shrunk as he watched Voldemort's bony arm raise, wand in hand. "Crucio!"

The beefy sized man dropped to the ground, his limbs twitching spasmodically, all the while his screams tore relentlessly through his throat and echoed off every tombstone in the graveyard.

"Stop! Stop it!" Harry yelled, the chains around his wrists rattling as he fought to break free from them, if only just to rip the wand from Voldemort's knobbly, pasty white fingers.

With a flick of his wrist, Voldemort brought Goyle's punishment to an end.

"How precious, the wizarding world's golden boy would stop a man's pain, who in return would slit his throat as he slept. You really are the good of all good aren't you, Harry, it's a shame really that your victory over me was a mistake on my part," Voldemort said, a gasp of audible shock erupting through out the Cemetery from his servants. When hushed talk began to break out among the Death Eaters, Voldemort silenced them with a simple wave of his hand. "All those years of training, creating, studying and I over looked something... An old type of magic, a type of magic I did not care to learn, yet by doing so I was unprepared on that fateful Halloween night, I was bested by a mere witch with an extensive knowledge into old protective magic."

"M-my Mum beat you?" Harry asked, his body seeming to straighten up against the statue he stood chained too, his eyes lit up with interest.

"Call it what you will, I admit your mudblood mother played a key role. You however sat worthless as you are now, in your crib crying as I murdered your father, then your accursed mother... Then it was your turn, they said I couldn't kill a simple child, the fools. It wasn't because I couldn't kill you, I very well could have, the only thing stopping me from succeeding was your mother's magic, it used her sacrifice and her love to rebound the killing Curse. But you see, that's not where it went wrong, it all went wrong when I accidentally turned you into an object more precious than any other." Voldemort explained, by the time he stopped talking he was pacing back and forth in front of Harry.

Unexpectedly a Death Eater with an all too familiar face and long blond hair approached the Dark Lord. The man side stepped the now still, unmoving body of Goyle Senior. With a distasteful look on his face, the man then lowered himself casually to a knee, gracefully tilting his head in a humble gesture towards his master. "My Lord, may I be as bold as to ask you a question?" Lucius Malfoy asked, his voice sleek and classy.

Voldemort cast a quick glance at Malfoy before turning back to look at Harry. "You may, Lucius."

"Could you perhaps enlighten our pondering minds with what it is you meant my Lord, about the boy being precious, of why the boy who should die tonight will live instead?" Lucius questioned.

Voldemort stood silent for a moment as if debating whether to indulge his servants inquiry or not, when his mind had settled, his cold voice cut through the air like a sharp knife. "You are bold, asking two questions when requesting only one."

Lucius visibly tensed as if expecting some degree of punishment, he soon relaxed however as Voldemort continued speaking. "Potter is what few know of as a Horcrux, an item containing a piece of ones soul, a soul magically separated from ones body and placed into another. Yet to do so, one must do a 'heinous' deed, a deed so dark and treacherous, it would have to be murder. Once the act of killing has been played out, the murderer's soul for example, would then be split in half and placed into an object of the murderer's choosing. So you see, that is what Potter is, he is an object carrying a piece of soul, more specifically, my soul."

Jaw sagging open, the breath seemed to be knocked from Harry's lungs, the pain in his wrists from the chains digging into his skin could no longer be felt, the words "He is an object carrying a piece of soul, more specifically, my soul." repeated in his head. At that moment in time, he wanted nothing more than to be killed, he was no longer hoping he would survive the night. The knowledge that he had a piece of his parents murderer residing within him made him want to gag. Or worse in this case.

"So the wretched boy must not be killed because of the piece of your soul trapped in his body... If this is so my Lord, how is it will we rid our self's of him?" Lucius asked, slowly. His sky blue eyes observing his master closely, an attempt to try and predict his Lord's reaction to his words.

Narrowing his eyes into lethal slits, Voldemort glared. "You are becoming far to bold Lucius, you must learn to hold that slippery tongue of yours." He sneered, his smirk growing wider as his words seemed to effectively install a sense of fear into Malfoy. "All of my plans will be revealed in due time Lucius, I've had many years to come up with something to correct my problem with Potter, and I am

pleased to say I've created something just for our dear friend. A spell I have refined and come to declare, perfected."

Closing his eyes and stiffening, Harry mentally prepared himself for the worst to come.

Voldemort it would appear though found some amusement at Harry's reaction, laughing his wheezy laugh at the distraught look on Harry's face, he took a few steps closer to the teen binded to his fathers grave. "Come now, Harry, if your lucky you may just end up seeing those parents of yours." he taunted, a few Death Eaters chuckling lowly behind him.

Harry didn't respond, he just went limp against the chains holding him up. His eyes only cracking open an inch when he heard a few approaching steps made by Voldemort.

"Well my faithful ones, it would seem our time with Potter here must come to an end." Voldemort announced, his wand arm raising.

"Are... Are you going to kill me?" Harry asked, his voice full of despair and acceptance.

"Kill you? No of course not, Harry, as much as it would please me to do so, I am regretfully not going to kill you," Voldemort said in mock broken heartedness. "What I am going to do though is much, much worse. For right her and now, I for the first time in wizarding history am going to separate an entire soul from a body with out the assistance of a Dementor."

The Death Eaters whispered amongst them selves at their masters words, some even drew closer to middle of the Cemetery for a better look.

"W-why not just kill me?" Harry asked, lamely.

"Because Harry, If I were to do that then I would be killing a piece of myself. This way, once I remove your soul from your body, all that will be left will be mine." answered Voldemort. "Don't fret though, there isn't enough of my soul in there to take over. Just think of your body as a vault containing a priceless jewel in it. It may even be comforting to know that soon your body will be returned to Hogwarts, my servant at that blasted school will see personally to that.

Everyone will just assume you were kissed by a Dementor since you'll have all the same symptoms."

Voldemort took two long final strides towards Harry, dragging the tip of his wand across Harry's cheek the man smiled darkly. "From then on you'll just be laying on a bed somewhere, forever carrying my soul. Of course I'll have to keep your body alive for an undetermined amount of time if my soul is to stay in there. Perhaps I shall turn you into an Inferi. No matter, I'll have plenty of time to ponder on it."

It was then that Harry's Gryffindor spirit kicked in, he let out a yell and fought vigorously against his restraints. How he ever thought death was an option he didn't know, all he focused on now was escaping, but his attempts were futile as the chains held tight, the only thing he managed to accomplish was amusing the Death Eater's.

"Good-Bye, Harry Potter," Voldemort said, with a swirl of his wand and a sneer on his face, he casted his spell. "ALMA DESTERRAR!"

A blinding white flash of light burst from Voldemort's yew wand and filled the night's sky. Harry screamed in agony as the light tore into his abdomen, it felt as if there were someone digging their hand into his chest and pulling out his heart. It was then that he saw darkness, complete and utter darkness, then nothing. Harry Potter was no longer conscious or one with his body.

A/N: "Alma Desterrar" from what I gathered from translating means. "Soul to exile." If you liked the first chapter please review, tell me what you thought about it. Keep in note I do write this for my own enjoyment, but I love to hear anything from constructive ideas to angry comments.

## Chapter Two "Reverse"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

Harry awoke with a sharp intake of breath. His head felt as if it were split in two and his body ached in pain, an agonized moan of pain escaped his chapped lips as he tried to put his tense and sore muscles to use. The only thing he could do with simplistic ease was look around, yet there wasn't much to see in the darkness.

In a matter small amount of time his eyes adjusted to the dark enabling him to see more clearly, the room, if you could call it a room, was small and square in shape. A thick layer of grime covered the stone walls and in the far corner of room an old stained mattress lay forgotten. The only form of light came from a thin slit in an iron door on the wall opposite of the one Harry was propped up against. It was quite clear to him that this was a room specifically designed to hold him against his will.

Deciding to find out exactly where he was being held Harry called out. "Hello?" His voice was raspy and hurt him to use it.

When he received no answer, Harry reluctantly used his sore muscles and picked himself off the cold damp floor. He swayed back and forth until getting hold of his balance, clumsily he stumbled his way to the iron door. Peeking through the slit he couldn't see a single thing except an identical iron door across from his own.

"Hello? Is anybody there?" Harry asked, the only reply was a scared muffled whine. "Are...are you okay?"

"Go'way, go'way, I didn't do it. Please no, no, NO!" replied the voice in panic.

Harry clenched his hands over his ears as the person in the room across from his began to scream in sheer fear. Crawling away from the door Harry's eyes were fixated at the thin slit as the person across the halls screams came pouring through, after an hour or so of drowning the screams out with unharmonious humming Harry relaxed contentedly in the quietness of the dark. He was sure that as

the time passed slowly by Voldemort or one of his lackeys would come by, curse him a bit, then leave, but even that didn't happen. The only visitor he got was a gaunt looking rat running around his cell then scurrying back into a crack in the wall.

Dozing off and on, Harry's head rested tiredly on top of his knees as he sat crouched in the far corner of the cell. His eye lids had just fluttered closed again, when he heard a loud explosion go off in the distance, the room shook from the impact of what he guessed was an explosion. Getting quickly to his feet, Harry went to the iron door. He couldn't help but feel hopeful that it was Dumbledore finally coming to rescue him, yet as the minutes passed he heard nothing and his hopes started to dwindle. Just as he was about to move from the door and mark down the explosion as a figment of his imagination Harry heard something in the distance.

Harry scrambled to the door and pressed his ear eagerly to the slit in the door.

He heard an excited voice from afar. "I got Rookwood! I got Rookwood!"

A deep voice replied just as excited as the first. "Good, let's find Mulciber's and Abernathy's cell, they should be down here somewhere."

There was a soft sound of shuffling feet, then silence.

"Wait! Come back! Come back!" Harry yelled desperately.

The only response he got was another explosion in the distance, the force of it sent him from his squatting position to flat on his buttocks. Clambering to his knees Harry strained to hear another voice call out from down what he guessed was the hallway outside of his cell.

"Brilliant lads, just brilliant. One more to go!"

"Help! I'm down here! Help!" Harry yelled through the slit.

He waited impatiently silent for some sort of reply or recognition, finally he heard a voice speak.

"You hear anything?" Asked a deep voice.

Another voice from moments earlier quickly replied. "No, and I don't care! Find Mulciber, he's our top priority."

There was a snort of indifference from the first speaker. "We've got plenty of time before those Ministry idiots start to arrive."

Harry opened his mouth to yell for help again but a new and slick toned voice cut him off.

"I found Abernathy! They've got wards set up, and I can't get through, get your bloody arses over here!"

The two people conversing near Harry's cell mumbled something that Harry couldn't quite hear then ran off to aid whoever yelled for them.

Harry banged his head repeatedly against the door in frustration. He stilled as he heard another explosion, it was farther away than the last one. Dust fell from the roof of the cell and covered Harry's hair and shoulders. He was dusting his shoulders when the quiet sound of shuffling feet grew steadily louder and seemed to be coming in his direction.

"Hey! Down here! Help! Help!" yelled Harry, who ever was coming towards him came to a complete stop.

"I knew I heard something! Did you hear it that time?" asked a voice.

The slick toned man snapped back an annoyed reply. "Of course I did you fool! But it matters not, we've done our job, let's get out of here."

Harry didn't care if he had to beg to get these men to save him, he wanted out. "No! Don't leave me here! Please! Please help me!"

"Should we at least take a look? See who it is? We'll still have ample enough time to get, what do you say Lestrage?" asked the first voice.

There was a pregnant pause of silence before the slick voice of Lestrage answered. "Fine. Whoever it is though, if they aren't one

of us we leave them behind." he paused. "That also applies if they've gone all wonky in the head, they stay here. Agreed?"

The first speaker replied instantly. "Agreed!"

With a smile on his face, Harry stepped back from the door so that when they looked through the slit they would be able to see he wasn't crazy. He tried to make his matted hair more presentable, but when a pair of beady eyes looked through the slit, he immediately dropped his hands to his sides.

"Well I'll be damned! That's Potter that is in there!" exclaimed the person looking through the slit.

The man looking in was abruptly pushed out of the way, and a dark grey pair of calculating eyes replaced him.

"You weren't lying." stated the voice of Lestrage.

"Of course not! So, does he look sane to you?" The man asked who was looking in before getting pushed.

Lestrage hesitated before answering. "I don't know, he looks to be alright. Our Lord will be mighty pleased if he is."

Harry went still, what did he mean by "Our Lord." He could think of only two kinds of people who talked like that. One being religious people, the second being Death Eaters, he picked the latter and slowly backed up into the corner of his cell. He hoped they might simply forget about him and move on, they didn't.

"Alright, first of all, go give word to Yaxley to Port Key out with Rookwood and Abernathy, tell him we'll take care of Mulciber. Once you've done that, come on back. Hopefully by that time, I should have Potter out, once he's out, one of us will then Port Key out with him while the other goes and gets Mulciber, do you understand?" Lestrage asked.

"Why don't Yaxley just take Mulciber with him?" asked the man opposite of Lestrage.

"All three of them are crazed you twat, I doubt Yaxley will even be able to get them to hold onto the Port Key long enough to get out!" Lestrangle's slick voice snapped.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. I suppose your right." The other voice grumbled.

"Of course I'm right, why do you think the Dark Lord put me in charge of this mission and not you Nott." Lestrangle said smugly.

The man named Nott huffed and stomped away.

"Potter, if your listening, get to the far side of the cell. I'm going to blow the door." Lestrangle warned.

Harry stood motionless on top of the ratty old mattress in the corner of his cell. When he didn't reply to what Lestrangle said, the man blew the door of it's hinges. The iron door hit the ground and made a sound louder than the blast that detached it from the wall. A thick cloud of smoke and dust filled the puny room, Harry clenched his fists as he heard approaching foot steps. Stepping through the cloud of dirt the man named Lestrangle came into view, he was tall in height and wearing flowing black robes, a white mask concealed all his face except two dark grey eyes.

"Come on Potter, lets get you out of here." Lestrangle said gesturing to the empty doorway of the cell.

Harry shook his head. "Stay away from me!" he sneered.

The mans eyes narrowed behind the mask. "Stop being an idiot Potter. Get out of that ruddy corner!" Lestrangle ordered impatiently.

Harry could easily tell the man was getting annoyed. He shook his head again. "Leave me alone! I'm staying here!" said Harry.

"Are you dumb? You're in Azkaban you idiot! We're going to free you, take you home to where you belong." Lestrangle snapped.

"What? I'm not in Azkaban! That...that's impossible...why would I be there? You're lying! Stay away from me!" Harry protested in disbelief.

Lestrangle began to say something but he fell quiet as his accomplice from earlier came back.

"Yaxley's gone with the other two, and he said to hurry, said he heard someone apperating in," Nott informed, his eyes turned to Harry. "Whats wrong with Potter?"

"The kids not all there, doesn't even know he's in Azkaban!" Lestrangle snapped angrily.

The other Death Eater stepped into the cell, he looked at Harry who was huddled in the corner like a scared animal.

"Well we already blew his cell open. I say we take him anyway, the worst that could happen is our Master will give the boy to Black. You know how your cousin-in-law thinks of the boy practically as his own, he'll be thrilled." Nott suggested.

Lestrangle seemed torn to agree. "Fine. I'm going to go to get Mulciber before the Auror's start to show, you take the kid back!"

With that Lestrangle stalked out of the cell leaving Nott and Harry staring alone at each other.

"I'm not going anywhere with you!" Harry stated, the shaking in his legs was the only thing portraying his actual fear.

The Death Eater didn't reply, all he did was pull out a piece of yellow cloth from within his robes.

"Come here!" he ordered, Harry didn't comply. "Dammit boy! If you make me come over there, Merlin so help me, a punishment from our Master will seem like a pat on the back compared to what I'll do to you!"

Harry tried to think of a way to get out, but nothing came to mind except the mans threat. The Death Eater watched Harry expectantly, yet when Harry didn't move from his corner to the man, the man went to Harry. With his hands outstretched in front of him like two sharp talons Nott stalked menacingly towards Harry. When he was close enough he lunged and pinned Harry to the corner of the cell. Harry tried vigorously to struggle free from the mans hold, but the Death Eater just wouldn't budge.

"Stay still!" Nott growled, he grabbed the front of Harry's ragged clothing with one hand, and with the other he grabbed one of Harry's swinging hands and held it in his own.

The piece of yellow cloth in between their clutched hands.

Harry let out a yelp of surprise as an uncomfortable and all too familiar pull came from behind his naval, within a matter of seconds he found himself sprawled out on the floor of an entirely new room with the Death Eater on top of him. An audible gasp of breath flew from Harry's lungs as the man on top of him finally managed to pull himself up. Rolling onto his stomach Harry looked around the new room. It was a large circular stone chamber lit up by dull candle light, and filled with dozens of men and women dressed in Death Eater robes. Beside him to the right on their knees were two men dressed in rags like himself, both men had gaunt features and hollow looking eyes, they reminded him a lot like the face of his Godfather last year.

Forcing his focus from the gaunt looking men, a man stood above all others on a platform made entirely of black marble caught his eye. Behind the man was a throne painted an olive green with snakes carved artistically into it. The man himself had black hair streaked with grey and a pair of crimson coloured eyes, his face was one Harry recognized yet hadn't seen since his second year at Hogwarts. It was Voldemort as his former self, Tom Marvolo Riddle, but he looked older, much older.

Harry flinched as a loud pop echoed through the chamber and two men appeared beside him from thin air. He recognized one of the men as the Death Eater Lestrage, the other was a man looking much like the other two who were on their knees. Bowing respectfully in the direction of Voldemort, Lestrage dumped the other man beside Harry and then went with Nott to stand with another man just in front of the mass of Death Eaters assembled in a semi-circle acting as an audience behind Harry and the haggard men beside him.

"Welcome back my friends," greeted Voldemort. "I'm pleased to see yo-" An offended hiss rumbled through the Dark Lord's throat as his red eyes passed over the cowering form of Harry. "What is he doing here?" he sneered outraged, his eyes immediately searched out Lestrage, Nott and another Death Eater who stood by side.

Lestrangle broke from the ranks of the two others beside him and kneeled before the Dark Lord.

"If I may speak freely my Lord I can explain." Lestrangle said, he waited for a curt nod from Voldemort before he continued. "We had just freed Rookwood and Abernathy when Nott started to hear things, pleas for help my Lord. The boy was calling for us, myself and Nott went simply to satisfy our curiosity at first. But when we discovered the boy and realized he had not suffered the Dementor's kiss as we were so informed, myself and Nott thought it might please you my Lord if we were to bring him."

Voldemort raised a bony hand and pointed it threateningly at Lestrangle. "Are you saying the information given to me by a member of my inner circle wrong?" he hissed vehemently.

"I only report what I saw my Lord, nothing else," Lestrangle said. "I mean not to implicate another for their lack of competence."

The Dark Lord turned from his kneeling servant to the two Death Eater's standing behind Lestrangle. "Nott, Yaxley. What say you? Does Rodolphus speak truth or false truth?" he demanded.

The Death Eater beside Nott stepped forward and took a knee beside Lestrangle. "I can not say for sure my Lord, I was merely informed of Nott's and Lestrangle's plan to free Potter. I had not seen the boy till this very moment." The man named Yaxley answered.

Voldemort's eyes turned impatiently on the lanky Death Eater named Nott. "Speak!" he ordered

Nott kneeled where he stood. "Rodolphus speaks the truth Master. I've seen Potter with my own eyes, I brought him here I did. He ain't soulless, I swear it."

Voldemort stepped down from his plat form and strode to where Harry lay. "Potter, my young servant. Speak to me your Master!" he hissed.

Harry shaking all over looked up to meet the red eyes of the Dark Lord, confused with everything else that happened in the last hour or so the only thing he could say was. "What?"

Voldemort however seemed content with this, a smirk spread onto his pale face. "So you do speak, you clearly have not been kissed then. I'm delighted to see that."

"I bet you are!" Harry snapped suddenly, the smirk fell from the Dark Lords face.

"Now, now Harry. I thought you to have been kissed by a Dementor, had I known the information I was given was wrong I would have sent for you instantly." Voldemort replied, his crimson eyes searched the crowd of Death Eaters for someone in particular, finally his gaze settled on a man that even though he wore a mask his long blond hair easily gave him away as Lucius Malfoy.

The blond Death Eater pushed and threw people from his way as he practically threw himself on the chamber floor in front of his Master.

"My Lord, forgive me. The information concerning Potter I believed it to be legitimate," Lucius said, his voice wavered. "My source is higher than I within the Ministry, I gave him no reason to lie to me..."

Lucius began to carry off with his rant for forgiveness until Voldemort seemed to have had enough with Malfoy.

"Quiet, Lucius! your groveling doesn't suit you or your noble lineage." Voldemort sneered disgustedly.

Lucius remained subdued as Voldemort stalked from Harry to the blond Death Eater.

"My Lord, I'll be sure to check the information more thoroughly next time before I relay it to you. Please forgive me and my carelessness." Lucius begged.

Voldemort made a tutting sound as he pulled his wand from his robes, Lucius flinched at the sight of it. "Next time, be sure what you tell me is true for I wont be as lenient as I will be today...and Lucius, you know I do not forgive! Crucio!"

Harry watched in bewilderment, as the blond patrician wriggled and thrashed on the floor, his screams of agony filled the chamber. Very few Death Eaters had the decency to turn away, most watched in fascination and amusement. Voldemort lifted the pain curse

moments later and smirked in satisfaction as he eyed Lucius groaning in pain. A shiver ran down Harry's spine when Voldemort turned back to face him and the three others still kneeling.

"Again Harry I apologize. Now tell me all of you, how does it feel to be free of that horrid prison and back amongst us?" Voldemort asked, his bony hand gestured to the crowd of Death Eaters for emphasis.

Harry didn't reply but the three others did, they mumbled incoherently, at least until the Dark Lord grew tired of waiting for them to make sense and ordered them to silence.

"I'll converse with you all individually in a few days time, till then, rest and regain what you have lost in that putrid place." Voldemort said.

The three gaunt looking men muttered their thanks to their master then picked themselves off the ground and staggered out of the chamber. Harry watched them go before realizing he too was supposed to leave as well. He didn't know what was going on, or why Voldemort was acting strangely, but he was given a chance to escape and he definitely wasn't going to miss the chance to use it. He had just about reached the double door's of the chamber when Voldemort ordered him to stop.

Nervously Harry cleared his dry throat.

"Uh... Y-yes?" Harry asked, he then quickly added, "My Lord." As he noticed the strange looks he was receiving.

Voldemort tapped his chin.

"Your heading to Black's house, are you not?" Voldemort questioned.

"...Yes, sir?" Harry replied unsure.

The Dark Lord shook his head.

"No, that will not do." Voldemort said, his red eyes raked Harry over. "You've been in Azkaban for three months now, you'll need more help than the others. You're to stay here until your fully recovered."

"But my Lord!" protested a voice, all heads turned around to see a slim Death Eater pushing his way through the crowd.

Yet a single glare from the Dark Lord and the man stopped in his tracks, the man did however continue to stare sympathetically at Harry with a pair of piercing blue sapphire eyes.

Harry tore his eyes from the blue eyed Death Eater and was about to say something, but the words died on his tongue as Voldemort called upon Severus Snape. A Death Eater with black greasy hair hanging loosely around his mask went from the crowd of assembled Death Eaters and took a knee in front of Voldemort.

"My Lord?" Snape asked, his voice was sleeker then ever and It gave Harry the creeps to see his Professor as he always imagined.

Voldemort looked from Snape to Harry, then back again.

"I want you to take care of Potter, I want him healed and in a suitable state of mind by the weeks end, understood?" Voldemort requested.

Snape nodded and hid any repulsion he may have had. "Perfectly my Lord, shall I tend to Potter now?"

"You may. Oh, and Severus." Voldemort said.

Snape had just taken a few steps towards Harry when he stopped and turned back to Voldemort. "My Lord?"

"I know of your malice towards the boy's Father, don't let it get between the task I've set before you, for I promise you now I don't take well to failure." Voldemort warned.

"Of course my Lord." Snape replied, his sleek voice wavered just the slightest.

Voldemort gave a nod and a lazy wave of his hand to show Snape he was dismissed.

Harry gave a yelp as his Professor grabbed him by the wrist, and dragged him from the chamber. Two pairs of eyes watched him leave, one was of crimson colour and the other a pair of blue

sapphire. Snape didn't glance back at all as he pulled Harry along several dark corridors.

"Slow down, let me get to my feet!" Harry demanded, his request fell upon deaf ears as it only made Snape walk faster and tighten his grip on Harry's wrist.

They only stopped when they came to an old rundown door.

"You wouldn't happen to have the key to your room, would you Potter?" Snape asked coldly.

"Uh... No.. I don't have any sort of key... Sir." Harry replied, he absentmindedly felt around the rags he was wearing to make sure.

"I should have thought not, considering where you've just come from" said Snape, he gave Harry a look of disgust, before pulling out his wand, and aiming it at the handle of the door. "Alohamora!"

There was a soft click and the door creaked open an inch, Snape kicked it the rest of the way open and dragged Harry in with him.

Inside Harry was met with a room filled with candles flickering with flames. A queen sized bed lounged in the center of the room as an empty book shelf, and unused desk were pushed carelessly to the side, all of it, except the wood, was decorated in Slytherin colours.

Snape pointed to the bed. "Go and lay down." he ordered.

Harry was tempted to run for it, but the wand in Snape's hand had Harry on the bed in an instant with out so much as a spiteful retort.

"So Potter, care to share how your stay in Azkaban was?" Snape asked as he swept to the right side of the bed, Harry scooted to the left.

"Azkaban?" Harry repeated, he looked at the door longingly.

"Yes Potter, Azkaban! That's where you were, now tell me, was the company of the Dementor's as enjoyable as I've heard?"

Harry watched his potions Professor feel around his robes for something.

"I don't know, but I can tell you from what I witnessed in my third year that they're none to pleasant." Harry answered.

"Third year? If your referring to the years you attended school, I know nothing of it, so don't bore me of tales that I have no interest in hearing. Especially if the school is some second rate institute like Durmstrang." Snape said, he pulled two vials from within his robes and held them up to the light of the closest candle.

"What are those?" Harry asked timidly, his original question was going to be what he meant by Durmstrang, but the vials in the pale man's hand had his utmost attention.

Snape turned and gave Harry a smirk, it didn't make Harry any more comfortable in the already uncomfortable situation he was in. Snape then held a vial in each hand for Harry to take.

"Drink the right one first." Snape instructed.

Apprehensively Harry reached out and took the right vial, it was filled with a teal looking liquid.

"You know, these aren't needed I feel fine." Harry murmured, he held the vial out for Snape to take back.

"I really could careless how you feel Potter, the Dark Lord gave me a task and I intend to complete it. Drink that liquid." Snape growled.

Slowly Harry popped the lid of the vial and sipped it's contents.

"Swallow." Snape said annoyed.

Harry swallowed and prayed dearly he wouldn't die. He breathed a sigh of relief as he felt no pain, at least not at the moment.

"Do I have to drink the left one as well? I'm feeling loads better." Harry said.

Snape rolled his eyes.

"Yes, now drink this one and make this one quicker than the last, I do have other things to do than take care of you Potter." Snape replied.

Harry muttered a retort under his breath then took the second vial. It had a bitter taste compared to the first and it's effects he could clearly feel working fast, his muscles all started to relax, and his eye lids became very heavy.

"What?... What was that?" Harry asked, his words slurred.

"It was a sleeping draught, you'll need it to help with the insomnia you no doubtably suffered from your stay in Azkaban." Snape answered.

Harry tried to fight the effects, but he was over powered by its potentness. The last thing he saw before drifting off to sleep was Snape walking out of the room and closing the door with a snap, the candle lights dimmed to pitch black.

A/N: Thanks for reading my story, its much appreciated. I hope it supplies you guys with just as much entertainment, as it is for me to write, and if you have the time please review and let me know what you think of it. Anything you have to say I'd be glad to hear about, well till next time I guess. I'll hopefully have the next chapter out as soon as I can. Chow!

### hapter Three "News"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

Mangled with defensive wards and playing Headquarters to one of the most secret underground societies in the magical world was the Burrow, leaning in all sorts of directions, the old household sat on the outer limits of the muggle town, Ottery St. Catchpole. Quiet and mostly undisturbed, the muggle residents of St. Catchpole lived a relatively boring life, their most exciting tale was the one of the 'mysterious house over yonder.'

Having been rumored to exist, countless amounts of young children over the years tried to prove the myth's accuracy. However, as odd as it was to them, the muggles could only hike out so far before remembering something they forgot. After trying once or twice, most of St. Catchpole's residents realized they were more content with playing cards than searching for mystical houses that obviously didn't exist.

Yet as the muggles all sat in the comforts of their homes, at that exact moment, unknown to them was the boisterous gathering taking place in the mythical house just outside their town. Squished into the Burrow's small living room, witches and wizards traveled from all over the United Kingdom to attend the meeting about to be held in the small room. Having to await the rest of the said societies members, those that were there began to form small groups in which to converse, distanced from them all was fellow member Lily Potter.

Although it was such an uneventful day, Lily appeared to be the only one in the whole room who thought it strange for an emergency meeting to be called. Wringing her hands nervously in her lap, she began to think of a hundred different plausible reasons of why Albus Dumbledore had called the Order of the Phoenix together, but as she progressed further into each reason, Lily found them more and more unlikely to have happened.

Figuring that what had ever transpired to push Dumbledore to take such a course of action, Lily knew it would have to have been recent as no news concerning Death Eater's was mention in the Daily

Prophet's morning or afternoon edition, nor had she overheard any conversation going on around her mentioning something in the least.

So concentrated within her thoughts, the auburn haired witch jumped in surprise as a hefty body flopped luxuriously into the open seat beside her on the couch. Lily sighed in annoyance as she found her new couch mate to be her husband, grinning from ear to ear James Potter's eyes shone with absolute mirth.

"Can you not sit like any other person would?" Lily asked with sigh.

"Sure I could, but where'd the fun be in that?" James replied smiling, taking a lock of his wife's red hair into his hand, he ran his thumb up and down its silky length. "What's wrong Lil's, we've been here for a near twenty minutes, and all you've done is sit here with that cute concentrating look you always do."

Lily rolled her eyes at the endearment. "Yes well unlike everyone else it seems, I'm slightly curious as to why we're all here, did anyone you talk to have an idea?"

James shrugged. "No, didn't hear a thing, you should try and relax a bit, it's probably nothing."

"I highly doubt Albus Dumbledore would call us together for nothing James."

"Maybe you're right, maybe you're wrong, all I know is that someone as beautiful as you doesn't really need to be worrying about something so tedious as to why the Headmaster called us here."

"Headmaster? What are we, back at Hogwarts again?"

"I wish, if we were back at Hogwarts we'd be in the comforts of a broom closet."

Blushing slightly, Lily turned to the fireplace as she saw it roar to life with green flames, stepping onto the carpeted floor, Fabian Prewett dusted the soot from his broad shoulders. Returning her attention to James she found him staring dazedly at her, reaching over she pinched her husband's thigh.

"Ow!" James replied. "You know a simple 'Oi James' would have sufficed nicely."

"Sure, but like you said, 'where'd the fun be in that'"

"Think your being cute do you? Well it worked, I love it when your all brainy, but mischievous at the same time."

"Oh yeah? Well Elphias Doge over there is looking quite brainy and mischievous as well, I think he deserves the compliment just as much as I do, be a dear and pass it onto him wont you."

James face contracted into repulsion. "Doge! Merlin Lil's, the man is a relic, he's got to be well into his hundreds."

Covering her rosy lips, Lily giggled. Seeing his wife's rare show of happy emotion, James wished to continue her good mood, stroking his chin in mock thoughtfulness, a rather disturbing mental image came to mind that he couldn't help but blurt out.

"You know, now that you mention it, Doge really is quite fit for his age, rumor has it his wand is nothing in comparison to his..."

He broke into a howling laugh as Lily slapped his arm.

"You never grow up do you?" laughed Lily.

Giving his wife a kiss on the cheek, James wrapped an arm around her shoulders. "Never, but if I ever do happen to, it would suit me fine to do it with you."

"Very sleek answer Mr. Potter."

"Thanks, I like to think I've still got some of that Potter charm in me."

"It's there all right, its just hidden behind your enormous ego."

"Doge knows all about enormous." James commented.

Lily gagged. "Ew, that's just sick."

"Sick? Someone obviously doesn't recognize good dirty humor, now Sirius on the other hand would be a bit more appreciative of the jibe...say, where is Sirius?"

Looking around the packed room Lily found James was correct. "I don't know, but now that you mention it, he's not the only one missing."

"Well of course, Remus, Hestia and Hagrid are all away on Order business. And the Headmas- Albus has yet to make an appearance." said James.

"That's not what I mean, look around."

"Alright I'm looking...What am I looking for?"

"Don't you notice how everyone seems to be here except those who are Auror's."

James viewed the mass of people before him. "Your right, you...you don't think that maybe someone was killed do you?"

"Merlin, I hope not," Lily replied, seeing her husbands worried look she knew immediately he was thinking of Sirius. "I'm sure every things fine though James, besides if there was any trouble Sirius is more than capable of defending himself."

"Yeah, your probably right." James muttered, his tone of voice told her he was not the least bit convinced.

Not sure of what to say, Lily struggled to find the right words to comfort her husband, however to her luck she was saved by the untimely POPS! of apparation outside the Weasley household. With every single head in the room focused on the living rooms door way, James gave a relieved sigh as Dumbledore came bounding through the entrance, he was closely followed by every missing Auror, including Sirius Black.

The first notable sign of some sort of disturbance within the magical community came with sight of all the somber looking Auror's, still wearing their dark navy blue robes, they filled into any vacant seats they could find. Although the Auror's usual depressed manner was nothing new to those of the Order, none of them however expected

a similar looking expression on the usually jovial Albus Dumbledore, the famous twinkle associated with his good nature was just as absent as his caring smile.

"If everyone would please refrain from talking, we have much to discuss." Albus announced, he strode to a chair at the head of the room and took a seat next to a worried looking Minerva McGonagall.

Those who hadn't already conjured a chair to sit upon stood in the back. Sirius was one of the lucky few to grab a vacated chair behind James and Lily, but when they looked back to greet him he avoided any sort of eye contact. James shared a questioning look with his wife before turning back to the aged Headmaster.

"I'm glad to see so many of you could make it on such short notice, but due to unforeseen circumstances that occurred early this morning, I thought it best to assemble a plan of action as quickly as we can." Dumbledore said gravely.

In the back of the room a shabby looking man with dirty robes raised his hand.

"Yes, Mundungus?" Dumbledore asked.

The man cleared his throat before voicing his question. "What happened this morning? It wasn't in the afternoon or morning edition of the Prophet whatever it was." Mundungus Fletcher replied, he wiped his runny nose on his sleeve.

Opening his mouth to answer, Dumbledore was beat to the punchline by Alastor Moody. "What happened is Voldemort and his ruddy bunch of followers broke into Azkaban, they freed just about everyone we put in there within the last two months! And the Prophet don't know cause Fudge wants us to cover it up for as long as we can!"

The whole Order burst into chatter.

"Quiet! Quiet! There is clearly more to be said, quiet down!" McGonagall yelled.

The Order ceased talking enough for James to ask a question. "Please tell me that Rookwood is still there. It took us months to pin

a single charge on him, let alone get his trial to go in a favorable direction."

Dumbledore had a solemn face when he answered. "I'm afraid Rookwood was one of the four escapees."

More than a few Order members cursed out loud, most of them under the employment of the Ministry.

"Who are the other three?" asked someone from the back.

"Augustus Rookwood as you know, as well as Leonard Mulciber and Delton Abernathy." replied Alice Longbottom, turning to Lily she just couldn't bring herself to say the last escapee's name.

Feeling the weight of her friends eyes upon her, Lily could feel her heart beat pick up. "You said three, wh-who's the fourth?" she asked.

Alice made a feeble attempt to answer, but every time she tried to say two simple words of a name, the words got tangled. Taking pity on his fellow Auror, Sirius answered on her behalf.

"Harry Potter, is the fourth escapee."

There was such a silence in the small room that a pin could have dropped and echoed.

Turning around stiffly in his chair, James fixed his friend with a disbelieving look. "Your lying!"

Sirius swallowed dryly and looked away. "No mate, I...I'm sorry, but it's true."

"IT BLOODY IS NOT! HE WAS KISSED BY A DEMENTOR! I WAS THERE! I SAW IT!" James roared, he shot to his feet in a shaking fit of anger.

Although taken off guard by Sirius's words, Lily snapped back into focus to find her husband towering in a fit of rage, reaching up she tugged on his arm. "James, sit down!" she whispered.

"What? No! Lily you don't believe him do you? It's not true! We all know Voldemort doesn't help those who can't serve him, and lets

face it, Harry being the soulless shell that he is can't serve bloody Voldemort," James snapped, he turned to Sirius shaking furiously. "And you! Why would you say something like that!"

Sirius stood up and went face to face with his best friend. "Look Prongs, I don't know why Voldemort freed Harry, but he did and that's the truth, and you know what? The truth hurts! For crying out loud, don't you know me well enough to know that I wouldn't joke about something as serious as this?"

"No...it can't be...No I...I won't believe it, I can't...Your lying, tell me your lying." James begged.

"I'm sorry Prongs, I...I can't do that." Sirius said sadly.

Searching his friends face for some indication that he was lying, James could only find a face that told the truth. "But...why?" he muttered.

Sirius placed a hand on his friends shoulder in an attempt to comfort him. "I don't know, but I swear to you James, I'll find out, I promise you I won't let it be like the last time."

Defeated to the truth, James collapsed weakly into his chair, finding his wife in somewhat similar state, he did the only thing he could think of and held her hand. Following Sirius revelation a long awkward silence filled the room, the only one feeling the need to progress with the meeting was recently inducted Order member and Auror, Dynex Moon.

"If Potter's done crying over his boy can we carry on, Scrimgeour's assigned us double shifts in an attempt to deal with the catastrophe, and although he can be quite dense at times, I'm sure the man will find it somewhat strange that a large portion of his Department is missing." Moon said pompously.

"You bleeding prick," Sirius snarled, ticked off at the slightly younger wizards demeanor to James, Sirius felt a strong urge to throttle his fellow Order member. "Keep your comments to yourself or the next time, Merlin be my witness, you want have a mouth to speak with."

Looking as if he were going to retort, Moon fell silent as Dumbledore raised an aged hand. "Gentlemen please, you are in the middle of a

meeting, such attitudes to one another are not welcomed nor appreciated here."

Both Sirius and Moon bowed their heads but said nothing. With the room quiet Dumbledore continued.

"Now before we proceed is there any questions or concerns?"

Arthur Weasley stood from his chair. "Right, well I was just wondering if we might have an idea as to why

V-Voldemort saw fit to free Harry."

Pushing his half moon spectacles up his nose, Dumbledore looked quite grave as he spoke. "At this current time I can only speculate on one of my many hypothesis's, and that is that it may be a plot to draw Lily and James out into the open."

"What? How?" Sirius asked appalled.

"I fear through the means of torture." Dumbledore answered simply.

Order members shared similar looks of confusion.

"Could you elaborate?" Gideon Prewett asked, his brother Fabian nodded in agreement.

"Yes I believe I can, I hope you all keep in mind that this is only a guess and could be far from the real truth, I have reasons to believe that Voldemort will torture young Harry in an attempt draw upon any love, Lily and James may still have for the boy in the hope's that they will go to his rescue." Dumbledore replied.

"You think Voldemort would sink as low as to torture a child? One that served him be it as it may?" Fabian Prewett asked.

Alastor Moody stomped to the head of the room. "It wouldn't be there first time Voldemort tortured his own men, the Carrow's for example."

The Order as a whole shifted in their seats, if Voldemort intended to do to Harry what he did to the Carrow siblings, they sure weren't going to discuss it in front of the boy's parents.

"The boy would be getting everything he deserves." said a voice from the back, everyone turned to stare at Dynex Moon.

"That's my son your talking about." James growled, the Auror snorted.

"And are you proud of a son that murders?" Moon asked, sarcasm dripped off every word he spoke.

"Shut up Moon, I won't warn you again!" Sirius threatened coldly.

Moon turned to Sirius with a sneer. "Oh yes how could I forget, you're his Godfather! It seems to me that anyone who gets too close to you goes and becomes a Death Eater. Say, isn't your whole family proud supporters, I know your brother is."

Sirius rose from his chair as did Moon, both had their wands in hand.

"That is quite enough! Both of you take your seats this instant!" McGonagell ordered.

The two Auror's glared at each other but complied and sat back down. Placing his wand away, Sirius grabbed the arm rests of his chair in a death grip to keep himself from turning around and hexing Moon. Just as McGonagell was going to sit down, Sturgis Podmore gave a squeal of surprise as the fireplace he was standing in front of came to life with a burst of green flames.

Stepping out from gaping fireplace was a man clad in Death Eater robes. The Order had their wands out and aimed at the man in a matter of seconds, Dumbledore immediately came to the mans defense.

"Please lower your wands everyone, it's just Severus." Albus announced, to prove the old wizards point, the greasy haired man removed his mask.

The Order pocked their wands-James and Sirius's wands lingered a bit longer than the others- and took their seats.

"Good evening Severus, take a seat wont you." Dumbledore offered, he gestured to an empty chair beside McGonagall. Snape gave a curt nod and took the offered seat.

When nothing was said, Sirius snapped. "Well, what've you got to say?"

Snape's face twisted into a smirk. "What do I have to do about what?"

"What happened at your bloody snake gathering?" Sirius snapped impatiently.

All the eyes of the room were on Snape.

"Eloquently put Black," Snape drawled sarcastically, he turned from Sirius to Dumbledore. "Shall I fill them in, or do you wish to discuss them at a later time?"

"No Severus, now I think is fine." Dumbledore replied.

Snape nodded and undid a tight strap on the collar of his robes, when he looked up he discovered himself the center of attention. "It was just past noon when I received the Dark Lord's summons, arriving slightly late, The Dark Lord had already started by inquiring into the Death Eater's on going tasks," announced Snape. "It would seem that after three and a half weeks, the imbecile Jugson finally managed to accomplish something, he successfully placed the Imperius Curse upon a Ministry employee by the name of Trevor Engleton, the Dark Lord seemed most pleased to hear this."

A stout man with a sparse amount of hair stood. "Did you say Engleton?"

"Yes." drawled Snape.

"I know him, works down in the Department of Mysteries he does!" exclaimed the man.

"Why would Voldemort be pleased to hear that?" asked Molly Weasley, her question was directed at Snape.

"Do you actually expect me to know what goes through the Dark Lord's mind?" Snape asked annoyed.

"No I guess not." Molly said bashfully.

"Is that all?" asked Doge.

"No," Snape replied curtly. "Ignius Bulstrode reported that he managed to bring down the wards around the Macmillan residence, the Dark Lord is having him lead an attack with four others tomorrow around mid-day."

"The Macmillan's," Molly gasped. "Why they've done nothing wrong!"

"Tell that to Voldemort," Moody growled, getting to his feet he limped to the front of the room. "I'll take care of it Albus, I'll tell them new wards are being erected as another buffer for their security, me and old Marcellus Macmillan trained together years ago, they'll trust me."

"If you keep to that story I see no pose of a threat to Severus's position," Dumbledore said. "You'll pass along my regards won't you."

Moody grunted a reply on his way out of the room. About to continue with his report, Snape was cut off by a question from Sturgis Podmore.

"Wait, hold it just a minute! What about this Engleton person, what are we going to do about him, eh?"

"As it so happens, I have an appointment with Cornelius tomorrow, I'll be sure to pay a visit to Mr. Engleton on my way out. Now Severus, if you could please continue?" Dumbledore asked kindly.

"As you wish," Snape said, turning to the Order he focused on their facial expressions for the coming news. "Also as well the Dark Lords inquiries, Azkaban prison was broken into. Four Death Eaters were rescued in the mission led by Rodolphus Lestrage. Judging by your lack of surprise, am I correct in assuming you already know this?"

"Yes we know, Moody and his lot informed us a little before you." Gideon replied.

"Then I have nothing else to report." said Snape, he stiffened as he saw Lily's arm tentatively raise into the air.

As soon as Dumbledore called upon her, Lily almost regretted raising her arm. Although her son was a murderer and such, she couldn't help but feel the need to know how he was, even if it was the most painful topic surrounding her and her family's lives, Lily knew it bother her to no end if she didn't find out."Sev... Did... Did you see Harry?"

The greasy haired man shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "Yes... I saw the boy."

Seeing that her old friend had no intention of pursuing the topic, Lily let it drop, it was obvious by Severus's vague answer that Harry was in no mint condition. Lily felt a bit at ease when her husbands hand slip into her own, she welcomed the unspoken support.

"Not to be rude, but other than Lestrage, do you know which Death Eater's participated in the breakout?" asked Frank Longbottom.

Tearing his eyes from Lily's and Potter's intertwined fingers, Snape tried his best to remember Lestrage's accomplices. "I believe he was assisted by Alexander Nott and Tirodius Yaxley, how those three managed to do it is a mystery." his usual slick voice was laced with agitation.

"Tirodius! That sniveling RAT!" Frank growled outraged."I've worked with him for seven years, he's head of all criminal corrections, handles their transportation arrangements and everything. Its clear as glass as how they got around so conveniently, they had walking talking map with them."

"Sure I can see how this Yaxley character can help them in getting around quick and all, but what of the Dementor's?" Emmeline Vance asked from the back.

"Although you all may think Death Eater's are emotionless psychopaths, even they have happy memory's." Snape asked.

"You think the three of them used Patronus Charm's to ward off..." Sirius broke into a fit of laughter.

"And you have better hypothesis?" Snape snarled.

"Yeah, it's simple, I mean come on, Dumbledore's been saying it for years, the Dementor's switched sides." said Sirius.

The room immediately filled with arguments and loud discussions.

"Ludicrous, Black's mad to think the Dementor's would ever..."

"Sounds like a reasonable explanation to me."

"Is it wrong that the only thing I can think of right now, is that the Quibbler may have actually gotten something correct?"

"He's right, by Merlin, Black's right! Its the only way they could've done it..."

"That's it, we've lost, how can we compete with them now?"

"If thats true, why doesn't Voldemort just openly use them? Why is he keeping him there?"

"To maintain control of the prison of course, you daft fool..."

"Something has to be done if its true, theres over thirty-two inmates there alone with the Dark Mark."

"Quiet down will you, I think Dumbledore's trying to speak."

"Hush up in the back! Albus is trying to speak!"

With everyone unsure of the truth, they turned to Dumbledore expectantly.

Sitting in his chair, the old man sat silence and observed those in the room, when he finally spoke it was with a somber tone of voice. "I believe Sirius to be correct in his assumption, all facts and evidence surrounding today's incident and among those prior to today, point to the solid conclusion that yes, the Dementor's have turned coat."

"The Dark Lord has made no such claim of an achievement." Snape informed.

"No I doubt he would Severus, like you said, he is no fool. He knows there are spies within his ranks, spies for the Ministry, spies for us, he wants to keep that trump card to himself I suppose." Dumbledore replied.

"I'm sorry, but when you say trump card, do you mean he'd only use them if it were his last hope?" Mrs. Weasley asked hopefully.

Dumbledore's long white beard swung back and forth as he shook his head. "I'm sorry Molly, but that's just not how Tom operates, I can only presume he'll let the world know of the Dementors new allegiance when it will inflict the most chaos."

"The most chaos? I'm sure you can agree with me Headmaster when I say the Dementor's are the least of our worries." Snape said.

"The least of our worries?" exploded James. "I've heard suspicions that my son will be tortured to get to me, and then there's also the prospect that the Dementor's have defected! What in Merlin's name be possibly worse?"

Snape's brows arched. "So you still consider the boy your son?" he asked.

Eyes narrowing behind the thin wire frames of his glasses, James met the dark eyes of the man before him. "Yes Snivellus, even though he's committed horrendous unspeakable crimes, Harry is still my son."

"Well then Potter, you'll be delighted to know the Dark Lord has no intention of harming the boy." Snape sneered coldly.

Snapping out of her depressed stupor, Lily straightened to attention. "What do you mean?" she demanded.

"It doesn't get more meaningful if I repeat it," drawled Snape, but seeing the pleading look in the womans pained face, he couldn't help but try and make her more at ease. "I don't know where you got the idea that the Dark Lord intended to harm the boy, but who ever gave you such an idea is wrong. The Dark Lord wants the boy healed, not harmed."

Sirius jumped from his chair. "Rubbish! You can't heal a Dementor's Kiss!"

Snape rolled his eyes. "Obviously." he sneered.

"Then why are you going on about healing Harry?" Sirius growled frustrated and confused.

"You said a Dementors Kiss can't be healed, your entirely correct, for once." Snape replied.

Looking around the room Sirius observed his fellow Order members. "Does anyone other than myself not have a bloody clue on what he's talking about?"

More than half those in the room nodded, as for Lily, she stared at Snape in horror, her complexion had gone deathly pale. "He... He's not been kissed."

"What?" asked James, reaching forward he cupped his wifes face. "Lil's, I...I saw him, I witnessed it, Lil's, he's nothing but a shell now, you know that."

"Oh I beg to differ Potter." Snape countered.

James turned to Snape. "Stay out of this, this doesn't concern you!"

"Why on the contrary, with your boy back at the Dark Lords side, I think this concerns us all."

"No. He's. Not." James growled.

"Think what you will Potter," said Snape, turning to Lily his cold gaze softened. "Know this though, disregarding the truth now will only make it harder later on."

"Severus, are you seriously suggesting that Harry Potter was not Kissed by a Dementor?" Mcgonagell asked.

"I'm suggesting nothing woman, I am however stating Harry Potter will be of healthy body and mind by the weeks end. Unless of course I wish to suffer a hefty punishment from the Dark Lord." Snape snapped.

Kingsley Shacklebolt stood from his chair. "Its not possible," he exclaimed. "I was there along side James and the others the day the boy stood in Azkaban for his atonement, by the time we left for the Ministry the boy was very much soulless."

"It seems your eyes deceived you Shacklebolt, knowing what you know now about the Dementors loyalty, do you still find it highly unlikely to have happened?" Snape questioned.

Kingsley opened and closed his mouth several times, disproved of his claim he reluctantly sat back down, rubbing his temples he thought back to the day to reevaluate what he saw.

"It's not true, its lies, all of it, a load of untrue spiteful lies." James said angrily.

Snape snorted. "Ridiculous, absolutely ridiculous."

Enraged by Snape's calmness about it all, James couldn't help but yell his explanation of why he was being lied to. "RIDICULOUS! WHATS RIDICULOUS, IS YOU! YOU HATE ME SIMPLY BECAUSE I GOT WHAT YOU COULD NEVER."

"You got what you don't deserve," Snape retorted, his eyes stared straight at Lily as he spoke, when he turned back to face James he had a venomous sneer playing on his lips. "Be prepared Potter, I'm sure the first thing he'll want is compensation for the time you gave him in Azkaban. Sleep with one eye open."

"Why you no good-"

"Sirius Black, that is quite enough," shouted McGonagall. "And that goes to you as well James, Severus. I know this a very personal topic, but the way you have all expressed yourselves today, why I've seen better attitudes between my first years."

The three wizards mumbled an apology, sitting at silence the two Marauder's continued to glare furiously at Snape. However with the room in a complete state of silence, everyone could hear Lily's muffled sobs behind her sleeve.

James immediately began to rub soothing circles on his wife's back. "Come on Lily, don't cry, it's alright, everything's fine." he soothed.

Snape's face contorted into one of disgust as he watched James comfort Lily. "No Potter, everything is not alright. The Dark Lord's favorite has returned, pain and suffering is brought by the tip of his wand, the tide of this war has changed drastically and once again, I'm not referring to the Dementors." he said, his silky voice caused the hairs on the backs of many Order members' necks to rise.

Dumbledore who had been sitting, mulling over everything that had been said finally swept to his feet. "Moon, you and your colleagues may report back to the Ministry, this meeting is over," Dumbledore announced, turning to Snape he gestured for him to stand. "If you wouldn't mind accompanying me Severus, we have much to discuss."

"Of course." Snape replied, following the old Headmaster from the room, most of the Order members took it upon themselves to show themselves out.

Letting herself be led outside by her husband, Lily tried her best to avoid the pitying looks of other Order members, she'd rather have them hate her because of her son than pity her. They just didn't understand though Lily, she had barely taken a step onto the lush green grass of the Weasleys' front lawn when Alice Longbottom came strolling towards them.

"Oh Lily, I'm so sorry." she said.

"Don't be," said Lily, seeing the other woman's confused look, Lily sighed tiredly. "Thank you Alice, I'm... I'm just feeling a bit tired."

"Well who wouldn't be after, well you know, after being told that," Alice replied compassionately. "I just wanted to let you know I'll keep an eye out for anything that might prove Snape's claim to be true, until then I figure it might be best if you tried not to think about it at all."

"That's really good advice and all Alice, but I think all they want to do is go home now." said Sirius as he came to join them outside.

"You're completely right," Alice gushed, turning to Lily she gave her a small hug. "If there's anything me or Frank can do, just let us know."

"Thank you, that's very kind of you." said Lily, watching Alice walk away, she gave Sirius a thankful look.

"So... How are you two holding up?" asked the dog animagi.

"I don't know Siri, I just, well I just don't know what to make of it all." James grumbled.

"You shouldn't make anything of it," Sirius said surely. "Keep in mind its coming from Snape, so its quite likely to be just a load of hogwash."

"And what makes you so sure?" Lily snapped defensively.

Sirius held his hand up. "Whoa, I know your friends with him Lily, but lets face it, the mans a git. He's probably only doing this to get a laugh out of James."

Chin raised in defiance, Lily shrugged off her husbands arm to go and stand in front of Sirius. "Listen here Sirius Black, I've known Severus since I was ten, he is one of the most sweetest and most caring people I know, and I can tell you with all honesty that that man would never do anything that would hurt me, even if it was intentionally to hurt James."

Sirius took a step back. "Alright alright, didn't mean to get your knickers in a knot. If it make you feel any better here's what I'll do, Scrimgeour wants us to work a double shift as it is, I'll just snoop around a bit and see if there's any truth to what Snape says."

"Mate, it just happened this morning," James reminded him. "There isn't going to be any info for at least a week."

"Don't worry about it, I'll find something, you can be sure of that. Just both of you do me a favor, don't be all sad and moody until you have some kind of substantial proof of Snape's claim." Sirius said.

"That's not the easiest thing to do Siri, I mean, were talking about my son being able to go around and hurt innocent people, what do you expect us to do? Pretend as if he never existed and that thats just someone else's kid." James replied.

"I know Prongs, just please, promise me you'll try. Rose will be coming home in one of the next few days, she's a bright kid, if she's you two mopping about she's bound to figure something out, no need to repeat her Christmas escapade, am I right?" asked Sirius.

"Dear Merlin, Rose! I forgot all about her, oh James what will she say?" Lily asked worriedly.

"I don't know," James sighed pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose. "Hopefully word doesn't ever get out about Harry, maybe she'll never know. She took it hard once already, I... I don't want her to go through that again."

Clapping James on the shoulder, Sirius gave both his friends a weak smile. "Worry about it later, go home and rest, I'll see you guys as soon as I find something."

"Sure," James said dejectedly, reaching down he grabbed his wife's hand. "Find out what you can, but Padfoot, please don't do anything stupid."

"When have I ever done anything stupid?" asked Sirius.

"I'll send you a list sometime." Lily said quietly, although her eyes were still red from crying, she appeared more stable at having been reasoned into thinking Snape may have been wrong.

Watching James draw his wand, Sirius waited patiently until his friend had apparated himself and his wife from the Weasley properties. Collapsing into a falling apart lawn chair, Sirius felt immensely relieved at having James and Lily go home with high spirits. If Snape was right, and Harry never was kissed, both of them would be devastated, they had only recently come to terms with the fact that he'd been kissed, it would ruin them completely if they found it untrue.

Basking in the dim light of the slowly setting sun, Sirius made the executive decision that if Snape was correct, he'd make it so Lily and James never knew. He'd find Harry and deal with him long before either would find out, no harm could come of it, everyone was better off with his Godson gone thought Sirius.

It was only when the sun had completely disappeared behind Ottery St. Catchpole's skyline did Sirius pick himself up and apparate to the Ministry of Magic, from there he'd find the truth, from there he'd organize and plan his Godson downfall. CRACK!

A/N: Yay first review! you said ASAP so here I am, and to clear a few things up in this chapter, this is a Harry centered fic but right now he's asleep :) so yes this takes places while he passed out down in his "room" or a little after, hope you enjoy this different perspective, the next chapter I hope to have up in the next few days, and it will focus on Harry and the blue sapphire eyed man, if you cared to know. Oh yeah and I've tried to find as many Death Eaters first and last names as I could, but then there are the few that just have last names so I've had to create my own, hope you guys don't mind.

## Chapter Four "Reminiscence"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

With a muffled moan, Harry pulled his face disgustingly from his drool soaked pillow. Was he really that tired? Rolling onto his back he let out a booming yawn, but when he opened his eyes to face the day, he shut them just as quick. The brightly lit candles of the room sent an unbearable ache through his head.

As he slowly fluttered his eyes open to help him adjust to the rooms extreme lighting, Harry lay in the comfort of the large bed processing what he guessed was yesterdays events. Voldemort's chamber meeting, Snape being ordered to nurse him back to health, being told he'd been freed from Azkaban, all of it came back with a shocking sense of clarity.

Taking what he remembered, Harry decided right then and there it was necessary to form a plan of escape, while the layout of Voldemort's fortress was still fresh in his mind. However, before Harry could even begin to form his plan of action he was taken by complete surprise when he discovered a lanky masked man towering above him.

Neither of them spoke a word or move a muscle as they inspected one another.

From Harry's point of view the man was tall in height, but slouched in posture. His hair was of a rich black colour that hung loosely past his chin, and just like all those like him, the Death Eater bore the accustomed black robes and white mask.

Harry grew frighteningly tense as the man abruptly reached down and seized his chin. Studying his face diligently, the Death Eater soon released his hold and straightened himself to his full height, a good six feet high.

"I... I'd thought you were gone, but your here... And your there, your all there." murmured the man.

Swallowing nervously, Harry shrunk back into his sheets. The man was crazy.

"How? How did you do it?" The Death Eater asked.

"How'd I do w-what?"

"The Kiss Harry, how...How did you fool them with the Kiss?"

"The Kiss? L-look I don't know what y-your talking about."

"But you must." he pressed.

"But I don't." Harry said.

The man took a step back and ran a hand through his hair, staring through the two round holes of his mask, his blue sapphire eyes held a look of crest fallen disappointment. Sitting up, Harry stared inquisitively at the man.

"Wh-who are you?" he asked.

"Me, who am I? Surely you jest." said the man in return.

Harry slowly shook his head, was he supposed to know him? He wasn't very acquainted with those in Voldemort's service, and to Harry, that was all the better.

"Then it would appear as if your just like the others." The Death Eater said tiredly.

"The others?" repeated Harry.

The man gave a half hearted nod. "Yes, Rookwood and the other two are having the same troubles as you."

"You're not dead," said the man. "I'll give Snape's potions that much credit."

Not feeling up for unneeded small talk Harry nervously voiced a question. "Why are you here?"

"Why am I here? To see you of course." The Death Eater replied.

"That's not what I meant. I want to know if your here on orders, if so, what does he want from me?"

"The Dark Lord? Nothing at all. Did you not hear our Lord graciously bestow you with a whole week to recover?"

"Yes I heard him... But why? I'm sure it's not cause he feels sorry for what he did in the Cemetery."

"Cemetery? I'm not quite following you Harry."

Harry was about to reply, but his focus was swayed as he caught sight of the mans eyes, the Death Eater had the same exact pair of eyes as the man in the Chamber had, the man who seemed protestant to let him be kept here. Could he be a spy for Dumbledore? wonder Harry, at the very least the man could tell him where he was.

"Who are you... Where am I?" Harry asked cautiously.

"We just went through that," replied the Death Eater. "You have no recollection of this place either?"

Shaking his head to and fro, Harry shrugged.

"Is there anything you do remember?"

"... Well yeah, I... I remember everything perfectly."

Quicker than Harry would have expected possible, the Death Eater bent forward and captured the sides of his head between two bony hands. The man stared unblinkingly into his eyes as if searching for something. "A fib! What do you remember?"

"What? I told you! I remember everything." Harry answered startled, he reached up and tried to pry the mans fingers from his skull.

"Obviously you do not as you would most certainly know who I am." The Death Eater said firmly, his hands held tight to Harry's head forcing the young teen to look into his eyes.

"Let go of my head." Harry hissed.

The man immediately released his hold, taking a step back he stared at his hands as if they had done something horrendous.

"I... I apologize Harry, I was... I was just so sure you'd remember me," The Death Eater said in a quiet tone of disappointment. "But it looks like what happened to the others has clearly happened to you as well."

"Yeah you said that before," Harry grumbled while rubbing the sides of his head, the rhythmic pounding of where the man had grabbed him was not the only thing giving him headache, the Death Eater's convincing act of concern and apology was just as much a contributing fact. "You know, if your lot weren't so keen on wearing masks, maybe someone could remember you."

"My mask?" repeated the man, slowly his slender hand reached up and felt his face. "Of course! No wonder you couldn't remember me. I wear this thing so often I forget it's on at times."

Harry's jaw dropped as he watched the man swiftly pull the mask from his face.

"Sirius?" he gasped.

The Death Eater's face twisted into repulsion. "Sirius? That filthy blood-traitor brother of mine? I know we look alike, but that's a down right insult."

Letting the man's words sink in, Harry looked closer at him. After a little more than a second Harry finally began to see the physical difference, this man was clean shaven and his jaw line more edged and defined compared to that of Sirius Black. The man had said Sirius was his brother and by all means he looked close enough to pull off such a claim, yet, then again his Godfather had never told him he had a brother. Then just to contradict the already contradicted, Harry couldn't really say he and his Godfather had had much time over the years to talk about things such as siblings and relatives.

"Telling by that vacant expression of yours I'm guessing you still don't remember me?" The man asked, he took a seat on the edge of Harry's bed.

"... No... Its... Well, It's just cause I'm tired, that's why I don't remember you, I'm sure that's it." Harry replied awkwardly.

The Death Eater nodded compassionately. "Sorry to hear that Harry, nothing a long night's rest can't fix I'm sure. But alas, I can not let you go back to sleep."

"Oh, and uh, why not?" Harry asked trying his best not to be conspicuously prying.

"Dark Lord's orders. He's given quite a few of us the task of jogging you and your fellow escapees memory's." replied the man.

Harry cringed at the thought of Death Eater methods to jog the memory's of their prisoners. "There's really no need, my memory is absolutely perfect."

The Death Eater arched his brows. "Not remembering who I am isn't perfect Harry. Don't worry though, you'll remember me soon enough."

Pulling the covers up to his chin, Harry swallowed roughly.

"I told you no sleeping, get up. This won't take long, you'll be back in bed soon enough." promised the man, reaching down he grabbed a fistful of the blanket and pulled it from the bed.

Slowly Harry swung his legs to the side and stood up. "Alright, do your worst." he said voice wavering.

"My worst? I didn't know looking through some old memory's was so pain staking." snorted the man.

"That's it?" Harry asked disbelievingly.

The Death Eater nodded. "Like I said Harry, your fellow escapees have been having some trouble recalling memory's other than their worst. I guess that's what happens when your placed in an environment where all you do is relive your worst ones."

"Look through old memory's...Who's memory's?" Harry asked.

"Mine. Hopefully all you'll have to do is view a few before yours start returning to you." replied the Death Eater.

"Voldemort knows my mind is fine, what purpose is this really going to serve?" Harry questioned suspiciously.

The Death Eater inhaled sharply. "Watch your tongue!"

Harry took a step back. "W-what?" he didn't like the offended look the man was giving him.

"You referred to our Master by name! You to refer to our Lord, as the Dark Lord or Master. Such disregard of respect to our Master will not serve you well Harry, your lucky it was only me who heard you say that, if it were perhaps my cousin... No, I don't wish to go there." The man said, his tone was of worried authority.

"Fear of a name only increases the fear of the thing itself." Harry recited thoughtfully.

"Funny," The Death Eater commented slowly. "Sounds like something that old coot Dumbledore would say. Let's hope you don't actually believe the rubbish coming out of your mouth right now."

"Yeah," Harry scoffed. "Are... Are we gonna look through these memory's or what?"

"Not we, just you Harry. At the foot of your bed is the Black family Pensieve, it's an heirloom so please be gentle with it, Merlin knows what my parents would say if they were still alive and knew I took it from our home." The man answered.

Grudgingly Harry walked from the side of the bed to the foot, there he found a stone basin nestled in the plush green carpet of the room. Long slim body's of Greyhounds could be seen visibly carved deep into its outer surface, they were painted an assorted shade of silver and black. All in all, it looked nothing like that of the Headmasters Pensieve, while the Headmasters seemed warm and inviting, this to Harry had second questioning its nature.

"Go on. Dip your head in." The man urged.

Harry looked at the man then back at the Pensieve, he didn't move. He just continued to stare dazedly into the blue liquid, three small white strings of mist swirled elegantly in the mass of blue. Harry wondered if it truly was what the man said it was, he truly did not want to put his head in only to find it was water, or something else the man could easily use to drown him with.

"You're not scared are you?" asked the Death Eater teasingly.

Not giving the man a reply, Harry slowly got down on his knee's. Feeling slightly uneasy Harry grasped the basins rim, casting one last skeptical look at Sirius's supposed brother, he plunged his head into the basin.

As soon as the tip of his nose had touched the blue liquid his world began to spin around in a flash of colours until an entirely new room came into focus.

Harry felt tense as he found himself standing in Voldemort's meeting Chamber, just like the the first time he had seen the Chamber, dozens of Death Eaters stood assembled within the spacious abode.

The only difference he could visibly see was instead of Voldemort standing, the man was lounged leisurely in his throne, his snake Nagini dangling from his shoulders as if it were a prized fur.

Having witnessed Dumbledore's memories earlier in the year it was not a surprise when he walked through countless numbers of Death Eaters to reach the front. This also being Sirius's supposed brother's memory, Harry guessed the man was standing somewhere in the room, he didn't bother to try and find him amongst all those dressed just like him.

Instead he fixed his attention to the murderer of his parents. When the man cold voice finally cut through the tense atmosphere, Harry absently noticed half of Voldemort's assembled followers shudder.

"Pitiful," Voldemort sneered, rising slowly from his chair, he stared down every single man and woman before him. "The lot of you, absolutely pitiful! And you call yourselves the descendants of noble lines! The ground I walk on is more noble."

Harry watched as the Death Eater's shifted uneasily on their feet, most of them looked utterly lost as to what they had done to offend their master.

"Your appearance you fools, you bare the stench of common farm animals. Is there now cleanliness among you? I had hoped to make an impression upon an applicant to our cause, so for your sakes you best present yourselves in a manner better than you are now."

The Death Eaters immediately straightened up and fixed their robes into a more presentable appearance. Apparently feeling satisfied with what he saw before him, Voldemort ordered for the applicant he spoke of to enter. The Death Eaters near the front of the Chamber craned their necks to see the Chamber doors swing open.

Harry's eyebrows raised as he watched himself enter the room. He should of expected that, by why still did it surprise him? But even then, what ever Polyjuice they had used to mimic him in order to create this false memory, the potion had obviously gone wrong somewhere.

This memory version of himself had longer hair, wasn't wearing glasses and was dressed in the school robes of Durmstrang Academy, not Hogwarts School. Absentmindedly, Harry felt his face and was amazed to find he wasn't wearing glasses, reaching further up he grabbed a handful of his greasy locks, tracing their length to a bit past his shoulders Harry was confused to find it at least six times longer than he had had it on the night of the cemetery. Turning from his features, Harry tried to keep focus on the memory.

An anger boiled up inside him as he saw the form of Peter Pettigrew following behind himself, the stout man looked tired and exhausted, his small watery eyes darted every which way wearily.

"I've b-brought the boy, m-my Lord" Pettigrew stuttered, kneeling at Voldemort's feet, Peter took great care in kissing the hems of the Dark Lord's fine robes.

"Excellent Wormtail, I'm pleased to know you're not as worthless as you portray yourself to be." Voldemort said, his words caused the Death Eaters to laugh mercilessly and Pettigrew to turn a dark tinge of scarlet.

Pettigrew's small meaty hands balled into the folds of the Dark Lords robes.

"That's quite enough Pettigrew, your dirtying my floor, and my robes," Voldemort said coldly. "Go and take your place."

The stout man nodded said his thanks, then scurried off into the ranks of the Death Eaters, those he went to stand by took a step away as if he were diseased.

Harry knew he shouldn't feel pleasure in watching Pettigrew being treated that way, but he couldn't help it, the vile man betrayed his parent's to their death, falsely imprisoned his Godfather, and just recently murdered Cedric Diggory.

It was just then that Harry realized how much he hated that man, and if this fake memory were perhaps to show Pettigrew suffer a punishment from the Dark Lord as well. Harry knew he could, and would very well just ignore his conscience and cheer it on. He was brought from his thoughts as he heard Voldemort say his name.

"Ah, you've arrived." said Voldemort.

"Yes, forgive me for my tardiness my Lord, my guide... Pettigrew here, lacked a sense of common directions." Harry heard himself reply scathingly.

The Dark Lord sent a glare of promised pain at Peter, yet said nothing. Standing from his throne, Voldemort seemed to have more important things on his mind than punishing Peter. Harry and all those around him watching in silence as Voldemort stepped purposefully down from his platform, his long black robes dragging carelessly on the ground behind him.

"Come here and kneel." Voldemort ordered, pointing a single white finger to the ground at his feet.

Grumbling beneath his breath, Harry felt a sense of repulsion grow inside him as he watched himself kneel obediently before Voldemort.

"Perfect, now your forearm boy, show it to me."

Harry rolled his eyes as he watched himself eagerly roll up his sleeve to reveal bare flesh.

"I thank you for this great honor my Lord." Harry's counterpart said humbly. Voldemort tutted.

"Before you bare the mark you must first accept the pledge of death's servitude, necessities Harry. Soon you'll have the honor." Voldemort said amused.

The 'Pledge to Death's Servitude'? Thought Harry, he shook his head as he watched himself nod and apologize for his haste.

"Do you, Harry James Potter, promise to uphold your masters beliefs, and carry out his orders?" Voldemort asked.

Harry watched in disbelief as he saw himself reply. "Yes, with all my magic, I do."

The corner's of Voldemort mouth twitched upwards. "And do you agree to have the Dark Mark burned into not only your arm but your soul as well, so even in the afterlife you may continue to serve?"

Once again Harry watched as he replied with, "Yes, with all my magic, I do."

Voldemort drew his wand from within his robes and placed the tip against the bare skin of memory Harry's forearm.

"Welcome to the Death Eaters." announced Voldemort before murmuring something inaudible.

Harry's memory self winced and pulled back slightly as black ink shot from Voldemort's wand, twisting and twirling, the ink quickly morphed into an image of a snake protruding from the mouth of a skull. Startled by an eruption of cheers behind him, Harry absently watched as the scene began to dissolve from sight.

With the Chamber completely gone from sight, a new scene began to spawn through a swirl of colours. Unlike the last memory which viewed dozens of Death Eater's, the current memory was rather minuscule in comparison, set in a dark room stocked with several buckets and brooms, Harry watched himself standing before two

Death Eater's with his arms folded across his chest. However, before he observed the scene anymore, Harry nervously pulled back his sleeve to see his forearm, it was void of the Dark Mark. He let out a sigh of relief at not finding the same similarity there as his lack of glasses and hair seemed to have.

Pushing his ragged sleeve back down, Harry surveyed the scene around him. Just like the last, he found himself clad in the accustomed bright red Durmstrang uniform, comparing it to the pitch black robes of those standing in front of his Memory-self, he did not fit in at the least. Watching the two men standing in front of his counterpart closely, Harry quickly came to see past one of the mens mask and dark garb, it was none other than Sirius's supposed brother. The other Death Eaters identity however, was still a mystery.

"Your late." Harry heard himself state irritated.

"Yeh, wha' else did ye expect? Tha' bloody Port Key ye' made, was quite a few miles off." snapped the Death Eater opposite of Sirius' brother.

"Think you could do better! You should just be grateful you landed anywhere near here at all." Harry's Memory-self snarled.

"Come now Potter, no need to get offensive, we have a task to carry out. Remember?" Sirius's brother intervened neutrally.

"I know that Regulus, you don't need to remind me! Maybe its I who should be reminding you both, just who our master put in charge here!" Harry's counterpart said pompously.

Regulus? That must be the name of Sirius's brother thought Harry. Absently he wondered if Malfoy was the person portraying him in the memory, the words his memory self seemed to speak, and what usually came out of Malfoy were eerily similar.

"Wha' the Dark Lord was thinkin' when' he put ye' in charge, I don' know." The Death Eater yet to make his identity known muttered.

Harry watched himself smirk, the expression looked foreign and unnatural on his face, and the words his counterpart was just about to speak were going to sound just as unnatural as the smirk on his

face looked. "I heard that Wilkes, and I'll be happy to pass it along to our Master."

"Ye' wouldn' dare!" sneered the man named Wilkes, his hand reaching into his robes and revealing his wand.

Pretty sure he knew what was going through the mans mind, and what he intended to do, it soon became clear to Harry he was not the only one. Sirius's brother Regulus hastily stepped forward and clamped a restraining hand on the man's shoulder.

"Don't do anything you'd regret, Wilkes." Regulus advised.

Harry watched as Wilkes shrugged Regulus's hand off. The wizard glared at memory Harry for a long time before finally placing his wand back into the recess of his robes.

"The Dark Lord only put ye' in charge, cause' ye' know yer' way aroun' here, but as ye' said Potter, the Dark Lord put ye' in charge, so lead away" Wilkes growled, a muscle in the mans neck could be seen twitching at the amount of restraint he was using to keep himself from cursing the young boy in front of him.

Harry stood silently to the side, watching himself grudgingly nod and tell the two Death Eater's to be quiet and follow him, they then left so abruptly, Harry had to jog at times to keep up with them.

They weaved there ways through dimly lit corridors, and up stairways. It wasn't long before his memory self came to a stop and ordered for the others to do the same.

"That's the traitor's door up ahead." his Memory-self announced in a hushed whisper, Harry watched his counterpart point out an old rusted door at the end of the corridor.

Still watching observantly to the side, Harry stepped closer with interest as both Death Eaters and his memory self drew their wands. He followed quickly at their side as they took to creeping silently down the corridor to the rusted door.

When they finally came to a stop, Harry watched himself give the Death Eater's a nod as he took aim at the handle of the door, the two Death Eater's gripped their wands tightly and got into an

offensive stance behind him and his memory companion. What are they doing? Wondered Harry curiously, Who was the traitor he himself spoke of?

Harry was drawn back to the memory as he heard himself whisper. "Alohamora!"

The door gave a soft click as the lock came undone, the two Death Eaters then ran past both Harry and himself into the room.

Regulus could be heard yelling the disarming spell from inside, both Harry and his memory self both ran into the room. Harry having been just a few feet behind himself barely made it into the room before Wilkes kicked the door shut.

Inside the room was a desk, a burning fireplace, and unexpectedly pressed up against the farthest wall with a frightened expression on his face, Igor Karkaroff. Headmaster of Durmstrang Institute.

"N-no!" Karkaroff gasped.

Wilkes let out a cold laugh. "Yes dear Igor, ye' time as' come."

Karkaroff dropped to his knees. "No, p-please have mercy! S-spare me!"

Regulus could be seen shaking his head at Karkaroff as he took aim at the man, with his wand hand outstretched and targeted at Karkaroff, his other hand noticeably could be seen pocketing Karkaroff's wand.

Igor Karkaroff's fearful eyes turned to his memory self, Harry wanted to look away but found himself in rapt focus with the memory.

"Don't d-do this! Help m-me." The man pleaded, he crawled desperately towards the Durmstrang dressed boy.

Karkaroff was almost at his memory self's feet when Regulus cast a spell that sent him flying back against the wall he was clinging to only moments before.

Closing his eyes Harry kept repeating. 'This is not real. This is fake. This is not happening. This didn't happen.' when he finally managed

to open his eyes again, Wilkes was standing over Karkaroff with a crazed look in his eyes.

"Ye' betrayed our' master, ye' deserve t'die painfully!" Wilkes stated.

Karkaroff shook his head. "I...p-please...I only-"

The pleading man was cut off as Wilkes sneered. "Furnuncul!"

Boils erupted all over Karkaroff's skin, the man let out a scream so terrible and loud that Regulus quickly had to apply silencing charms to the room.

Having half the mind to walk out right then and there and demand to be let out, or find a way out of the pensieve, Harry couldn't manage to get his legs following his brains orders, his mind and eyes were much too focused on the scene playing out in front of him to remember something so simple as walking.

Regulus who had just finished putting up the silencing charms approached the hideously boil covered Igor Karkaroff. "Do you see what you get for betraying our Lord? You could have just taken the prison sentence, the Dark Lord would have set you free soon enough. But no, instead you betray us and condemn Gibbon and Rosier to Azkaban. Purebloods! In Azkaban! I despise you!" he spat.

Karkaroff tried to speak but the pain of the boils only allowed him to let out a strangled moan.

Regulus's eyes narrowed and his wand hand trembled in suppressed fury. "Crucio!" he sneered.

Harry looked away as Durmstrang's Headmaster convulsed on the floor of what he had come to assume was the man's own office. Finally gaining control over the queasiness he felt, Harry looked at his memory self with disgust. He stared at himself, hardly believing his eyes as he saw himself smiling while he watched in fascination at the spells and curses his fellow Death Eaters used.

"Alrigh', enough! Its my turn, come on." Wilkes announced.

Regulus brought his torture of Karkaroff to an end, the said man laid panting heavily on the floor, eye's blood shot.

"He's all yours." said Regulus, he went to Igor's desk and took a seat on top of the hard wood.

Wilkes walked in a slow casual stride to where Karkaroff lay limp. "Wake up! I ain' have my turn yet." he said while twirling his wand around his fingers.

Karkaroff cracked open an eye to watch as Wilkes removed his mask revealing to the tortured wizard his unpleasant smile.

"I'm goin' t'make yeh remember me. Profundus Incidere!" Wilkes snarled, a violet flash of light burst from his wand and struck Karkaroff's right shoulder, blood sprayed out from the wound and painted the ground red.

Deciding he couldn't watch anymore, Harry forced himself to move and went to the door of the office, but just his luck he could grab the handle but wasn't able to turn it. He knew the door wasn't locked, well at least he hadn't see anyone lock it. Yet after a few more fruitless attempts Harry frustratingly guessed that that was how memory's worked, you observe and just that, no touching or changing anything that happened, including opening doors to make an exit.

Turning back around he grimaced at the sight of Karkaroff rolling back and forth on the ground whimpering, it would seem he had no other option than watching the fake memory play out.

Wilkes stood over Karkaroff watching in satisfaction as the spell he used bled Karkaroff from the shoulder.

"Get up!...I said get up Karkaroff!" Wilkes ordered, he delivered a swift kick to the man's side, Karkaroff coughed out blood. Grunting Wilkes took aim at Karkaroff. "Levicorpus!"

Harry's eyebrows raised as the wounded man was hoisted into the air by his feet, his finger tips brushing lightly against the floor.

"Go on Potter, yer' one of us aren' yeh'?" Wilkes said.

Harry turned to see himself nod, step forward and take aim at Karkaroff.

Vomit threatened to come out as Harry watched himself proceed to let loose a variety of spells he had never heard or seen of before, but they all seemed horrible and very dark as they caused gash's and welts to appear all over Karkaroff's body.

Blood was soon streaking downwards and dripping profusely onto the floor, Karkaroff was begging and screaming at the same time. Harry's stomach gave an even more unpleasant turn at the sight.

"That's enough Potter, he's suffered enough for his treachery. Put him out of his misery." Regulus ordered abruptly, his voice held a slight tone of disgust.

"Me?" Harry heard himself ask.

"Yes you! The Dark Lord personally requested you do it, go on lad, the incantation is Avada Kedavra." Regulus replied.

Harry's eyes widened as his Memory-self didn't reply, he just leveled his wand at Karkaroff's suspended body hanging in mid air. "

AVADA KEDAVRA!" his Memory-self hissed, a drizzle of green sparks shot from his wand.

Both Harry and his memory counterpart turned expectantly to Regulus.

"You have to mean it, you have to actually want to see him dead. You wanna see him dead, don't you Potter?" Regulus asked.

Again Harry's memory self's only reply was turning back to Karkaroff, wand raised.

"AVADA KEDAVRA!" he saw himself snarl, a flash of green light erupted from his wand, there was a loud rushing noise as the curse went flying across the room and hit Igor Karkaroff's chest.

The memory began to fade, just as Wilkes released the Levicorpus charm. Harry crushed the urge to throw up as Igor Karkaroff's lifeless body fell into a pool of his own blood.

Once again the memory faded and a new one came to focus. Harry wanted it to end, especially as this one didn't seem as promising as the last for a happy memory. For in this memory he found himself standing in the middle of a burning and battle ravaged Diagon Alley. Fires raged in the shop windows and debris littered the street way.

Breath catching in his throat, Harry watched absently as saw himself dressed in the infamous black Death Eater robes and white mask. He'd been expecting it since the first memory, but there it was and he was not the only one dressed that way, making his way up the street, his counterpart had three other Death Eaters at his side.

Again Harry immediately recognized Regulus Black among the group, the other two however Harry had yet to make the acquaintance of, and he hoped dearly he'd never have to.

"We're straying from the others, we should head on back." said one of the accompanying Death Eaters nervously.

"Whys that Travers? Afraid of disobeying Malfoy's orders?" Regulus asked mockingly.

The Death Eater named Travers sent an annoyed glare at Regulus. "Shut it Black, I ain't in the mood."

The last Death Eater yet to make his appearance known, clapped Travers on the back. "Really Travers, if you want to turn back, do so. Just don't go crying your fears out to us, we don't want to hear it."

Travers turned to the other Death Eater looking as if he was going to say something, but Harry just like them came to a stop as his memory self raised a hand signaling them to a halt.

"What is it?" Regulus asked, his sapphire eyes scanned the street.

Harry watched himself reply. "I heard something, soft pop's... Apperating!"

Regulus cursed under his breath and turned to the other Death Eaters. "Travers, Selwyn, get over there to the left side of the street and take cover."

The two Death Eaters nodded and obediently moved to the opposite side of the street.

Harry gave a startled jump as his memory self yelled. "Duck!" Looking over he watch himself push Regulus out of the way of an oncoming jet of red light. Turning to where the spell had come from, Harry let a smile grace his face as wizard's and witch's dressed in navy blue robes and grey trench coats filled the street way, he recognized their clothes as the dignified uniform of Ministry Auror's.

"STUPEFY!" yelled a beefy Auror as he charged towards Regulus and Harry.

"Protego!" Regulus said, successfully deflecting the red jet of light.

Harry flinched away as his Death Eater counterpart stepped forward and took aim at the Auror's leg. "DiffRACTum!"

The Auror's leg made a sickly cracking noise just before he fell to the cobblestoned street, the spell his memory self had used ruthlessly crushed some bone or another in the mans leg.

Regulus stalked over to the wounded Auror. "AVADA KEDAV-" he started, his wand aimed at the injured Auror, yet he didn't get to finish casting the killing curse as he was blasted off his feet by an Auror who looked eerily like a certain plant loving Gryffindor that Harry knew.

Harry stared dubiously at the Auror as he went and stood protectively over his injured colleague.

"Lower your wand!" The Auror ordered.

Harry heard himself laugh. "Not in this life time Longbottom!"

The Auror who had not only the same last name as Neville, but who looked quiet similar to him as well led Harry's memory self slowly away from the other injured Auror who lay moaning on the street way.

"PETRIFICUS TOTALUS!" yelled the Auror suddenly.

Groaning in disappointment, Harry watched himself lazily deflect it with Protego. Longbottom in return shot a stunning spell at his memory self who ducked the red flash of light.

"Incendio!" His memory-self sneered, fire burst out of his wand like a flamethrower and lashed out at the ground where the Auror was prior to before leaping out of the flames way.

However, the Auror who looked just like Neville wasn't fast enough, and the trim of his robe caught fire, the man quickly extinguished it with a water charm.

Harry never thought he'd cheer someone on to kick his own arse, but here he was rooting for the Auror who had just swirled around and yelled. "VOLATILIS PUGNUS!"

A brown flash of light went flying by so fast his memory self couldn't dodge it, he stumbled back and fell to the ground. The mask he was wearing cracked from the force where the spell struck him, small pieces crumbled off revealing the right side of his memory self's face.

The Auror sent two stunning spells at Harry, the red flash's of light hit the ground as Harry watched himself barely manage to roll to the left. "PREFOCO!" his Memory-self yelled.

Longbottom's eyes widened, and clutched his throat as he began to make choking sounds.

Watching in confusion, Harry looked between himself who had just climbed to his feet, and the Auror was gagging literally on air. Taking a step closer to his Death Eater self and the Auror he stood looking down on, Harry watched himself hold his wand out in front of him, its tip leveled at the man's neck. The said man in return was now on his knees and turning a deep shade of purple.

A chill crawled up Harry's spine as he heard himself chant. "Die!" over and over again. The Auror's eyes were quickly becoming bloodshot, and Harry wanted desperately to help the man he had even tried to punch his memory self, but his fists just went right through. The only way Harry found comfort in watching this was knowing that it was all fake, it had to be. Harry jumped as Regulus ran through him from behind.

"Enough! We're outnumbered, we have to regroup with the others." Regulus informed while sending a barrage of curse's and hexes in the direction of oncoming Auror's.

Harry let out a relieved sigh at the sight of his memory self reluctantly breaking off the choking curse on Longbottom.

"Come on Harry. Travers and Selwyn have all ready pulled back, we need to go!" Regulus exclaimed, he hit an Auror with a cutting hex then a banishing charm, the Auror went flying through a nearby shop window.

"Why? We can take them!" Harry's counterpart stated while deflecting spells that were being sent his way.

"We can not! Look! More of them just arrived!" Regulus yelled.

Sure enough a new group of Auror's were making their way up the street, amongst them Harry could make out Alastor Moody.

Harry watched himself let out a frustrated yell as he dodged a hail of stunning hex's.

"Fine, let's go." his memory self reluctantly agreeing.

Regulus nodded and pointed his wand at a building on the right side of the street, station in a spot between themselves and the advancing Aurors. Regulus swirled his wand in a circle.

"BOMBARDUS MAXIMUS!" he growled.

The building exploded sending rubble flying in every which direction, and a thick layer of dark smoke spilling out onto the street.

"That will give us some time to get out of here, lets try not to waste it." Regulus said.

Harry and his memory self followed after him as he ran back in the direction they came, Harry looked over his shoulder as he ran, he felt relieved as he saw the Auror who looked like Neville struggling to get to his feet. At least he's alive thought Harry.

Turning back around to focus on where he, his counterpart and Regulus were fleeing to, Harry came to a sliding stop beside Regulus and his Death Eater self. A lump quickly forming in his throat as he looked upon a sight he never believed possible.

For there, standing not twelve feet away from him stood two very familiar looking people, Harry knew them both, but had only met one of them, well to be correct, he had met both, but he could not remember ever doing so with one of them.

Swallowing the newly formed lump, Harry struggled to come up with words to summon how he felt as he gazed gapingly at the walking, talking, animated forms of Sirius Black and James Potter.

"Alright, drop your wands on the ground and back up!" Sirius ordered.

Regulus let out a harsh laugh, a sound that Harry was sure forced from his mouth. "We'll pass on the offer Sirius, but really, thank you for asking." Regulus grunted.

Sirius's eyes widened in recognition of the voice. "R-Reggie? Is... Is that you?"

Regulus pushed his mask up so it rested on the top of his head. "Never thought the day would come when I'd have the pleasure to duel you, but it seems today is the day, and it's just as good as any other." Regulus said with a crooked grin.

Sirius's eyes narrowed.

Harry faintly heard what his Godfather and his brother were saying to each other, as his rapt attention was focused solely on his Father's living face, who in return was focused on his Death Eater self.

"Why?...Why are you doing this, Harry?" James asked, his face portraying a look of disappointment and betrayal.

Harry cringed away as he heard himself burst out laughing, James face immediately hardened.

"Stop it Harry!" James ordered, it only made Harry's memory-self laugh harder.

When Sirius glanced at his Godson laughing maniacally, Regulus struck. "Expelliarmus!"

Sirius's wand was ripped untimely from his hand, it spun through the air and landed gracefully into Regulus's outstretched arm. Turning then to James, Regulus shot a cutting hex at him.

Harry smiled as his Father quickly raised a shield, the cutting hex bounced off and went flinging back at Regulus, it cut a deep a gash on the side of Regulus's upper arm.

"PUNCTUM!" Harry heard himself yell, he turned to see a zig zaging flash of yellow shoot out and hit James in the thigh, his Father let out a pained yelp.

Regulus turned his attention away from his bleeding arm to shoot another spell at James, however the words never left his mouth as Sirius tackled him to the ground and began to punch him savagely.

Harry's eyes darted back and forth between himself and his Godfather, he tried to yell and warn Sirius as he saw himself move to help Regulus, but thankfully a spell shooting by his counterparts head postponed him.

"You just never learn to quit, do you?" his counterpart sneered venomously to James.

"No, not when your concerned." James replied, he sent another stunner at his son, who leaned right and the red flash of light went flying just above his left shoulder.

Harry turned from his Father and Memory-self to watch Regulus and Sirius wrestling on the cobblestone street of Diagon Alley.

"Dammit, get off me Sirius! Fight like a wizard, not a damn muggle!" Regulus growled, blood leaked from his nose while his cheek bore a bright red welt.

Sirius let out a bark like laugh as he slammed his fist into his brothers side.

Figuring his Godfather was coming out the victor, Harry emotionally looked back to his Father just in time to see a flash of green light smash into a shop door leaving a pitch black burn mark at where it hit.

"Stand still and this will be over soon!" snapped his counterpart.

James shook his head sadly. "I don't want to do this, please Harry."

"I'm growing tired of your stalling, fight me or I swear to Merlin I'll leave right now and pay a visit to the rest of our loving family." threatened his counterpart.

"Leave them out of this Harry, you've hurt them enough with what your doing!" James said as he circled his son.

"I think I'll be the judge of that." Harry watched himself sneer, he sent a stinging hex towards his Father's chest.

"Merlin Harry stop this! You don't want to fight me, I know you. Please just lower your wand and everything will be alright, please Harry!" James said rubbing his sore chest.

Watching himself chuckle a dark and disturbing sound, Harry shuddered hoping for the best. "Your wrong to think I don't want this, I've wanted this for as long as I can remember. Did you not just see me try to kill you with an Unforgivable? Or are you still so blinded by your love for me to see that as well?"

There was a long pause of silence before James spoke. "Y-your right. I... I need to put the past behind me. I see now your beyond saving, this... you, it ends today Harry."

Harry's counterpart beamed with his Father's response, he sent the Cruciatus curse at James. Ducking down just in time to dodge the torture curse, James quickly managed to get off a stunner and disarming spell in a matter of seconds.

Harry was on edge as his counterpart dodged one of his Fathers spells only to run into the other, his wand yanked from his hand. His Memory-self didn't have time to register what had happened before

James cast a stunner. A smile spread across Harry's face as he watched himself fall to the ground, stiff as a rock.

Turning on his heel to see how Sirius was making out, he found Regulus just managing to throw Sirius off him, he roared in anger.

"You'll pay for that Potter, I'll have your head! I'll tear you apart!" he yelled, picking himself up from the ground with his wand in hand, Regulus took aim at James.

Regulus managed to fire his spell, but it went shooting way over James head as Sirius began hailing stunner's down at him.

Assuming that his Godfather managed to retrieve his wand during the physical struggle with his brother, Harry silently cheered to himself that one of the stunner's would hit. To Harry the other two memory's made somewhat sense to show him, but this one? It didn't make sense, in fact nothing of late made sense, but this part Harry didn't mind all that much. He was looking at his Father, he frowned slightly as his words registered, but it wasn't his Father was it? It was probably just like all the others in this memory, just another Death Eater hopped up on Polyjuice.

Harry shook himself from his thoughts as he heard a desperate yell from Sirius. "I'll hold my brother off, hurry and get Harry to the Ministry!"

Turning to his Father, Harry watched as James looked torn to agree at leaving Sirius alone, but finally his reluctance to leave wore down and he ran to where Harry's counterpart lay motionless. Harry watched as his Father grabbed a handful of his counterparts black robes, and with that, like much of Harry's life, James Potter disappeared. His counterpart along with him.

"This is your fault Sirius! They'll give him the kiss, don't you understand you've as good as killed him!" Regulus spat staring at the spot Harry's memory-self had been lying a moment before, with each word he spoke, he sent a darker spell at his brother.

Sirius was sweating profusely as he dodged the spells. "It had to be done, I loved Harry as if he were my own, but he's a murderer now! He's you! I won't let that happen. I won't stand on the sideline and

watch another person I care about become something evil, I'd rather see them soulless and dead than become what you have!"

Regulus face contracted into rage, he seemed ready to spit out a reply, but a half a dozen Aurors or so coming in their direction prevented him. With a snarl on his face, Regulus ran and grabbed Death Eater Harry's wand from the ground.

"You'll pay for taking him, mark my words brother, the next time you see me will be right before I cast the killing curse!" Regulus promised with a sneer.

Harry didn't get to see the rest, as the memory began to fade.

Thrown from the Pensieve and back into the Slytherin decorated room, Harry lay motionless on the ground, his vision spinning. The first thing he saw when he was finally able to see straight without the world tilting, was Regulus Black laying atop his bed.

"So, do you remember now?" Regulus asked.

Harry scratched his head, he was unsure of what to say about the fake memories.

"If you haven't, I still have hundreds more of us that I can show you." Regulus offered.

Hastily shaking his head, Harry dazedly got to his feet. "No!... They are... Um... Yeah here they are, I remember." he said when in truth he had absolutely no intention of seeing anymore memories of himself torturing and killing others.

"Excellent! I knew if I showed those three memories you would remember perfectly! I mean, not everyday does someone forget their initiation, first murder and first capture, eh?" Regulus asked while he sat up on the bed.

Harry gave a feeble nod.

"The Dark Lord will be pleased to know you've got your memory back, and Harry, I just want to let you know, if I had known you

weren't kissed I would have personally gone to free you." Regulus said honestly.

"I... Thanks?" Harry replied, he was saved from saying anything more as the door to the bedroom flew open and Severus Snape walked in carrying a tray of potion vials.

"What are you doing here, Black?" Snape questioned, he placed the tray down on the desk in the room.

"Our Lord ordered me to help Harry here retrieve his memories." Regulus answered.

The potions master raised an eyebrow. "And were you successful?"

"Quite." Regulus answered shortly.

Snape rearranged a few vials. "Well then Potter, how do you feel?" he asked in an uncaring tone of voice.

"I'm fine, sir." replied Harry.

Both Snape and Regulus looked at him strangely.

"Did you just call Snape... Sir?" Regulus asked unsure.

Harry tugged on the collar of the ragged clothes he still wore from the supposed Azkaban break out. "I... Uh... I'm... Never mind, I'm... I'm just a little confused still." he said avoiding eye contact with both men.

"Confused? I thought you said you were successful in making him remember?" Snape asked snidely.

Regulus glared at the greasy man standing before him. "Just because he's confused doesn't make him as he was yesterday." he snapped defensively.

"If you say so Black, now if you don't mind, leave! I have potions I must give the boy, and your presence here is not need, or wanted" said Snape.

"Fine, I have to get going anyways, with Rookwood being discovered as the leak in the Ministry, the Dark Lord is in need of new ways on getting information about the going on's of the Ministry," Regulus said, he swept to the door. "Oh, and two things before I leave. One, I have your wand Harry, and don't worry its just as you left it. And secondly, this one goes to you Snape, if you so much as give him a potion that tastes bad, I'll show you the meaning of pain, do you understand?"

"Perfectly, but you certainly must know, you don't scare me Black." Snape replied with a sneer.

"Yet Severus, I don't scare you yet." Regulus said, he placed his mask back on his face and walked out of the room.

With Regulus gone from the room, Snape turned to Harry with a grimace. "On the bed Potter!" he barked.

Harry jumped up from the floor, and got onto the bed. Snape gave Harry a variety of potions and ordered him to drink them, which he did, slowly of course.

"Good Potter, a few more and we'll be out of each others company for the rest of the day." Snape drawled as he picked up two more vials from his tray and handed them to Harry.

"What is it your giving me?" Harry asked wearily.

Snape was hesitant before answering. "Pepper up Potion, an assortment of Energy Restoration, Pain reliever and sleeping draughts combined with a dreamless sleep potion."

Harry groaned. "Why do you keep giving me sleeping potions?" he asked in between a long pregnant yawn.

Snape rolled his eyes. "Because you were in Azkaban for more than three months. You probably didn't get any sleep, or when you did, they were most likely plagued with nightmares, and Potter when you wake up in a few hours I advise you to get some food... And change your clothes while your at it, your absolutely vile to look at it."

"Your absolutely vile." Harry mumbled tiredly.

Snape earned to reach out and throttle the little brat, but before he succumbed to temptation he stalked out of the room without so much as a good-bye. Just thankful he didn't have to stay in the boys presence longer than he had.

Harry didn't even try and fight the sleeping draughts effects this time, he welcomed it, after all he saw today, he needed the rest.

A/N: Arrgh, I love and hate this chapter. The plot in my mind was great, but when I wrote it, it wasn't what I pictured this chapter to be. I am not satisfied with this chapter, and will be revising it after the next chapter or next few chapters are out (unless you guys don't have any problems with it then I'll leave it). If you read this chapter and said "Can't the author come up with something a bit better than Memory Harry, and Death Eater Harry?" you are exactly like me! I hate both those terms for the dark and evil Harry, but it was the only way I could think of to tell them apart.

So I ask you now, please help me with anything to make this chap better, if you liked it I'm glad you did, because I like the idea of this chap, just not how I wrote it. Any suggestions would be great. And if anyone would like to become a beta reader for this, I would truly appreciate it. ( PM me if you might be interested) Thanks and drop a review if you can! Till the next chapter!

Spells

Profundus Incidere- Cutting Hex

Diffractum- Bone Breaking Hex

Prefoco- Strangulation Curse

Punctum- Stinging Hex

Volatilis Pugnus- Punching Hex

## Chapter Five "Commence"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

Sitting slumped in his chair with his hands massaging his temples, Sirius Black hadn't felt more frustrated and sleep deprived as he did at the current moment. Ever since he had promised his friend he'd get some information concerning his son, he'd spent the past two days and nights without sleep and at the Ministry of Magic, even within it's extensive files, informants and hourly reports, the Ministry held no news about the youngest Potter.

Sirius' train of thought was lost as a large folder was abruptly dropped onto his desk, tiredly he looked up to meet the grimacing face of Dynex Moon.

"Wilts wanted me to give you that, she thinks that if your not going to go home again you might as well try and make yourself useful," informed Moon, he looked the slouched Sirius up and down. "However being useful isn't one of your strong suits is it?"

Rolling his eyes, Sirius picked the folder up and held it for Moon to take back. "Yes well what can I say, I've never really been one to climb the social ladder, it seems you are though, perhaps in twenty or thirty years from now you may be recognized for being such a prude. But until then, how about you do something useful and tell Ol' Wilts I'm heading out, try not to kiss her arse to much when you pass my message along."

Moon's chapped lips morphed into a sneer. "I'll try my best," he said, his eyes raked distastefully over Sirius' parchment covered desk. "You know with Moody's rants about disorganization, one would think you'd take some of his words to heart and clean up a bit."

"Yes well, one may also think that with all that time you spend looking in the mirror Moon, you'd realize by now your still the same person nobody liked the day before." Sirius replied.

"I believe you said you were leaving." Moon reminded Sirius through gritted teeth, snatching the folder from Sirius's hand he turned to leave but stopped as Sirius spoke again.

"Don't miss me too much Moon, I'll be sure to drop by soon enough and say hello." Sirius said, standing up he pulled his trench coat from his chair and slung it across his right shoulder.

Chuckling softly, Sirius left the Auror offices and a steaming Dynex Moon. Strolling aimlessly through the dull halls of the Ministry Sirius began to reflect on what he had found over the past two days. After reading everything there was concerning his Godson, from old Prophet articles to Auror reports, there was nothing there to point him in the direction of where to begin his personal man hunt. The only thing that Sirius thought of and was positive there would be results is if he were to use an informant.

The only problem with the plan was that Sirius only knew two people who were high enough in Voldemort's ranks to supply him with the information he needed, all the Death Eaters who were locked in Azkaban at the current moment were so low in Voldemort's ranks that the slimy snake lord himself didn't see them worthy enough to rescue. It was on that assumption that Sirius knew that any information provided by those in Azkaban would be utterly worthless.

No, if he needed help, he would have to go to the only two wizards he knew who were a high enough rank within Voldemort's organization, his brother and Snivellus Snape. His brother at the moment was out of the question, ever since Regulus had been made as a Death Eater to the magical community he disappeared, well that wasn't entirely true, his brother had simply gone into hiding. Sirius both knew and didn't know where his brother was hiding, due to Regulus setting up a Fidelius charm, Sirius had lost all recollection of his childhood home, all Sirius could remember was that he had one, where it was or what it looked like was blocked in his memory.

However even if he could have spoken to Regulus, Sirius knew him to still be a loyal Death Eater as the first day he joined. Snape however was the local turn coat, if Sirius were to get any information surrounding his Godson he would definitely have to go through Snivellus, that was easier said than done. Running a hand through his hair Sirius contemplated on how to approach Snape about his problem, thinking up several scenarios in which he and Snape would converse they all seemed to end up with Snape declining his request.

Sirius' thoughts about Snape were lost as he began walking down the long stretch of Ministry holding cells, he had a myriad of past memory's fill his mind, they were of the countless times he and James had walked this hallway with a criminal held securely in between them. Being an Auror with James had made working fun, yet ever since his friend had retired early because of Harry, his job had become ulcer creating. In the recent months he now knew to well what it felt to be like all the other Auror's of his department, they like himself had been over worked and over stressed for far to long, the purity war as some had now come to call it had turned the Auror Department into an environment of brooding witches and wizards.

The length of this war had effected more than just the Auror's though, hundreds perhaps even thousand of innocent people and their families had been effected by one way or another, it was without a doubt in Sirius's mind that Harry would add to the problem not the solution. However the longer he pondered on the war the more his thoughts drifted into how it would never end, it was like playing a game of tuggle rope, they would catch a Death Eater and then he would simply go free through a corrupted trial or break out from Azkaban. The said Death Eater would then go out and do everything he had just been caught for previously, it was a game Sirius knew his side was losing.

It was for that sole reason and even though he would never say it or admit it to his friends, it was that reason why he supported Rufus Scrimgeour's Regulation 214. It was a Regulation recently brought to attention and if passed by the Wizengamot would permit Auror's and Hit-Wizards with the unrestricted use of the Unforgivable curses, with that one regulation it would give them just the hand they would need to bring this war to an end.

However, as much as Sirius wanted the Regulation to pass, he didn't even know if he was even capable of casting such a spell. The thought of a man being tortured or killed by his own hand gave Sirius an unpleasant churn in the pit of his stomach. Peering into an empty cell nearby, the doubt Sirius had had concerning the Unforgivable's was squashed as he remembered the pain brought by his Godson, right then and there Sirius made the determined decision to catch Harry by any means, Unforgivable's or not.

Pulling his wand from its frayed leather holster, Sirius focused on his intended destination and apparated with a loud CRACK! that echoed the lengthy hallway long after his departure.

Strolling through the darkened alley ways of Hogsmeade Sirius had second thoughts concerning about what he was going to do, he stayed to the shadows and out of sight as a pair of drunken wizards clumsily stumbled out of the local pub Hogs Head. His presence here need not be known to certain sources, going to visit the Orders spy was a large enough risk to take if caught by a Death Eaters child, but Sirius had a feeling he wouldn't mourn long if Severus Snape was to ever be uncovered as a spy.

Taking the last few steps over a humped hill Sirius was met with the magnificent sight of Hogwarts castle, the nights moon hid just behind the highest tower illuminating the school grounds below. Letting out a long sigh Sirius trudged the rest of the way up to the castle gate, scanning the darkened windows of the structure before him Sirius felt relaxed enough to cast his Patronus, giving it a hushed message he watched as it ran off into the dark of night.

Minutes later a thin figure could be seen approaching, their wand lit brightly before them. Sirius felt relieved to discover the figure as Minerva McGonagall, the woman's usual tightly bunned hair hang loosely over her shoulders, her aged eyes held curiosity and suspicion as she came to stand opposite of Sirius.

"Sirius Black, here? At this time of night?" McGonagall asked disbelieving.

"Sorry Professor, I know its late and all, but I've got urgent business needing tending to." Sirius replied.

"But here? On what authority, Order or Ministry?" she asked.

"Neither... It's um well, well it's actually uh... Personal." Sirius answered.

"Well if you've come to see Albus I'm afraid he's in Wales," said McGonagall, her voice saddened as she continued. "He's trying to find a replacement for Charity Burbage."

"Oh." Sirius said, the Burbage case was rather well known to himself as it had stumped the Auror Department for the past six months, they had not found one speck of evidence surrounding the woman's mysterious disappearance.

"Yes well, If your not here for Albus is there something I can help you with?" McGonagell asked, she pulled her night coat closer as a cold gust of wind tore through the school grounds, the dark green grass rippled behind her as she spoke to Sirius through the charmed gate.

"Yes I'm here to see Snivell...Snape, I'm here to see Snape." Sirius replied.

"Your here to see Severus," McGonagell spoke the words slowly and unsure. "It's a bit late for pranks Sirius."

"I swear this is no prank Professor." Sirius stated rolling his eyes.

"The title of Professor is usually only reserved for students, you've long since graduated Mr. Black, please call me Minerva. As for Severus can you not wait a few days? The end of the term is only two days away." McGonagell suggested.

"I suppose I could, but I think it best if i were to see him tonight." replied Sirius determinedly.

"I know I'll regret this later," muttered McGonagell. "Very well Sirius go about your business. But if I so much as hear one hex or curse or any spell being cast down in the dungeons, I swear to Merlin I'll use you as a test subject on the first day of classes next year in my transfiguration classes, and I'll be sure to let the first years put you to use before anyone else."

Swallowing dryly, Sirius stretched a smile onto his face. "Not a spell." he promised.

Canceling her lighting charm, McGonagell swirled her wand through the air and unlocked the grounds gate. Sirius hurried through and watched them shut securely behind.

"Let's get inside then." McGonagell said.

Sirius agreed and followed his former Professor into the castle, it's usually full corridors were bare except for the torches flickering lively along its walls.

"Go ahead, I believe you know your way around. I ran into Severus on my way down to you, you'll find him down in his classroom. Remember Sirius, not a spell!" warned McGonagall.

"Don't worry I'll be brief with my visit. I really appreciate this...Minerva." Sirius replied awkwardly, with a nod from McGonagall he carried on his way through his old school, his former Professors eyes followed him all the way down the corridor.

A frown began implementing itself on Sirius's face as he descended deeper into the dungeons of Hogwarts, the thought of Snape making him beg for his help made Sirius cringe and want to find some other way to gain information on his Godson, yet the unquestionable devotion he had for James Potter had him continuing his strides into the dungeon. Taking a small spiral staircase down a back corridor Sirius came to stand in front of a room he had not been in since his graduation many years ago.

With a passive face, Sirius entered the potions class, the musty smell of a recently concocted potion lingered heavily in the room's air. Standing on an old wooden stool at the front of the class, back towards Sirius was Hogwarts resident Potions master Severus Snape.

Sirius took a seat on top of a nearby desk and waited patiently for his old school rival to finish organizing a shelf stocked full of vials and bottles. As the minutes dragged by and Snape's attention was drawn to another shelf, Sirius couldn't help but make his presence known, standing from the desk Sirius unintentionally knocked a still simmering cauldron over, a thick brown liquid spread quickly over the stone floor.

Looking up from the spilled cauldron Sirius saw Snape shaking with suppressed rage. "Oops."

"You idiot!" Snape snarled, he hopped down from his stool and stalked angrily towards Sirius and the spilled potion.

"Oi, it was an accident, I didn't see the bleeding thing." Sirius protested.

"The only accident here Black, is you!" Snape snapped.

Resisting the urge to tear Snape apart with his own comments, Sirius watched silently as the man spelled the classroom floor clean.

"Minerva informed me that you were at the outer gates," Snape sneered. "I thought the woman had more sense than to let you in."

"Leave McGonagall out of this you greas..." Sirius stumbled over his last few words as he remembered who's help he needed.

"I'm a what? A greasy git? Pitiful, can't come up with anything new Black?"

"Look, I didn't come here to taunt you, can we just put the last few minutes behind us?"

"Behind us? You purposely ruined my potion, insulted me, and you expect me to put it behind us! You really are an idiot." Snape growled, he pushed past Sirius and headed back to the front of the class, Sirius pursued.

"I told you it wasn't on purpose," Sirius said firmly, grabbing hold of Snape's wrist he forced the potions professor to look at him. "I'm not leaving here till you hear me out."

Snape yanked his wrist free. "I suggest you keep at a distance Black, your testing my patience."

"If you had patience you'd hear me out."

"There is nothing that could ever possibly make me willingly listen to you, even patience. Leave my class!"

"I just bloody told you I'm not leaving, if you would just sit down and hear me, we'd be out of each others way a whole lot sooner." pressed Sirius.

"Maybe you forget that there are other methods to remove you from here." Snape hissed, his hand rested suggestively on his wand.

Folding his arms across his chest, Sirius arched his brows. "If I weren't here for a reason I would have liked to see you try."

Snape's face twitched as he turned away. "I don't have time for this, it's late and I have a potion to re-brew."

"Then brew it, I won't get in your way I only want you to listen. I'm quite sure you can multitask." implored Sirius.

"Merlin, you never know when to quit do you Black," Snape sneered, he grabbed a rusted cauldron from a cupboard and placed it in between himself and Sirius. "I need to concentrate if I am to brew this, multitasking or not, you serve as a greater distraction than that of a rampaging Hippogriff."

Taking a step back Sirius took a calming breath, the more the man resisted to listen and say more sarcastic comments, the more Sirius felt the need to hit him.

"How Lily puts up with you I'll never know." he grumbled.

Grabbing a few jars off a shelf, Snape spoke with his back turned. "There are plenty of things you don't already know."

"I could say the same to, but then again that would be a compliment."

"Leave!"

"No."

"Why you insufferable mutt."

"Watch who you call a mutt Snivellus."

Nostrils flared, Snape drew his wand.

"What are you going to do, hex me?" Sirius scoffed.

Snape slowly lowered his wand and turned his attention back to his cauldron. "No Black, your neither worth the time or the effort it takes to cast a spell."

"I'm not worth it, but re-brewing this stupid potion is?"

"This potion Black, is more important than you could ever hope to be." Snape snapped, pulling several small leafs from a cracked jar he began to dice them into precise thin lines.

Sirius huffed. "I doubt that. What in Merlin's name could be so important about...that!"

"The Dark Lord's requesting of it makes it so."

Looking at the cauldron with renewed interest, Sirius stepped closer to get see it better. "Voldemort wants it? Why? What is it?" he asked.

"Its just a simple Truth Serum, nothing too extraordinary," drawled Snape, taking a whiff of the sweltering potion he quickly added the recently chopped leaves.

"Your giving him Veritaserum?" Sirius asked incredulously.

"The Dark Lord is already in possession of that, several large quantities to be exact. No Black I'm procuring the Dark Lord a different sort of potion, although it achieves the same means, this potion is altered in a slightly different aspect compared to that of its counterpart."

Leaning over the cauldron, Sirius inhaled the bubbling liquids thick pungent scent. "How so?"

"This one extracts information in a less pleasant manner."

Sirius recoiled from the potion. "What is with that bloody tossers fascination in pain."

Rolling his eyes, Snape moved knowingly through the classroom plucking all sorts of jars and vials from its shelved walls. Watching Snape move about, Sirius started to grow increasingly bored, to distract himself from doing something that would ultimately anger Snape, Sirius read a piece of parchment containing the mans neatly scribbled brewing instructions.

"It says here your potions supposed to take on a somewhat murky clear, yours is looking sort of darkish grey." Sirius commented dryly.

"The Bangle root has not yet been added, that is the key ingredient to the potion changing colour effect," said Snape annoyed, placing his armful of containers down, he grabbed the piece of paper from Sirius's clutches. "Since you have no aptitude in the field of potion making, and have nothing to offer. I think it time you leave."

"Remarkable!" exclaimed Sirius. "Just when I thought it was impossible for you to think you go and surprise me. Now how about you do us both a favor Snape and use that thought processing skill of yours and agree to hear me out, we'll be out of each others way a whole lot sooner like I've said."

Snape snorted. "Fine, do what you will, I've come to terms long ago with the fact you'll never be out of my life. Tell me Black, have you done the same with me?"

Him and Snape entwined paths...forever? Not in this lifetime thought Sirius. Pushing his pride to the side, Sirius knew he'd just have to resort to the one thing Snape would never let him live down, ask or should it come to it, beg for his help.

"Look Snape, I really don't know how to say this, but I need... I need y-your... Help." Sirius said, he bowed his head in shame.

"Help?"

Sirius sighed. "Yes."

"What could I possibly help you with?" Snape asked curtly, his interest however was slightly peeked.

"It, well it concerns Harry, I... I need to know where he is, how he is." answered Sirius

Eyes narrowing, Snape turned back to his potion. "Did you not agree along side Potter about the boys condition at the meeting a few days back?"

"And if I did?" Sirius asked.

"Well if you did, answer me this Black, why are you here for something you don't believe true."

"Because I'm not here for myself...I'm... I'm doing this on the behalf of Lily and James, they're good people. People that even you can admit didn't deserve what they got, I'm asking you as a fellow Order member and someone I will be forev- kind of in your debt. Don't let them go through what they went through last time, h-help me. What do you say?"

"No." said Snape, he uncorked a slender bottle and poured its contents into the cauldron.

"No? No what?" Sirius asked.

"No, as in I'll have no part in helping you or Potter," Snape sneered. "The both of you can suffer for eternity for all I care."

"That cant seriously be your answer. This isn't just for me, its for the Order to, you cant just say no to that, you have to help, you have to do your part!" Sirius snapped.

"Says who? You!" Snape snarled. "Last time I checked, Albus Dumbledore was Head of the Order of the Phoenix, not you!"

Turning his back to Sirius, Snape went to hover above his cauldron.

Having already disliked the man in front of him since his first day of attending Hogwarts, that mixed with having been denied help in his set out task infuriated Sirius. Without even thinking his actions through, Sirius rushed forward and seized Snape by his shoulders, spinning the man around, Sirius clenched Snape by the front of his robes.

"Listen here you sniveling filth, I've had quite enough of you. You'll help me and thats final." growled Sirius menacingly.

Snape's onyx coloured eyes narrowed into lethal slits. "You've no authority over me! Remove your hands."

"Will you help me?"

"No, that is my answer for now and forever. And no amount of force you use will persuade me differently."

Sirius growled in frustration, just as he was about to give up hope and toss Snape aside, a sudden idea came to him. An answer to his problems. Why he had not remembered it earlier, he did not know, maybe it was because deep down Sirius knew it was wrong to be used against the man, heck, even the thought of it made him uncomfortable. To form the words felt just as wrong and disgusting, but he needed Snape's help, and one way or another he swore he'd do whatever it took to help James and Lily.

Letting go of Snape's robes, Sirius took a few steps back. "You have to do this!" he stated.

Snape raised an eyebrow to match his sneer. "Oh? I do do I, after you assault me? I ought to file charges against you, imagine that Black, your own Auror's coming to take you away, what a sight it would make."

"Do what you want, go ahead, file charges, carry through with your little threat, I don't care what happens to me. I want you to know this though, with Harry still on the run, your not just putting James life in danger, your putting Lily's and Rose's as well." Sirius said.

Shaking his head, Snape laughed coldly. "I know what your trying to do Black, and I wont fall for it. I wont."

"I'm not trying to do any thing other than make you see what would happen if you don't help me." said Sirius.

"Nothing would happen, the world would still turn, plants would still grow, people would still die, and I... Well I'd still be alive."

"Yes you'd be alive, but tell me Snape, can you imagine a dead Lily when you say people would still die?"

"I... I don't know what your talking about, absurd-"

"I said tell me. I want to hear what you think will happen when Harry comes for James, who do you think will be standing by his side? Hmm, come on, tell me Snape!"

"Your wasting your time Blac-

"Tell me!"

"Leave her-"

"Whats the matter, can't say it? Or is it you don't want to say it cause you know I'm rig-

"Lily, there!" Snape yelled, he turned from Sirius with his list of instructions, looking at the paper he walked to the nearest shelf.

"Don't run away you coward! I'm not finished!" Sirius called after him. "I want you to not only imagine Lily dead, but Rose too. Picture them Snape, picture them! Can you still honestly say you'd refuse to help me?"

Snape was silent, his pale hand clutched tightly around a jar.

"TELL ME!" Sirius demanded.

Snape spun on his heel in a blur of black robes. "Leave here." he hissed, his voice wavering.

"Why, because we're discussing something you don't want?" Sirius asked.

"Something I don't want? I haven't the faintest idea of what you mea-

"You know damn well what I mean, I know exactly how you feel about her," said Sirius, at Snape's mortified look he continued. "It's no secret, so go on, tell me, how would you feel if you lost Lily?"

Snape's only reply was heaving the jar in his hand at Sirius.

Ducking down, Sirius let the jar fly overhead and smash into the wall behind him, he spared no glance from Snape as the shards clattered to the floor. Sirius watched in silence as Snape then let out a strangled yell and slammed his fist into the rooms stone wall, the sound of a bone cracking could be clearly heard over Snape's bubbling potion.

Bowing his head, the potions professor let a curtain of greasy black hair surround his face. "... If I do this, I want nothing else to do with her, do you hear me? Not her, not Potter, not their brats, not you, no one. Do you hear me? No one!"

Sirius nodded.

Pushing off against the wall, Snape walked back to the center of the room, one hand nursing the other with soft soothing rubs. "I expect you have a plan?"

"Sort of-"

"Sort of will not do, your messing in the affairs of one of the Dark Lord's most trusted and skilled servants. I am not going to risk my life and position on the basis of a 'sort of' plan, if you haven't thought this throu-"

"Can you please shut up and let me speak! Merlin. What I was going to say if you didn't decide to barge in, was before we go and plan away, I want to know, and I mean exactly know, no lies or nothing. Is Harry unaffected by the Dementors Kiss?"

"As I've said, he's of sane body and mind." Snape sneered.

"I... I, okay." Sirius said, he collapsed tiredly into one of the many empty chairs of the classroom.

"Okay what?" Snape hissed in annoyance.

"Nothing, I'm uh, well I'm just trying to think of a plan."

Snape pinched the bridge of his nose. "You truly are a dunderhead." he muttered.

"If you think your so much better, why don't you go ahead and think of something." snapped Sirius.

There was long pause of silence in which Snape looked thoughtful. "You need to lure the boy out."

Sirius rolled his eyes. "Well of course, you didn't think I was going to burst into where ever Voldemort is and take the boy that way did you?"

"Of course not you swine. I was merely thinking of ways to draw the boy out, but its near impossible at the moment to do such a thing."

"Why?" asked Sirius.

"The Dark Lord is keeping a tight watch on the boy, and when he's not, Potter's friends are."

"His friends? Who?"

"They aren't his age if that's what your thinking Black. They are simply two Death Eater's Potter has bonded with over the past two years." Snape answered.

"Harry... Friends... Bonded? Sorry, but knowing Harry for as long as I did, I find it a bit far fetched of an idea for him to have bonded with others. Its just not who he is, I mean, he thinks practically everyone's beneath him."

"Perhaps the boy did such with you Black, and I don't hold it against him. But the Harry Potter I've come to know is one who finds interest in any sort of offering of power. And that's exactly what they did."

"That's what who did? Harry's... Friends?"

"Yes," Snape replied, picking up a nearby bottle he poured half of its fill into the cauldron, he watched the potion let out a thick purple puff of smoke before turning back to Sirius. "To fully understand what I mean by their offer of power, you'd have to go back to the day Harry joined the ranks of the Death Eaters. You see upon the boys receiving of the Dark Mark, he knew nothing in the art of dark magic, assigned by the Dark Lord to train him were two of the Dark Lords most loyal followers, Antonin Dolohov and Bellatrix Lestrange."

"Bellatrix?" Sirius gagged.

Snape gave a curt nod for being interrupted. "If it may please you, Lestrange did not train Potter, knowing the boys blood heritage she refused to train him, in her stead your brother took over."

Running a hand through his hair, Sirius sighed heavily. "Brilliant, just brilliant."

Snape smirked at Sirius' depressed state. "Now that I think upon it, it wouldn't be quite accurate when I said they were friends. For your brother and Potter, well it seems more of a Godson Godfather kind of relationship."

Sirius clenched his fists, he was fully unaware of Snape's purposefulness to rub the sore fact in. "Well as much as that was interesting," Sirius seethed. "How can we use it to our advantage?"

"Since I'm sure neither you or I are in possession of some of their hairs or nails, the only other option would be to capture one of them, confine him and use Polyjuice to draw Potter out."

"And...Is that difficult?"

"Your joking, correct Black?" Snape asked, Sirius slowly shook his head. "Of course it's difficult you idiot! Your brother hides in his house, only leaving when ordered by the Dark Lord to do so. And for Dolohov, the man trusts no one, and takes pride in being a psychopathic murderer."

Sirius stood from his chair and paced around the front of Snape's class. "What if... Could you, I don't know provide Voldemort with false information?"

"Yes," Snape said wearily. "The Headmaster has me do it every so often, it's risky business. Why?"

"All we'd have to do is give the tosser some information that will enrage him or something, something to make him assign Harry, but what though." Sirius murmured.

Snape stilled, in his hand above the cauldron was a jar of cut roots, the heat rising up made his hand sweat but did not bother him. "A trap?"

"Mhmm, It's perfect, the best way possible to handle this. Less people will be harmed this way. Can you do it?" asked Sirius.

"Of course I can do it," Snape sneered, he added the slimy looking roots and watched in satisfied pleasure as the potion turned into a murky clear colour. "However a more defined plan must be in order, I will not go and meet with the Dark Lord and make it up as I go."

"Then its settled." Sirius announced.

"Whats settled?" asked Snape irritated.

"I'll be the bait in the plan. All you have to do is tell Voldemort I was piss drunk in the Leaky Cauldron, and that you heard me give away the address of my house. And I don't know, tell him something to get him riled up like I was mocking him and Harry, hopefully that will get the maniac angry enough to then send Harry for me." Sirius replied meekly.

"Isn't your house under the Fidelius Charm?"

Smiling ruefully, Sirius ran a hand through his hair. "Nah, never got around to doing it, all I did was take it out of the Ministry's records, the only one who knows the address is James, his family, and Remus. I live in Bristol on the corner of Winsley road."

"Very well, I'm meeting with the Dark Lord tomorrow to present him with the potion, I'll pass your message along then. Be prepared. I'll try to give you a notice of when and how many will be coming for you, but don't count on it." Snape said.

Sirius gave a shaky nod. "Right." he mumbled.

"Now, do you intend to keep your word?"

"My word? About what?"

"I remember you saying if I heard you out you'd then leave, well lets have it Black, out with you."

"Alright, I don't want to stay anymore than I have to anyway."

Walking to the classrooms door, Sirius had a sudden thought come to him. "One more thing before I leave. Don't tell anyone of this, this plan stays between us, even if it fails, or I have the boy in custody. You turn a deaf ear to any Death Eater chatter concerning Harry,

report none of it to the Order, I don't want anyone knowing until he's safely behind bars, got it?"

"Why, what should it matter?" Snape questioned suspiciously.

"I'd just prefer it if James and them didn't have to deal with it at all, like you said at the meeting 'disregarding the truth now will only make it harder later on to accept.' But the way I see it, If they just kept on disregarding the truth, what harm can come to them if they never have to accept it?"

For her sake thought Snape. "Very well Black, it stays between us."

Sirius nodded and opened the door, just as he stepped out and made to close the door Snape called after him.

"Oh, and Black, you'll be paying for the stock you wasted in spilling that cauldron earlier. Do try and make the payment quickly, I'd hate to have Potter come and kill you before I can collect."

Shaking his head, Sirius closed the door. That night when he had reached the comforts of his home, he found not friend in sleep as he tossed and turned all night, a nightmare of the future to come plagued his dreams.

Positive he was becoming an insomniac, Sirius stayed up the rest of the night planning the capture of his Godson. By the time Sun rose, Sirius had a plan devised, in approximately a days time his plan would commence, and he'd be ready, he had to be, his life now depended on it.

A/N: Alright, I wasn't sure if I was going to add this chapter, but I decided to anyway and put it in. Hopefully the story will make a lot more sense later on, and less explaining I'll have to do in the next few chaps to come. I hope you enjoyed it, and review please! I love reading what you guys have to say, I only wish I knew how to respond to them without having to send emails, I still do that though! Also I really appreciate those who have reviewed. Anywho, till the next chapter!

## Chapter Six "Deceived"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

"You've let a branch grow far too long my friend, I think it about time you restore your noble line and trim your family tree."

Regulus Black shifted uneasily where he stood. "Trim it my Lord?"

"Yes Black, trim it, cut it...burn it, I care not what you do to it as long as you do it, I wish you to bring me a token of your accomplishment when done," ordered Voldemort, his forked tongue slid thoughtfully across his pale lips. "Bring me the blood traitors head."

"Upon the wealthiest platter my family possesses should I present it to you my Lord," Regulus said, he paused nervously. "But I fear the location of my brother is unknown to me."

"Worry not my servant, my most trustworthy of spies has brought me the filth's address." Voldemort hissed nonchalantly.

Struggling to find the appropriate words, Regulus garbled a few measly words out. "I... H-how?"

"It would appear your brother has a loose tongue, revealing all his little secrets to the world. Come hither Black." Voldemort ordered, his bony hand crept slowly from its lengthy sleeve and produced a small piece of parchment.

Swallowing his nerves Regulus got to his feet and took the paper from his Master, uncrinkling its folds he found a neatly scribbled address. "I shall find him here?"

"Obviously," Voldemort sneered, his red eyes narrowed as he thought back to Snape's report. "Such a shame that one of such purity should be so miss conceived. I want all those like him to see what happens when you defy me, bring me his head, but send the rest to the Daily Prophet."

"It shall be done as you've commanded my Lord."

"Excellent then I shall expect nothing less, to insure your success I feel it necessary to assign other to assist you."

"Others my Lord?"

"Yes Black, others. Snape informs me that Harry is making a steady recovery."

Regulus stilled. "Harry?"

The Dark Lord gave a curt nod. "I wish him to partake in the assignment, his skill will be a great asset to your success."

"I don't mean to contradict you my Lord, but I feel it to soon for him, he's still recov-"

"A feeling does not serve as a convincing contradictory method against Snape's diagnosis."

"His diagnosis? My Lord, the man is a potions Professor."

Voldemort's eyes narrowed. "A potions Professor he may be, I trust Snape has a but more expertise and knowledge in the area of sickly children compared to that of a man who has but just a feeling."

"Severus Snape is no Healer!"

Voldemort's nostrils flared. "He has dealt with children for the last fourteen years I think during the time he'd come upon a few that he himself has dealt with. My decision in this matter is final! However, if you wish to continue debating I'll be more than accommodating to your needs."

Regulus's resolve to see that Harry stay within the safety of the Dark Lord's battlement dissolved when he saw his Master's hand gripping the handle of his wand.

"I'm pleased to see you agree," Voldemort smirked. "Taking note of your petty concerns and of your loyalty in the past, I'll give you the relief of mind knowing that Harry will not be the only one to assist you. The Carrow siblings await your orders at the entrance hall."

Regulus felt a lead ball dropped into the pit of his stomach, the Carrow siblings? His Master's idea of help were the two most incompetent Death Eaters he possessed? Swallowing his request for other assistance Regulus bowed respectfully.

"The night grows late my servant, go forth and do not fail me."

"I promise you a head by night's end my Lord."

On his way through the heavy doors of the Chamber, Regulus could clearly hear the hissing of Parseltongue and cackling laugh of his master behind him. Beginning his slow descent around the winding staircase of the Dark Lord's fortress, Regulus couldn't help but digest the information in a moody manner, his Master, the man he had respected and admired above all others had unknowingly betrayed him.

Although not a circumstance one usually thinks of when been betrayed, to Regulus it was huge, out of all those who serve beneath the Dark Lord, he just had to choose Harry, if it were any other time and Harry was back to his regular self, Regulus would have loved him to accompany him, but the boy was just not the same since being caught, during his short recovery Harry hadn't accomplished much. Parts of his memory were still lacking and unlike before he was now extremely suspicious of everything and everyone around him, the boy was quite far from a 'steady recovery' as the Dark Lord so eloquently put it.

Then there was the fact of Amicus and his sister Aleo Carrow, the Dark Lord had assigned him the two most incompetent, most clumsy and most dimwitted Death Eaters to ever bare the Dark Mark. Although both were of the Carrow's ancient line, neither of them held its usual esteem and power, at least not since failing in their duties almost two years ago.

Regulus remembered it perfectly, who could forget. Ordered to spy within the Ministry, the Carrow's were uncovered shortly after beginning, incidentally during their incarceration the siblings mistakenly gave out the identity of another spy, Augustus Rookwood. In a trial lasting just under a month all three were sentenced to Azkaban, however, six months into their incarceration an appeal was made and both were set loose on the claim of being under the influence of the Imperious Curse, although escaping the horror

which is Azkaban Amycus and Alecto did fail the Dark Lord, doing such never goes without punishment.

Having been residents of Azkaban for as long as they were, both Amycus and Alecto were never mentally the same, the Dark Lord only added to their problems by subjecting them to several excruciating minutes of the Cruciatus Curse, Regulus was sure the Carrow's screams were etched forever into all those who witnessed the result of their failure.

Pushing the unnerving thoughts of the Carrow's to the back of his mind, Regulus turned down a curved hallway and headed to the worn door at it's far end, entering without knocking, the torches inside the room began to flicker alive. Unbothered by the lights around him, Harry slept contentedly wrapped in the green blankets of his bed, Regulus couldn't help but note how the boy seemed so at peace with the pillow squished against his cheek, it almost pained him to have to be the one to take it from him so soon. Reaching forward Regulus nudged the slumbering teens foot, it was either follow his Master's instructions or end up like the Carrow's.

"Go'way, m'sleepin." Harry grumbled.

Regulus rolled his eyes. "You've slept the whole day Harry, it's pushing midnight, get up."

Yawning Harry burrowed his face deeper into his pillow.

"The Dark Lord has requested you participate in assignment." said Regulus, he nudged Harry's foot again.

Harry rolled onto his back and squinted against the lights of the room. "Did you say something?" he mumbled.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Regulus drew his wand and spelled the blankets from the bed, he allowed himself a satisfied smirk as Harry shot up hugging himself for warmth.

"It's cold!"

"Good, it'll help you wake up." Regulus said.

"Wake up for what, all I do when I wake up is take potions from Snape which make me go back to sleep anyway, or I look through stupid memory's with you," Harry snapped. "Nothing personal, but I think I'd rather just stay here. Can I have the sheets back now?"

"No you may not, perhaps you didn't hear me when I said the Dark Lord has a mission for you."

"A mission, like what?" Harry asked.

"I'll explain along the way, now hurry up and get dressed, we've got no more time to dawdle."

"I am dressed." Harry stated, his clothes were the same ragged set he had been wearing since the day after the event of Little Hangleton's graveyard.

"Those clothes are barely fit for a mudblood to wear," Regulus scoffed, he pointed to a large dresser covered with a layer of dust. "You should still have a set of robes in there, if not I can transfigure you something, mind you that never really was one of my better ability's."

"Clothes in the dresser it is," Harry mumbled, slipping off the bed he shuffled his way to the dresser. "What drawer?"

"Does it matter? Look through them all."

Shrugging Harry pulled the top drawer open, empty. The second drawer was just the same as the first, the bottom drawer however held host to a gnarled looking set of black robes and a white mask with a great crack running down it's center, although both were in horrible condition it was easy to tell they were the uniform of a Death Eater.

"You don't actually expect me to wear this do you?" Harry asked disbelievingly.

Taking a step forward Regulus took the scruffy set of robes into his hands. "I'll admit it's no Twilfitt and Tatting's fabric, but it will last you for today."

"Twilfitt and what?"

"Twilfitt and Tatting's, surely you remember it, it's the one shop near the entrance to Knockturn," answered Regulus, seeing Harry's blank recollection he returned to the original topic. "Forget it, just get dressed, I'll wait outside for you to change."

When the man turned to leave Harry spoke up. "Wait as long as you want, I still won't wear these."

Regulus faced Harry with an irritated expression. "Merlin Harry, I'll get you a new bloody set of robes and mask later if it means that much to you, but if we plan on dealing with Sirius before tomorrow morning we'll have to be leaving soon." he snapped.

Harry looked up in alarm. "Sirius? Your brother Sirius, that Sirius?"

"Yes my brother, your Godfather, same person. Now enough questions, we still have to meet up with the Carrow's before we leave."

For a long moment Harry stood rigidly by the dresser, the white Death Eater's mask hung loosely in his hand, then as if he were hit by an oncoming spell the realization hit him, they were going to kill his Godfather, they were going to kill Sirius!

"Y-you can't!" he blurted.

Regulus gave the younger wizard a bewildered look. "I can't do what, force you to get dressed? If that's what you mean, your entirely correct. What I can do though is leave you here for our Lord to deal with, and I trust you remember how patient he is with those who fail to carry out his orders. I'll wait outside for you to change, if your not out in two minutes I leave without you."

Without even letting Regulus's words fully process through his head, Harry barely caught the black set of scruffy robes thrown to him as the man left the room. Harry didn't care what he had to do or what he had to wear, if there was someway to prevent Sirius's death, he'd do it, he would not sit by and let the one thing closest to family other than the Dursleys' be taken from him. Pulling the mass of robes over his head, Harry then repulsively placed the white mask on his face.

Leaning casually against the wall opposite of Harry's quarters, Regulus was amazed at the boys haste at getting dressed. "Well aren't you the eager one all of a sudden."

"Yeah well I'm ready aren't I? Are we going or what?"

"That you are Harry, and yes we're going, keep up." replied Regulus, he turned from Harry and stalked purposefully down the corridor from which he came, Harry quickly followed behind.

"So, where is he?" Harry asked.

"Where is who?"

"Sirius, wheres Sirius?"

"Oh, supposedly he lives down in Bristol."

"Says who?"

Regulus laughed. "My my Harry, It almost seems as if your worried about him." he joked.

Harry stumbled over the accusation, what could he say to that? Both him and the Death Eater knew he was, would it really be all that bad to just say the truth? No thought Harry, it was best if he kept his honesty to himself, he didn't want to do anything that jeopardized having them take him along.

"Hurry up!"

Looking ahead Harry found Regulus already at the end of the hall, tripping over the hems of his robes, he quickly ran to catch up.

"Whats the matter with you, you've been quite distracted of late, and distant, extremely distant if I dare say it." Regulus commented.

"It-its nothing, I... I'm fine." Harry replied.

"Suit yourself." Regulus said, passing Harry, he led the boy up a narrow set of stairs.

"So, how exactly do you know Sirius is staying in Bristol, how do you know its not just a load of rubbish?" Harry asked.

"I don't know, but for Snape's sake it better not be."

"Snape? Snape's the one who knows where Sirius is hiding?"

"What makes you think he's hiding?"

"Oh well I don't know, probably because of what Pettigrew did." Harry answered sarcastically.

"What Pettigr...What are you going on about, first your talking about Sirius hiding, and now Pettigrew? I suggest you try and stick to one topic Harry, your just not making any sense."

Harry growled in frustration. "Fine, how are we getting there?"

"Where?"

"Bristol."

"Apparation of course, but before we do that, I told you we have to go meet up with the Carrow's."

"Thats right, you mentioned them earlier," Harry said, picking up his pace he walked beside Sirius's brother. "So, where are they?"

"The Dark Lord said they'd be waiting in the front hall."

Walking up another set of stairs, Harry sighed tiredly. "Well how much further is that, and when are we going to go see Sirius?"

"Merlin boy, have some patience," Regulus muttered. "Its just up ahead and soon enough."

Walking slightly behind Harry, Regulus' thoughts began to dwell where they shouldn't go, at least not now. But the boy just seemed so distant of late, there was something about him that just seemed to scream out that he was not the same boy, and it wasn't just Harry's strange forgetfulness that seemed peculiar.

Ever since being freed from Azkaban, Regulus began to notice subtle differences between the Harry then and now, the Harry then was always eager for a mission and always fearless, but this new Harry, why for Merlin sake he had to drag the boy from the bed just to get him up, and then there was his fear. The boys knees shook and he stammered when in the presence of those he had been acquainted with time and time again before, it just didn't make sense to Regulus that a boy with once so much promise could be to an appearance almost matching to that of Peter Pettigrew.

Regulus was drawn from his thoughts as he heard Harry gasp, looking around for the cause of the boys sudden gasp of air, Regulus shrugged with indifference when he found himself in the same entrance hall he had stood in for the past seventeen years.

Gaping at the oval room in which he now stood in, Harry struggled to take in the rooms filthy but proudly detailed decor. The floor was of a grungy white tile chipped and cracked from wall to wall, a great section of it was covered with a large splotch of red paint, looking closely Harry saw that the paint formed a somewhat distorted image of the Dark Mark. Along the rooms walls hung dozens of ripped and torn banners of Slytherin house, graduation years dating back to the early eighteen hundreds could be noticed embroidered neatly on the bottom of each banner, it was only by following the walls hanging banners did Harry finally come to notice the two Death Eater's standing exactly opposite of him.

Even beneath the thick of their black robes, it was easily to tell one was a man and the other a woman. Both stood companionably side by side, each had a set of blank amber coloured eyes that peered out from the eye holes of their split and cracked masks, worn down their masks had lost all the artistic detail once put into it, both man and woman had long graying brown hair that framed their masks.

There was very little visible difference between the two Death Eaters, the only things that separated one from the other that Harry could tell, was that the woman had longer hair and the man had a gleaming leer in his beady eyes, to Harry they seemed on the verge of being completely mad.

Harry tensed as the gleaming eyed man limped forward. "Where have you bloody been? Me and my sister were summoned over an hour ago!"

Regulus snorted. "Come now Amycus, we didn't keep you that long."

"The nerve he's got, telling us how long we waited, d'ya hear that 'sis." The man spat, his head gave a spastic jerk that caused Harry to flinch.

"I do, I do." purred the woman.

Harry flinched in surprise as Regulus grasped his forearm and pulled him across the room, and a fair distance away from the beady eyed man. "What are you doing?" Harry asked.

"Moving things along." replied Regulus.

As they passed the woman Harry felt his other arm be clasped.

Spun around he came face to face with the masked woman. Several inches shorter than him, the woman leaned on her tippy toes to grab Harry by the crook of his neck and pull his face down to hers, she studied his masked face in a scrutinizing silence.

"So its true, they said so, but I had my doubts." The woman whispered, her voice was a combination between wheezy and raspy.

Harry wrenched his neck free from her grip, only to be grabbed by his shoulder and turned to face the man named Amycus.

"We doubted, yes we did... But are you there? Talents and all, are you in there?" asked the man, he tapped Harry repeatedly on the side of his head with his right pointer finger.

"He's fine! Now away from him! Both of you!" Regulus ordered sternly, reaching forward he renewed his hold on Harry's arm and pulled him safely to his side and away from the two siblings.

Neither the man or his sister paid Regulus' orders any mind, although they didn't move back or advance either. "Calm down Black, we meant no harm." Amycus muttered.

Regulus huffed, he disliked both Carrow siblings, both were failures to their once noble line, the siblings we're simply mental and careless. A large risk on any mission they were assigned to.

Starting to tap her foot impatiently, Alecko Carrow crossed her arms and glared expectantly at Regulus who in return tried his best to refrain from snapping at her.

"Cease that ruddy tapping this instant, we're going." Regulus snapped, he gestured for Harry and the Carrow's to follow him to the iron door, drawing his wand he did a swift fluent motion of his arm and the large iron door's slowly opened to let in the moonlight of outside creep in.

Feeling it was better to stay close to Sirius' brother than the two crazed siblings, even then Harry was aware of their presence by the meaningless looks they sent that shot shivers up his spine. Stepping through the rooms large iron doors, Harry then found himself with the three others cautiously making their way down a steep cobblestone path surrounded by large trees that appeared long dead.

Unable to resist the urge to find out where he had been held captive for the past few days, Harry turned around to see the iron doors closing on an old stone tower.

Covered with dozens of scorch marks and small gaping holes, large metal spikes protruded menacingly from its side as well as several small rooms, and walkways that looked to have been just recently added onto the tower. The tower altogether though appeared to have been under siege for hundreds of years.

Harry quickly tore his gaze from the dark battlement to focus on the three Death Eaters around him, their masks glowed hauntingly in the pale light of the moon giving them a near close ghostly look. With two sets of crazed eyes peeking through two of the fearsome ghostly looking masks, Harry began to feel a little uneasy on his plan to save his Godfather.

"What are you doing Harry, get over here!" called Regulus.

Slowly Harry walked over to the group of assembled Death Eaters.

"Alright, now listen up you three, we're going to apparate to the muggle city of Bristol, to be specific, Winsley Road," Regulus looked at his companions to make sure they were still following, when he

was satisfied, he continued. "I'm not sure what the layout is of the house, so it would be a waste of mine and your time to tell you what to do now when I plan on making something slightly more detailed upon arrival, do you all understand?"

The Carrow's nodded while Harry stood looking dumbstruck.

"Apparate? What do you mean apparate. What is that, aren't we flying?" Harry asked dubiously.

"Flying?" Amicus repeated, the mans sister looked just as amused as he sounded.

Regulus let out a low growl in their direction. "Shut up you twats!" Stalking forward Regulus grabbed hold of Harry's arm and dragged him a few feet away from the Carrow's hearing distance.

"Can you stop treating me as if I'm some kind of rag doll." snapped Harry, he pulled his arm from the mans grasp.

"Whats gotten into you?" Regulus demanded.

Harry clenched his fists. "I'm stuck here with you and them, thats whats gotten into me. I'm sick and tired of having to play Voldemor-" He was caught off guard as the back of Regulus' hand slapped him half heartedly across the face, Harry stared flabbergasted up at the older wizard.

"Are you mad! Don't ever use the Dark Lords name, Merlin Harry, they could have easily overheard, do you want that? Do you want them to scurry away and tell our Lord?"

"Wha- No, no of course not, I... I don't know what you-"

"Hold your tongue and listen to me! You've been acting strange of late and I've been ignorant to it for the most part, but enough is enough. I want you to tell me right now, what is going on!" demanded Regulus.

"G-going on?" stumbled Harry.

"Yes Harry I want to know."

"Why ther-theres nothing going on."

"Don't lie to me!"

"I'm n-not, I sw-swear!"

"Then answer me this Harry, how come you can't remember your away around the Dark Lords fortress, and how to apperate!"

"Th-those, I... I well..."

"Well what, come on, I'm waiting. Whats your answer!"

Harry spluttered.

"I thought you told me you had your memories returned to you!"  
Regulus snarled accusingly.

"I did... Do, I do have them!" Harry said immediately, oh please don't make me stay behind he thought.

"Then why haven't I seen any recognition by you, for anything!"

"I recognize things, and... And I remember too, it's just I-I don't remember th-the things you expect me to."

"Things like apperating I take it?"

"Y-yes, exactly."

Regulus sighed. "Well it's to late to go and tell the Dark Lord about you staying behind, he'll be in a right fit about it."

"Then don't, I'll come with you, I promise I won't be any tr-trouble at all!" Harry pleaded.

"Fine," Regulus muttered, he waved a finger in front of his face.  
"You will however listen and obey every order I gave you, understood?"

"Yes perfectly clear." Harry replied.

"Alright then, maybe there's something I can say that'll jog your memories a bit," Regulus said thoughtfully. "Okay Harry when apparating you need to keep what two things in mind..."

Harry shrugged.

"Your destination and your body. Nothing coming to mind? Alright lets see what else, ah! If you bugger up whats one of the worst things that could happen?"

Again Harry shrugged.

"You'll get splinched." Regulus sighed, grabbing hold of Harry's shoulder he led him back to where the Carrow's waited. "Obviously nothing clicking in that head of yours, you'll just have to side-along with me."

As they approached Amicus stepped forward to meet them. "Well? What's wrong with Potter then?" he asked.

Looking to Harry, Regulus rolled his eyes. "Nothing, absolutely nothing. He's going to be side-along apparating with me to and from the target, other than that the plan remains the same as it were before."

The Carrow's grumbled incoherently between themselves as they drew their wands. Harry's eyes nearly bulged from his skull as the two rather hefty people disappeared with a thunder sounding CRACK! Turning to Regulus for an explanation all Harry got was a hand clenching his wrist and then an unpleasant feeling of being forced through a very thin tube.

When the feeling finally began to subside and fade Harry then felt well enough to unclench his eyes, it was then he took a step back in confusion as he looked around to see an entirely new environment.

No longer standing outside Voldemort's lair, Harry now stood in a darkened street, filled with parked cars and dully lit lamp posts, a small thicket (layer) of mist layered the paved street. Along the street way were dozens of houses nestled closely together, all of the lights inside were out.

"Funny, all those houses pushed together like that, kinda reminds me of Knockturn Alley." Amycus grumbled, he snorted then lifting his mask up he spit out a large blotch of flem.

"Absolutely repulsive," Regulus said distastefully, looking up the street he pointed to a turn at the end of the road. "That's where we need to be."

Taking the lead Regulus stalked purposefully down the middle of the abandoned street, the Carrow siblings flanked far on either side, Harry jogged to keep up.

"Oi!" Harry hissed, Regulus turned. "If...uh..If we're going to um kill...Sirius, don't I get...um...you know...my... my wand?"

Regulus came to a stop and swore under his breath.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Don't be cross with me Harry, but your wand is still at our house in London." Regulus replied.

Harry of course wasn't surprised at all, Voldemort obviously knew he wasn't in the least convinced into believing this at all, so he had more than likely ordered Sirius's brother to not give him a wand. He was just supposed to sit by and witness his Godfathers death, but he wouldn't thought Harry, he'd find some way to stop them.

Forcing himself from his thoughts, Harry focused on Regulus, who had just ordered the Carrow's to continue on up the street.

"Here, until we get back home, you can use this for the time being." said Regulus, he reached into his robes and drew another wand.

Harry stared at the piece of wood in confusion, tentatively he reached out and held its slender length in his palm, it looked quite familiar, but he couldn't picture the wand in anyone's hand, at least not anyone he knew well.

"Will that do? I know it's not like your own, but I don't expect you'll do much dueling today to need it anyway." Regulus muttered surely.

Harry gave a small nod.

"Good," Regulus said. "Now lets go. I don't want those two idiots to burst in there shooting off spells."

"Yeah." grumbled Harry, he followed the man up the misty street, his wand held loosely in his sweating palm, it didn't make sense.

It wasn't long till they came upon Alecto and Amycus standing dumbly on the street corner, both staring at what was supposedly Sirius's house. Small in shape the house had a single floor, maybe a basement, the trim around the house was painted a faded blue, while the windows were dirty and obstructed from the inside with curtains pulled closed. A small path led from the sidewalk to the front door.

"I expected a Black to live in something a bit more...Extravagant." Alecto said.

"Exactly what I was thinking my dear." Amycus agreed as he eyed the small house up and down.

"He's not a Black! My parents disowned him long ago. Now keep quiet and listen to me," Regulus scowled, examining the house for a long time Regulus finally spoke in an authoritative tone. "Amycus go around back, if there is a door, wait there, only enter if you hear a confrontation going on inside."

"Why me? Why don't you or Potter do it!" Amycus protested.

"Because theres absolutely no need for you and your sisters annoying little chatter at a time like this, now do as I've said or the Dark Lord will be hearing of this." snapped Regulus.

Grunting his reply, Amycus then left to do as instructed.

Watching until Amycus disappeared behind the house Regulus then turned to Alecto and Harry, his plan to have the boy wait outside was just not going to work.

Regulus didn't want Harry out of his sight for a second, he'd simply just have to bring him with them, he order him to say behind himself and Alecto thought, it was the easiest way to keep an eye on him, and keep him safe.

"Alecto, come with me, we're going to rush the door. Harry follow in behind us, once in, stay at the front door. Myself and Alecto will clear the house and take care of my brother" Regulus directed.

Harry eagerly agreed to Regulus' instructions, the man's plan worked perfectly to his advantage, he just needed them to be distracted enough so he could shoot off some well placed stunner's, with them stunned it would give him all the time he would need to warn Sirius and escape.

The Death Eater Amycus wouldn't be too hard to handle, if it were to even come to that. Soon he would be free from Voldemort and his minions, no longer would he have to pretend to be chums with the servants of the man who murdered his parents, Harry smiled beneath his mask.

"On three then." Regulus said.

Alecto twirled her wand in anticipation as Harry switched his to the other hand as he dried his sweaty palm on his black robes, when his wand was back and held firmly in his right hand Regulus began to count down in a whisper.

"Three! Two! One! REDUCTO!"

The small houses entire being shook violently as the front door was blown apart, sending wood chips cascading down onto the front lawn, the only thing still attached to the house was the former doors hinges. Regulus and Alecto charged inside, Harry followed suit.

"It's too dark, I can't see a ruddy thing" complained Alecto.

Slowly stepping in one after the other, they were in what Harry assumed was a hallway, it was completely dark except for the light being cast from the gaping wide doorway.

Knowing what he had to do, Harry aimed his wand in the direction that he had last heard her voice. He couldn't see her, but he sure as Merlin's beard could hear her, if she kept talking maybe if he was lucky he'd be able to get her, yet then again if he did stun her, there was also Regulus, was the man beside her? In front of her? He didn't know.

It would be risky to get them separately and not consecutively, it didn't suit Harry to stun only one of them, and then get stunned himself and end up back at Voldemort's. He shook the doubts from his head as he took aim into the darkness, his wand arm quickly recoiled as he heard Regulus say. "Lumos!"

The tip of the man's wand came to life with an orb of bright light, it illuminated the whole hall. With the hall brightly lit up Harry took in his Godfather's hideout, except for the old floral wallpaper decorating the walls the hall it was completely empty besides a closed door on the left side and an archway on the right.

Turning from Sirius' home decor, Harry found Alecko with her wand aimed over Regulus' shoulder as he stood a few feet ahead of her with his wand outstretched illuminating the hall's only source of light.

Alecko gave a shriek of surprise as the door on the left hand side of the hall swung open and a hand appeared, it was filled with a black powder that seeped between the fingers, a second later that hand tossed the powder into the air and retracted from sight.

The hallway quickly fell into darkness, not even Regulus' lighting spell could penetrate it.

"What is this?" Alecko hissed as she repeatedly tried to cast the same spell Regulus had done previously, still nothing broke through the powder induced darkness.

Regulus canceled out the Lumos Charm, and sent a cutting hex shooting out in front of him as he heard someone run across the hall, and most likely into the room of the archway.

"Dammit! Move it! To the right! He went into the room on the right!" Regulus roared.

There was the sound of stomping feet and frustrated grunts.

"I can't go somewhere I can't see!" hissed Alecko as Harry bumped into her back.

"Feel along the walls you idiot!" Regulus snapped out annoyed.

Harry had his wand held out in front of him, he aimed it in the direction of the voices he heard, but it was just so damn chaotic, they were moving from place to place so quickly trying to find a way out of the hall that it was nearly impossible to get a shot off, and actually hit one of them.

Regulus gripped his wand tightly as he felt along the trim of the archway, with a deep breath he flung himself into the room.

The room itself was simply decorated with a stained couch, coffee table and alcohol cabinet. Other than a bare book shelf on the far side of the room it was completely empty, his brother was not here. Looking at couch, Regulus stalked towards it half expecting to find his brother hiding behind it, nothing.

What had he missed? He had clearly heard his brother run across the hall, but then if he had where was he? Placing his hands on his hips, Regulus moved about the room looking for some sort of clue that explained it, but by the time he had made a round trip and returned to where the coffee table sat he had discovered nothing new.

He did however spin on his heel as he heard the swishing of cloth behind him, half way turned around Regulus finally caught sight of his brother, part of him at least, Sirius' head and hand floated mysteriously in thin air, the rest of his body gone.

Regulus swore loudly as a flash of red light came flying at him, falling back onto the coffee table, Regulus' then unconscious body slumped to the floor.

"Black? Potter? Where are you?" Alecko called dumbly.

Harry could hear a small bit of anxiety tremble through the woman's wheezy voice, he had to do it, Regulus be damned! She was somewhere just ahead of him, he could feel her pound her hand clumsily along the wall as she tried to feel her way out of the hall.

Swallowing his nerves, Harry took aim into the dark. "Stupefy!"

He couldn't see the red flash of light shoot from his wand, but the sound of a heavy body crashing to the floor was all Harry needed to hear to know that he was successful.

Waiting to hear Regulus ask what was going on or at least shoot a spell of his own in return, to Harry's utter bewilderment nothing came, he was only met with the continuing silence of the dark. Harry's relief quickly turned to one of panic as the thought of Regulus already finding Sirius entered his mind, it made perfect sense as in to why the man had not done anything, he was too busy taking care of Sirius!

He had to save Sirius before it was too late, sprinting down the hall Harry tripped over Aleck's unconscious form, scrambled to his feet he felt his way along the wall. Harry could feel his breathing hitch as he felt his hand around the archway, here he was, now or never.

Stepping into the room Harry was greeted with an unexpected sight. Instead of catching the two brothers in a duel Harry found an unconscious or dead Regulus Black sprawled out on the floor by a coffee table, his Godfather was nowhere to be seen.

Harry's grew tensed as he heard small rustling sound come from the archway, his first thought was that it was Amicus finally coming to aid in the mission, but as he spun around with the words of a stunning spell already playing on his lips, Harry discovered himself just as alone as he was when he first entered the room.

However another rustling sound emitted from the corner opposite of the one by the archway, Harry shot off a stunner without even thinking.

There was a grunt as he heard someone throw themselves at the ground, Harry was taken back as his own invisibility cloak slipped from his Godfather's shoulders, standing in a rigid stance Harry peered questioningly at a grim looking Sirius Black, the man's wand was held defensively in front of him.

"Sirius? I was worried they'd got you, we have to leave! There is still one more." Harry said, he lowered his wand and approached Sirius.

"Stay back!" Sirius growled, he pointed his wand at Harry and then at his feet and then back to Harry again. "Toss your wand over here!"

Harry didn't know why Sirius was acting like this towards him until he realized what he was wearing, he reached up and pulled the mask from his face.

"Sirius, it's me Harry, calm down." he said.

His Godfather only narrowed his eyes in response.

"Sirius? Come on, stop playing around! We have to go" stated Harry, he walked towards Sirius, who stood up and backed away.

"Stay away, and drop you're wand! I'd rather take you into the Ministry without to much fuss, so come now Harry, give it up." Sirius ordered.

Harry shook his head in confusion. "The... Ministry? What? Sirius you know you can't go there! They'll give you the Dementors kiss for bloody sake." replied Harry.

Sirius let out a cold bark like laugh. "On me? You're stay in Azkaban must have addled your mind, it's not me who'll get the kiss, it's you! I don't know how you didn't suffer it's effects last time, but I assure you Harry, you will pay for your crimes"

Harry clamped a hand to his head. "Crimes? Kiss? Sirius no... Its... Its me!" cried Harry.

"I know it's you! Now drop your wand! I wont warn you again, heed my warning Harry." Sirius said.

Harry moved his hand form his head to his face to make sure he had removed the mask, as his faced draped down to his chin he realized why his Godfather was acting that way, it wasn't Sirius! this was still part of Voldemort's plan.

He should have seen it earlier, Snape miraculously finding Sirius, who lived in a...house? the man was an escaped convict, not some nice and neat home owner, and then just a few days at Voldemorts lair, he was then placed on a mission, accompanied by no less than three Death Eaters. Regulus was obviously ordered to take his brothers place once this fake Sirius was killed, if they were even in fact brothers to begin with, Voldemort probably hoped some sort of family bond would grow between him and the man currently passed

out on the floor, most likely so that by the time he realized it was all fake and the real Sirius was still really alive, he'd be too attached to Regulus and the other Death Eaters to let go.

It would only be then that he wouldn't care if Sirius was to die, it was all a plot, all of it. Harry knew Voldemort was a smart conniving arse, but he just didn't know how treacherous and deceitful the man could truly be, he laughed at it all, there was no doubt that Voldemort deserved props for the plan he lavished on Harry.

Harry was still laughing as Amycus Carrow came flinging into the room yelling "Alecto? where are yo-"

The crazed man stopped short as his beady eyes went from the laughing Harry, to the unconscious Regulus, and finally to Sirius.

Amycus's quickly raised his wand. "Incendio!"

A streak of red rippling fire ripped through the air, Sirius rolled out of the way of the oncoming flames, they hit the wall and began to feed off the floral wallpaper. Sirius shot a stunner at Amycus who deflected it and retaliated with a bone breaking hex that missed Sirius, however, it did hit the coffee table and shattered it to splinters.

Knowing that he couldn't stay and duel with the man out of fear of others accompanying them, Sirius jumped to his feet and ran full tilt at Harry. He had to take his chance while he had it.

"Get out of his bloody way Potter!" Amycus yelled, he swirled his wand and fired two curses that nearly struck Sirius in the back.

Harry's laughter had died down long ago, he had been standing stoic still fixed on nothing else but Amycus Carrow and the fake Sirius Black's little duel. Yet being so caught up in the flying of spells throughout the room, Harry was taken by complete surprise when the air was knocked from his lungs as the fake Sirius propelled himself into his gut.

They both began to plummet down to the ground, but before they could reach it, Harry was overtaken with the familiar feeling of being pushed through a very thin tube. For the second time that night he found himself transported to a different location.

Harry lied on the ground staring up at the dirty ceiling of wherever he was, he let out a gasp of air as the Sirius impersonator peeled himself from Harry and stood up. With the heavy weight off his stomach, Harry sat up, his emerald eyes scanned the small square room he was in, correction, the jail cell he was in.

Three of the four walls were of grungy cement, they were covered with initials and messages scratched deep within them, the last wall was made up of entirely of shining metal bars, a solid gate stood at it's center, the said gate was currently gaping open. Yet even then a chance of freedom was found just behind the glaring impostor, Sirius Black. Absently Harry noticed a small cot was pushed into the corner of cell and was opposite of a stained toilet.

This nightmare just wouldn't end, he hoped Voldemort would brake under frustration soon and just decide to finish it. He was growing tired of these situations he was being involuntarily placed into. Harry eyed his Godfather's impostor up and down, noticeably the man had a wand in each hand, one of them Harry recognized as the wand he received from Regulus earlier, there went another option of escape.

He placed his head into his hands as a wave of depression flooded through him. "Leave me alone." he grumbled, he hated this, why wouldn't they just let him go? Or at the very least just kill him already.

The fake Sirius silently slipped from the cell, but paused as he held the gate of the cell between his fingers, his back face towards Harry. "Do you have any regrets for what you've done?"

Harry slowly looked up to stare at the man's back, if Voldemort was expecting something from him he wouldn't give it. "None, I have no reason to be. And I just hope you know, I don't care what you, him, or your damned friends want, I'll never join you!"

No reply came from his jailer but the door being clanked shut, and then the soft pitter patter of foot steps that led away from the cell.

As he sat there with his head in his hands, staring down at his lap, Harry idly wondered who else Voldemort planned on having impersonated, Dumbledore? the Dursleys? Harry flopped backwards onto the cold floor of the cell, he couldn't help but

chuckle a little at the thought of some poor soul having to impersonate the oh so obese, Dudley Dursley.

Harry wondered if Voldemort would go as far as to impersonate the whole world just to try and deceive him, but he didn't think on that very long, because after all that would be impossible, right? Harry pulled his dark robes closer to his body for warmth and drifted off to sleep on the cell floor, he'd test the cells holding measures and plot an escape when he awoke, but for now he'd sleep, it had been a long, long night.

A/N: Finally, I didn't think I would ever get this chapter up. I'm lying of course I would! it just took me awhile. Sorry about the delay, I was having some trouble in my study's, mind you, I still am. I'll try and get the next chapter out ASAP, so be a bit patient with me. Tell me what you think, so Please Review! thanks for reading. Till the next chapter!.

## Chapter Seven "Condemned: Part One of Two"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

In a hallway hundreds of meters below the cemented surface of muggle London, Nymphadora Tonks checked her wand holster for what seemed to be the thousandth time, still there. Never in her time as being an Auror had she felt so nervous, the convictions and rumors surrounding James and Lily Potter's son made her feel somewhat inadequate for the task for which she was assigned. What if the boy was some how able to overpower her? She would be at his mercy, and having Sabastien Savage for support, was not a comforting thought when Harry Potter was known to be very skillful and merciless.

Looking to her right she observed Savage's somewhat calm expression, before she had been given the assignment she had been told he had done several detainee transports, but having seen the mans competence in the battle field before, Savage had her wondering just how reliable he truly was in a tight situation.

She quickly turned away as he finally looked in her direction. The hulk sized man was a veteran Auror and was said to be one of the best in the Auror organization, but years of fighting and the loss of his family had twisted and formed the man into a brooding shell of what he once was. Nowadays Savage was rumored to have abused more than jut a few Death Eaters in his custody, something Tonks did not want to be caught up in.

Looking straight ahead she could start to see the boys holding cell come into view, and then all to soon she and Savage stood just outside the boys thin barred gate. Inside the cell Tonks was met with a sight she had not expected, laying crumpled on the floor whimpering in his sleep was Harry Potter hiding innocently beneath the warmth of his ratty black robes.

Tonks gave a startled yelp as Savage nudged her roughly in the side with his elbow.

"Once I open the cell, cover me while I secure the kid in the proper restraints. Understood?" Savage asked curtly.

Tonks nodded absentmindedly and fumbled her wand out of its holster, she blushed a deep pink as she recalled telling her self that Savage was the incompetent one. Holding her wand defensively in front of her she motioned soundlessly for Savage to go ahead.

The large man wasted no time in drawing his wand and muttering something beneath his breath, the gate of the cell swung open. Stepping into the chilled cell, Savage took great pleasure in shooting a spell at the sleeping boy, the force of which sent Harry cascading into the air and coming down hard against the farthest wall.

Tonks watched stiffly, she had never participated in a prisoner transport before, but she knew for sure that that kind of treatment on a convict was not part of the procedure.

"Get up, come on, get up you lazy sod!" Savage barked, the Auror took two long strides to the young teen and delivered a brutish kick to Harry's side.

Harry coughed profusely while rubbing his throbbing side, not wanting to be kicked again he tried his best to pull himself up to stand, yet every inch he came closer to getting to his feet the world would spin faster until the dizziness would overcome him and send him crashing back down to the floor.

Savage's meaty hand formed a fist around his wand as he prepared to continue his spell casting, deep dimples pierced his chubby cheeks with a pleasurable grin. Tonks figured now would be a good time to intervene before Savage got too out of hand, she had been too busy worrying over the man's magical skill that she overlooked the fact of his state of mind and sheer muscular build, she didn't doubt for a second Savage could easily snap Potter in two.

"Oi, Savage! Take it easy, we still have to get Potter to the Interrogation rooms in one piece." Tonks called, she watched intently as Savage hesitantly lowered his wand.

"One piece, two pieces? What's it matter as long as he gets there." grumbled Savage.

"It matters to the Wizengamot, they're the ones who ruled for this," Tonks reminded. "Now come on, secure him or do what ever you need to do and lets get out of here."

Savage looked reluctant to agree, but after a minute or two of what seemed like an internal debate to Tonks, Savage agreed. The beefy Auror lazily swirled his wand around and chanted incoherently, an instant later Tonks stood at the cell entrance looking down on a chain wrapped Harry Potter.

Turning from Harry to Tonks, Savage grunted a throaty sound. "You levitate him, I did my part." he said, brushing past Tonks, he stormed back down the hall from which he came.

For a long moment Tonks stood confused at Savage's abruptness, the man seemed to have more mood swings than a person with multiple personality's. As soon as Savage was beginning to disappear from her line sight, Tonks finally managed to snap back to focus and carry out what Savage wanted her to do.

She took aim at Harry. "Mobilicorpus!"

Harry's shackled body floated elegantly into the air.

Getting his vision to finally stop spinning, Harry was frantic to find himself in chains and being levitated from his holding cell and down a hallway. Straining his neck forward he could see a petite woman with spiky pink hair at his feet, dressed in Auror robes the woman had her wand outstretched in front of her, the tip of it aimed directly at him. Levitating him down the long hall.

Tilting his head backwards Harry could kind of make out the beefy Auror who had clobbered him moments earlier only a few paces ahead. With questions streaming through his head, Harry turned back to the woman figuring she'd be the better choice to voice his questions to, yet when he opened his mouth to ask, he was puzzled to discover himself lacking an audible voice.

Tonks tried her best not to look at Potter but again her eyes flickered back to him, this time however she noticed his mouth moving as if he were trying to speak. However to her utter bewilderment, not a single sound or syllable escaped the young teens lips. Looking towards Savage, Tonks made an assumptive guess that the man

had placed a silencing charm on Harry, if not, she decided it best not to say or do anything until the boy was safely taken to where he needed to be.

The rest of the journey from the Ministry's holding cells to its Interrogation rooms was quickly made. Walking down a steep flight of stairs Tonks found the interrogations rooms just as she remembered them to be. The long narrow white hall was lined with dented metal doors and dirt smudged walls, waiting up ahead on the far right end of the hall was Savage leaning leisurely against a half open door frame.

"Try and keep up will you." he called annoyed.

Muttering to herself Tonks hastened her speed.

"You know if you weren't in such a bleeding rush to get here, we might have actually transported him together like we were ordered to." Tonks snapped as she guided Harry into the vacant room, she scrunched her nose in repulsion as a thick smell of sweat and rusted iron greeted her.

Placing Harry delicately on the ground, Tonks relinquished her spell and took a step back to view her surroundings, the harshly smelling room was bare except for the simple decor of slightly rusted pieces of furniture stationed in the center of the room.

"Alright, he's all wrapped and delivered, now what?" asked Tonks, she turned expectantly to her colleague.

Savage's only response was stalking menacingly across the room and vanishing the chains around Harry's body.

Tonks immediately rushed forward. "What are you doing?" she demanded, her question went unanswered as Savage knelt down and grabbed onto Harry's neck. With a great sense of ease the man hauled the teen to his feet and then just as easy thrust him down onto the chair.

When the large Auror released his aggressive grasp on his neck, Harry shot to his feet in a poor attempt to escape.

Harry had barely taken a single step forward before the back of Savage's hand came smashing down on his cheek, stumbling back he fell ungracefully into the chair. With his head lolled to the side and bright white splotch's impeding his vision, Harry barely noticed as a new set of chains snaked around his forearms and shins, the new chains bonded him uncomfortably to the arms and legs of the chair. Seeing and feeling the way he was being treated by the burly man, Harry assumed Voldemort's servants were starting to grow a bit restless at having to impersonate others.

"I'll go get Scrimgeour and the rest," Savage said, his eyes flashed to Harry. "Keep watch over him. Don't go near him."

Tonks nodded, her eyes focused on Harry, his mouth was open and snarling but yet just the same as before in the hall of the holding cells, no sound was emitted. Spinning on her heels, Tonks sought Savage.

"Wait!"

Savage's bushy brows raised questioningly. "What?" he asked.

"I...I was just wondering if you put a silencing charm on him?" Tonks asked hesitantly, noticing Savage's annoyed look she immediately regretted asking. "You don't have to answer, I just happened to notice that when we wer-" she fell silent as the beefy man abruptly cut her off.

"I did. Prisoners say a lot of things Tonks, some are even cunning enough to persuade their captors to let them go," he answered curtly then made his way noisily to the door. "It's best you don't forget it while I'm gone." he added, giving one last calculating glance between Tonks and Harry, Savage left the room.

With Savage gone, Tonks felt slightly uneasy with being left alone with Harry. Shivers ran up and down her spine as she turned back to face him, his green eyes stared fixedly at her. Pulling out her wand Tonks did her best to appear calm and in control, to try and keep her thoughts from the dangerous teen, she began to tap the tip of her wand rhythmically on the open palm of her left hand.

However, as the minutes ticked steadily by and Savage had yet to return, Tonks started to lose face and observe Harry closely. Frankly,

the kid looked horrible, his face was a haggard thing with a deep red welt lingering visibly on his cheek, lack of sleep had caused dark bags to hang lazily under his eyes, and his hair stuck up at all ends, untidy and unwashed.

Just the sight of him sent Tonks back to a recess of memory's she had not dwelt in for a long time, the first to come to mind was when she had first met the young teen.

He was probably twelve then she thought, prim and proper the boy could have easily blended in with some of the most articulate socialites, his outgoing charisma and pleasant manner had most people praising him on being such an 'outstanding gentlemen, and mature beyond his years.' How wrong those people were thought Tonks.

Comparing the teenager in front of her to the one in her memories, the difference was unbelievable. As she looked at him now she found the boys hair tussled in every which direction, and the air of confidence he had once held had been replaced with one of fear.

Tonks quickly realized the few months Harry had been in the service of the Dark Lord and then incarcerated in Azkaban had done him little good, the damage done to the teen was clearly visible through his sickly features.

Sitting miserably in the corner, Harry felt resigned to the fact that there was no way out from Voldemort's grasp, the Auror before him made sure to that.

Voldemort was really starting to meet ludicrous expectations with the ideas he was coming up with. When would the old fiend just give up? It was driving Harry mad at having to go along with the mans mindless schemes. What made him feel even more angry, was just when he had built up the courage to tell Voldemort and his lackey's off, they took away his voice, ironic? He thought so.

Both Tonks and Harry were pulled from their thoughts as the door to the room banged open and Savage stalked in, the beefy Auror was not alone.

Filing in behind him came two other men. One of the new men was dressed in Auror garb, Harry did not know him as well, the other man thought Harry was stunned to find himself recognizing.

While Tonks exchanged greetings with the two men, Harry sat motionless and gaping at a walking talking Bartemius Crouch.

The man had disappeared months ago thought Harry, in fact the last time he saw Crouch the man was delirious and crazed. Personally Harry thought the man to be dead, so if he were dead, why then would Voldemort have a dead man impersonated? Was Crouch not dead after all? Or perhaps it was just another way of Voldemort trying to make him mentally unstable, an attempt to make him think he was talking to dead people, that would surely accomplish making him seem mad. Then again, could Crouch still really be alive.

Taking a seat across the table from Harry, Crouch reached into his robes and drew his wand. Harry grew tense as the tip of the wand slowly came to rest at his throat.

"Finite!" Crouch said.

An audible gasp of relief flew through Harry's lungs as his throat was no longer constricted. Giving a soft hum, Harry savored the sound.

"Mr. Potter," Crouch greeted neutrally. "I had not expected we'd ever meet again, yet here we are again. Its been two or three months, correct?"

Pocketing his wand, Crouch folded his hands on the table top.

Harry kept his gaze focused solely on Crouch as he nodded. The impostor was entirely correct after all, the last time he had actually seen Bartemius was a little after the second event with Viktor Krum, about two or three months ago.

"Right, since you can remember that much I take it you know why were in this particular room again." Crouch said, it wasn't so much as a question as it was a statement.

"Again?" Harry repeated dumbly.

"Come now Mr. Potter, surely you remember." Crouch said sternly.

Harry shook his head.

Crouch looked up at his associates. "Who had the boys file last?" he asked.

The newest Auror to join the room limped forward, in his mangled hands was a thick folder. Crouch took it, said his thanks and flipped the hefty folder open, his eyes scanned page after page. Not a single word was spoken as the man read through the folder.

"Looks like you have a few new convictions added to you're record." Crouch muttered, he placed the folder neatly down and fixed Harry with a hard look.

"Convictions? Record? This is bloody rubbish," Harry replied growing annoyed with their determination to keep a front at being Auror's. "Why don't you save us both some time and tell Voldemort I'm done playing these stupid games!"

Tonks wasn't sure if she heard correctly until she saw that the rest of her colleagues looked just as puzzled as she did. Crouch was the first to recover from the confusion as his eyes narrowed in suspicion.

"What exactly is that supposed to mean?" he asked.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Like you don't know."

Everyone flinched as Savage strode forward and slammed his meaty fist on the desk. "Listen here you little runt, you're sarcasm isn't needed!" he growled. "Answer the mans questions and shut your bloody mouth."

"Auror Savage control yourself!" barked Crouch.

As Harry watched the large man recede slowly back into the corner he was pleased to find he was not the only one staring bewilderingly after him. Harry straightened in his chair as the Crouch impostor turned back to him.

"As unfitting as that was, he is entirely correct Mr. Potter. We don't have time for you to dance around the bush," said Crouch, he unlike the rest of his colleagues seemed undisturbed by Savage's actions.

"Now we are going to ask you a succession of questions, you will answer them. An alternative option is not being offered, if you fail to meet our expectations, different steps will be taken to extract what we want."

"Steps will be taken? What does that even mean?" Harry asked.

Nobody answered.

"Rufus, you may commence your questioning." said Crouch.

"Very well," said the man named Rufus, limping to go behind Harry's seat, the man rested a scarred hand on either side of Harry's shoulders. "Alright Potter, first question, answer truthfully. Who were you're accomplices in the Azkaban breakout?"

"You're kidding...Right?" asked Harry.

The Auror bent forward so his face was mere inches from Harry's. "I kid you not Potter. Now the names please."

"Look, if you want their names why don't you just go and ask your Master," Harry retorted heatedly. "I'm sure he's the one who orchestrated it, plus he'll have all the names you want and more."

"I don't know what your playing at Potter, but I advise you to use those brains of yours and tell me those names!" Scrimgeour snapped, the mans voice was bitter harsh, something about it told Harry this was not the first time the man had done this.

"Fine names, alright I'll give you names. John, Peter, Mary, Sue, Alanah, Dudley. There, is that enough bloody names for you?" Harry asked sarcastically.

The Auror took a step back and snarled. "I tried to be reasonable, I tried to give you a chance boy. Well I've had it with you and your rotten kind, Savage administrate the Veritaserum." Scrimgeour commanded.

Harry's stomach churned at the word Veritaserum, Snape had threatened him with the truth spilling potion earlier this year, he was fully aware of its vile purpose. When he thought about it, Harry didn't really have any information that would interest Voldemort, but then

again Harry wasn't exactly one to be familiar with what interested murderers.

Would Voldemort care to learn the residence of the Dursleys'? Harry disliked his extended family but he would never wish them dead, well there had been times when he had, but that was different, back then Voldemort wasn't around to carry out his wish.

Feeling reluctant to play along with the Dark Lord's scheme, Harry prepared himself to list the names he had heard during the fake prison break.

"There's no need for that," said Harry, his green eyes watched the small vial in Savage's hand. "I'll tell you what you want to know."

Scrimgeour raised a hand to stop the advancing Savage.

"Oh I think you've had your chance," Scrimgeour said. "And telling by your sudden readiness to volunteer, I think I'm right in presuming there are more names and secrets we'll get out of you if we use Veritaserum than we would without it."

"No! I swear I'll tell you all that I know. I m-mean really, what should it matter to me if I do?" asked Harry, his eyes switched focus from one face to another.

"I'm sorry Mr. Potter, but as Rufus here said, you've had your chance. I'm usually not one for the use of Veritaserum, but times and circumstances have changed. Drastic measures must be taken for the safety of the public, the information you possess will make sure of that. Savage, administer the Veritaserum." ordered Crouch.

Savage gave a grunt as he went stomping towards Harry, vial held tightly in his meaty fist. Reaching down the large man clenched his fingers between the teens jaw and squeezed, Harry's mouth unwillingly popped open. Uncorking the vial, Savage poured a generous amount of the potion into Harry's mouth.

Placing the empty vial back into his robes, he then clamped his hands over Harry's nose and mouth. Harry gagged and wriggled beneath him for a long moment before his slowly forming adams apple finally bobbed up and down, the liquid now a tenant of his stomach.

Tonks watched with slightly concerned eyes as Harry's features went slack, his hands which had been gripping the arms of the chair tightly were now relaxed. Damn she thought, why was it so hard to see the villain in the boy and yet so easy to see the polite child she had met all those years ago.

"It seems the potion is in effect," Crouch said. "Continue your line of questioning Rufus."

Rufus nodded. "Okay Potter, give me the names of those involved with the Azkaban incident."

Slowly Harry's head rose, his eyes stared blankly ahead of him as he rattled the names off. "Yaxley, Lestrangle, Nott, Mulciber, Abernathy, Rookwood."

"Mulciber, Abernathy and Rookwood escaped with Potter from the inside, they weren't the one who carried out the break in," commented Tonks.

"Correct Tonks. But as for the others he listed we'll need exact names. There are three known Lestrangle's, two known Nott's and several Yaxley's in the magical community," said Scrimgeour, he stroked his chin as he thought. "Yaxley... Yaxley, there's something about that name that clicks."

Tonks' eyes lit up as she caught on with what Scrimgeour was saying, the information the Order meeting had supplied her with gave her an answer to his puzzlement. "There's a Yaxley in charge of criminal corrections. He'd be a prime suspect considering that he overlooks all prisoner transportation's to Azkaban, he'd have a layout of the prison and everything."

"Another filthy rodent?" Savage roared outraged.

"It would appear to be the most logical assumption," Scrimgeour murmured in contempt. "We can't continue to let him run free if it's true, the traitor deserves a long term vacation in Azkaban for all that hard work he's done for it. Savage I want you to return to the office and assemble a team together. I want Yaxley detained, tell him nothing, say nothing. Understand?"

"Perfectly sir, shall I go now?" asked Savage eagerly.

"No," Crouch cut in. "You're to stay here. We're going to have to get Potter to give us the exact names, with the names we can press charges and build a case against those he listed, Yaxley included, I won't base arrest charges on the fact of a single surname."

"Bartemius! You've heard what position this Yaxley holds, he's a perfect suspect for the breakout. What more will a complete name do?" asked Scrimgeour, his eyes were alight with the prospect of catching those against the Ministry.

"I want to be positive before we go barging down the wrong doors Rufus. I want you to remember Yaxley operates under my watch, I want something a bit more solid before charges are laid and attention is drawn to my Department. Do you know the embarrassment and scrutiny Charles Baringer received after Rookwood was discovered as a spy within his Department? Imagine what would happen if word got out that Death Eaters were infiltrating the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. We'd lose all faith in the public! Who'd want to trust an Auror who could turn out to be a Death Eater? It would be utter chaos I tell you." Crouch ranted.

"You're right, I should have saw it myself," said Scrimgeour, he turned to Harry seemingly engrossed. "Potter, give me the full names of Yaxley, Lestrangle and Nott."

There was long pause of silence before Harry finally said. "Rodolphus Lestrangle."

"Excellent. Now, the full names of Yaxley and Nott as well." Scrimgeour prodded impatiently.

Harry didn't answer.

"Fine forget Nott. I want Yaxley's first name Potter, what is it?" Scrimgeour demanded.

Harry continued to stare unfocused at the wall behind Crouch, his mouth sealed in a thin line.

"Why isn't he saying the names, what's going on?" asked Scrimgeour, he looked to everyone except Harry as if they knew the answers to his questions.

"Maybe he just doesn't know the first names of the others? He listed Lestrage, I think he would have given the names of the others too if he could." Tonks suggested.

"She's probably right Rufus, its more than likely the boy doesn't know their whole names. Lestrage is good enough for now, as for Yaxley...As much as I don't want too, the man needs to be checked out. Auror Savage you may carry through with Rufus's orders." said Crouch reluctantly.

"Right," Savage said, turning around he left the room with a bounce in his heel.

Folding his hands behind his back, Scrimgeour paced around the room. "Next question then, you more than likely stayed somewhere during your recovery from Azkaban. Where did you stay and who did you stay with Potter?"

Again Harry didn't answer, he himself did not know.

"That's it! The boy is clearly resisting the potion!" Scrimgeour exclaimed heatedly, his eyes glared suspiciously down at Harry.

"Sir, the boy is a bit young to have that much skill. I mean I'm no expert on the stuff, but you'd need to be quite the Wizard or Witch to withstand it... Right?" said Tonks, she regretted saying anything at all as Scrimgeour whirled on her.

"Skill? Have you seen the boys criminal record, he's trained in the darkest of magics by some of the darkest magicians to walk the British Isles. Resisting Veritaserum is probably child's play to him." snapped Scrimgeour.

"Enough Rufus, I've always said the stuff is unreliable," Crouch said, he rubbed his temples. "We'll let the potion wear off and then try to bargain with the boy for information."

"What could we possibly have that would interest a person who has absolutely nothing to lose and nothing to gain?" Scrimgeour asked incredulously.

"I've dealt with Death Eaters long enough to know they all have something to gain Rufus, maybe nothing to lose, but always something to gain." Crouch replied.

"How long do we have to wait for the potion to wear off?" asked Tonks.

Crouch shrugged in his chair. "Time will tell." he said simply.

Groaning, Tonks leaned against a wall to wait. Moody had told her the assignment would last no longer than an hour, but here she was pushing almost her third hour doing an assignment she didn't even want.

Looking past Crouch and Scrimgeour she met the blank gaze of Harry, the glazed over emerald eyes and absence of expression gave him an innocent look. It made her remember all the stumped and confused faces of the Order when they were first told the news that Harry had disappeared from Durmstrang, coincidentally leaving the murdered body of the boys Headmaster behind.

Not even the Potter's could fathom why their boy would do such a thing, but Tonks could clearly remember talk about her cousins family playing a part in the boys sudden change of heart.

Tonks was abruptly jogged from her past as Scrimgeour's voice cut sharply through her thoughts.

"Focus Potter, look at me. No Potter not that way, focus! Come on boy get your ruddy wits together." Scrimgeour stood towering above Harry snapping his fingers repeatedly in the teens face. All the while Harry was shaking his head, his face dazed and confused.

"Wh-what?" Harry mumbled, he let his head loll to the right, the haze clouding his vision and thinking was finally starting to pass. He could hear a voice speaking, but to him it sounded like incoherent garbled jumble of words

As he sat half numb in his chair it soon became translucently clear to him that the Veritaserum had worked, he racked his brain in an intense effort to try and figure out just what information they had gotten from him, could it be used to harm those he loved? Alright again to be honest the Dursleys' weren't on the top of his worry list, but Ron and the rest of the Weasleys'? What about Hermione and her family, Sirius, Hagrid, or Dumbledore. There was more than half a dozen other people he could think of as well that he'd never forgive himself if they were harmed.

"Mr. Potter are you paying any attention whatsoever?" asked Crouch, Harry nodded absently. "Well what do you say then, do we have an agreement? If you agree, I promise to hold true to it."

"Agreement, what agreement?" Harry asked distantly.

"Why just a few seconds ago I offered you an immediate punishment in exchange for the answers to our questions. None of that tacky waiting period, I'm sure its none to comfortable sitting in that cell for a week with your sentence hanging over you, this way it'll be quick and done with." replied Crouch.

"I...I d-don't understand." Harry said confused.

"Surely having your sentence carried out previously before you must remember what the punishment is?" Crouch stated.

"Punishment? I've sat back and let this go on to far, and well...Well I'm not going to sit here any longer," snapped Harry, he twisted and pulled at his chains. "You lot are not bleeding Ministry workers, your a ruddy bunch of Death Eaters! You serve snake face! Not some blubbering dunderhead like Fudge! I mean for Merlin's sake, don't any of you have something better to do than play dress up?"

"That's quite enough Mr. Potter, control yourself or we will assist you to do so," Crouch said curtly, he turned to Scrimgeour with a grim expression. "We clearly did not comprehend the extent of damage done to his mental state. I'm afraid everything he said before and during his questioning of Veritaserum must be perceived as untrue, seeing of course as he is not sane. Now before Savage and his team make utter fools of us all, Rufus I beckon you to please go and stop your Auror's before it's too late."

Scrimgeour stood rigidly to the side, disbelief was clearly written on his face as he processed each and every one of Crouch's words.

As for Crouch he swept abruptly to his feet and looked down at Harry in contempt.

"I regret to inform you Mr. Potter but as it so happens early this morning the Wizengamot gathered to decide your fate. Being found guilty of all crimes in your prior trial and those you've recently committed the Wizengamot saw fit to question you for any information concerning Voldemort and his band of terrorists, once all information had been extracted to the best of our ability's you were to be taken to the far corridor. As I've said before in times like these, drastic measures must be taken," informed Crouch, he turned to Tonks gravely. "Now, as for you Auror Tonks, if you'll kindly escort Mr. Potter over to the far corridor, Auror Moon should be awaiting your arrival."

"Awaiting my arrival? Does that mean no ones going to assist me on transporting him there?" Tonks asked skeptically.

"Your an Auror aren't you?" Crouch replied, Tonks gave a slow nod. "Good, then I'm sure you've handled worse situations than escorting a defenseless boy, now step to it Tonks, I want word that the boy is taken care of within the hour."

"Y-yes sir." said Tonks, she watched as the man headed gruffly to the door. Scrimgeour followed with balled hands and clenched teeth.

"Bartemius you cant be serious, perceive everything he said false! What about Lestrage? The man has a file thicker than a Hogwarts Charms text, none of which has ever been proven I know, but this would give us enough to charge him for some of it, Merlin, maybe all of it. And Yaxley! The man's clearly a traitor, and a man in you're Department no less, we can't just ignore this! Dammit Bartemius look where he wor-" the rest of Scrimgeour's protests were cut off as the door to the Interrogation room closed behind him as he pursued Crouch out.

Tonks stared dumbly at the door long after her colleagues departure. Did Crouch really expect her to transport Harry by herself? She knew she wasn't a bad dueler or a horrible Auror, but her past

connections to Harry had her worried, if it came down to it, could she cause Harry bodily harm?

As for the far corridor, it was just another one of the many parts of the Ministry the public were unaware of, holding a simplistic purpose, the far corridor served solely to carry out convicted felons sentences in a quick amount of time. It was really just as simple as that, instead of having long and costly transports to the necessary facility's for punishments to be conducted out in, the far corridor served as an easy answer to the problems of the Wizengamot and Ministry Law Officials, it was not a place Tonks frequently visited.

Taking a calming breath she nervously vanished the chains around Harry's limbs, she expected him to shoot up from his chair and challenge her, yet to Tonks confusion Harry did no such thing. Hesitantly she directed Harry to stand with the tip of her wand, the boy obliged and slowly rose from his chair.

As hard as Tonks thought she couldn't think of a single reason of why Harry was cooperating so willingly, something inside her told her that Harry really did know what lay ahead of him in the far corridor, could it just be that he was resolved to that single factor? Or maybe she thought, of course the thought was highly unlikely, but maybe just maybe, could Harry be cooperating with her simply because she had met him all those years ago? Whatever the reason was, Tonks decided she wouldn't ponder on it any longer, she'd take any break given to her.

With a flick of her wrist she bound Harry in a bundle of thick chains.

Harry sighed inwardly as another set of chains engulfed his body, watching the last string of chains shoot from the woman's wand, Harry turned to her with a questioning look.

"Is that really necessary, I mean there must be quite a bit of your lot around here to stop me if I tried to escape." grumbled Harry, he shook the chains around his wrists for emphasis.

Tonks was torn between keeping her silence and answering him, finally the latter wore through her conflicted mind.

"Can't, I'm already going against regulations by not placing a silencing charm on you." she said, Harry's eyebrows arched.

"Regulations? You guys really are keen on not breaking character."

"An Auror isn't a character, it's an occupation."

"I know that, I was referring to you being...Not you?"

"That makes absolutely no sense. You know what, I'm not even supposed to be fraternizing with you. From this point on let's try and keep the chit chat to a minimal, think you can do that Harry?"

"We're on a first name bases now, no more of this Potter business?" Harry asked with furrowed brows.

"...Yes, I mean no. Forget it Potter, It was a slip up on my part. I'll refer to you as your surname, Its for the best anyway."

"Fine surnames it is, y-yours is Tonks right?"

Tonks narrowed her eyes at Harry, he had gone from defensive and sarcastic to innocent and kind too quick for her liking.

"You already know my name, I just hope you know pretending to be seven again won't change a thing Potter, you've made your decisions in life and now you have to pay for it. You can try all you want with your stupid little mind games nothing will ever persuade me to think differently, I wont forget for a second what you've done and what you are." Tonks said firmly.

"What I've done, what I am? And you say I don't make any sense," said Harry, the woman's words clearly showed her as a hypocrite. "If we're on the topic of what we are, you really shouldn't go masquerading as someone else as you talk about it. And also, you know what, if you do pretend to be somebody, make sure you have all the facts and information about them, because I'll have you know I've never met you or the person your trying to be ever in my life."

"We've met plenty of times before, if you want to pretend that you haven't, well it makes no difference to me, keep in mind though Harry that it won't get you any farther than where you are now."

Harry held his chained hands up for his captor to see. "I'm quite sure that I'm not going any farther than I am now unless your Master says so."

"Crouch is my superior, not my 'Master', keep in mind that not everyone uses Death Eater terminology." informed Tonks.

"You of all people are telling me this?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Is there someone else you'd prefer?" Tonks countered.

Harry didn't answer, was it a trick question?

"Don't think to long Potter, we need to be going," said Tonks, walking to the door she turned to him with her wand raised. "Come on then, let's get a move on."

"I'll start moving when you stop pointing that at me."

"You know just as well as I do that that's not going to happen, to be completely honest I should levitate you there, but in a few minutes I suppose that wont even matter." Tonks muttered.

"Why?... Why wont it matter?" Harry asked, when the woman didn't answer he felt an immediate rise of panic. "What do you mean, what's going to happen in a few minutes?"

"Think Harry, what did you have happen to you the last time you were caught?" Tonks asked.

"Your guess would be just as good as mine."

"Quit with the acting, your getting on my nerves. Before we go I want to get something straight first," Tonks said, seeing Harry give a slow nod she continued. "Out of respect for those mutual between us I am going to allow you to walk of your own free will, I warn you now though, take so much as a step out of order, I'll levitate you to the far corridor so fast you'll be soulless before you can say Dementor."

Swallowing dryly, Harry thought about what she meant by it didn't matter. A few days ago at the cemetery Harry could clearly remember Voldemort's infatuation with the idea of having his soul taken from his body, when his spell had obviously failed to do the

deed, had Voldemort decided to simply toy around with him until he could manage to persuade the Dementor's to accomplish that which he couldn't?

Harry silently cursed himself at not seeing the bigger picture, when had he ever known Voldemort to do something as stupid as to try and persuade a single person to join him. Feeling numb Harry took a tentative step towards the woman.

Tonks jabbed her wand warningly in his direction. "Towards the door, not me!" she ordered.

Giving a nod, Harry shuffled his way slowly through the door, every now and again he would glance behind him to see if the woman was still a few paces behind, she was.

As they walked further through the endless halls the thought of running for it began to surface, however as he took his next step Harry remembered the chains restricting him to a slow shuffle, shaking the thought from his head Harry allowed Tonks to direct him to turn another corner.

Harry's breath caught in his throat as the temperature gave an all of a sudden drop. Teeth chattering loudly, Harry cringed as the familiar pleas of his Mother began to surface, the 'thing' wasn't far off, his prior experience with them had Harry easily recognizing the signs of their approach. Well he'd be damned if he was just going to sit somewhere for the rest of his days without a soul, mustering the last of his Gryffindor courage Harry spun on the spot and made to swipe the fake Auror's wand.

Tonks however, who was anticipating Harry's actions jumped back, yet as clumsy as she was, Tonks stumbled over her own feet in the process. Harry landed on top of her, his now icy hands tried to wrestle her wand from her.

After a short struggle for the ownership of the wand, Harry began to get so wrapped up in his own chains he soon no longer had the ability to move more than a small wriggle, with a sense of ease Tonks pushed him off her and clambered to her feet panting heavily.

"I warned you," she growled. "Mobilicorpus!"

Harry floated resistively into the air. He tried to shake free of the spell, his dreaded horror of what awaited him crept through his system like a poison.

"Oh please don't do this, please please don't do this." Harry begged, his emerald eyes bulged as he saw a thin layer of frost coat the walls.

Ignoring his pleas Tonks quickly made her way down a spiral staircase, stepping off its last step she felt the last of the Dementor's unnatural ability's take hold. She felt void of any feeling other than a constant depression, her barely cohesive thoughts were split between Harry and her worst memories.

Absentmindedly she took in the room's gloomy appearance as she stepped further into its recesses, triangle in shape, its entire space was filled with evenly centered black pillars and an old cracked altar rested at its center.

Leaning against a nearby pillar, oblivious to Tonks and Harry's entrance to the room was Dynex Moon. Blowing warm breath into his quivering hands, Moon's usual stern looking face and neatly combed hair was all out of sorts, as they were replaced with a grim expression and messy hair. Finally looking up, Moon met Tonks' curious gaze, the man looked extremely disgruntled as he approached.

"Wotcher Moon." Tonks greeted half heartedly, Moon replied with a vicious snarl.

"Crouch sent me a missive to meet you here ages ago," he snapped. "What took you so bloody long?"

"I, um...Well Potter, he uh, well no, no that's not right is it," lied Tonks, she brightened as an answer came to her. "The Interrogation, yeah that's right, that's why I'm late, it took longer than expected."

Moon rolled his eyes disbelievingly. "I'm sure. Did the brat give up anything useful?"

Tonks shook her head. "No, nothing the Order doesn't already know that is."

"Pity. Well I've had quite enough of this foul place," Moon said looking around the chamber distastefully. "What do you say we give Potter that prized kiss of his."

As she looked down at the boy she had known for most of her teenage years, it wrenched Tonks heart to have to do what had to be done. "Where do I put him?"

Raising a shaking hand Moon pointed to the room's old altar. "There obviously."

"Right." grumbled Tonks, she hastily made her way to heart of the room and placed Harry upon its cold altar.

Thoughts running in a million different directions, Harry forced himself to concentrate on the woman standing over him. "P-p-please, I. N-No don-d-don't do this, p-ple-p-please." stuttered Harry, his ability to form even those few struggled words were lost as he looked up and spotted the Dementor floating eerily above him, its hooded head appeared to be looking hungrily down at him.

Placing her wand back into its holster, Tonks went back to stand next to Moon. It took her a great deal of restraint to not help the pleading boy, if he were to ever sound sincere about his actions Tonks knew it was now at this moment.

She turned away as Harry began to thrash around the altar top. She only opened her eyes when Moon nudged her.

"What?" she hissed.

"What do you think your doing closing your eyes and putting away your wand!" Moon asked scathingly.

"Because I'd prefer not to watch as that thing devours his soul."

"Sorry to be the one to inform you Nymphadora, but you don't have an option. In chapter three of the 'Auror's Code' under the byline of regulations and judgmental duties, it clearly states that when administering a Dementor's kiss, two or more Aurors must be present to bear witness to the deed."

"I am present, but I'll just take your word that everything went according to plan."

"That's the point Tonks, everything may not go according to plan, remember what Dumbledore said about the Dementors?"

"I know very well what he said, but this Dementor hasn't had contact with another of it's foul kind since the early eighteenth century, I'm quite sure it's out of the loop on Dementor affairs."

"There's never been a single book or document proving Dementors have to be two feet away from each other to communicate, I am not going to take the risk when knowing what I know about their allegiance."

"Fine," Tonks snapped, drawing her wand from it's holster she held it up to Moon's face. "There, happy now?"

"Quite." he growled.

Both Auror's turned to Harry as a scream of terror filled the room, they watched in silence as the Dementor began it's speedy descent, cloaks billowing behind it's skeletal frame, Tonks cringed back as a scaled arm slipped from the Dementor's mass of black robes and reached out to Harry, then almost as if she had imagined it, the Dementor looped in the air and made a hasty approach towards them.

Shaking all over, Moon quickly raised his wand. "EXPECTO P-PATRON-N-NUM!" a thin wisp of white smoke fluttered from the Auror's wand.

Moon let out a whimper just before the Dementor swooped him off his feet and into the air. All Tonks could hear was Moon's screams from above as the Dementor slowly extracted his soul, pursuing the cloaked fiend the best she could, Tonks struggled to cast her Patronus at the same time as trying to keep pace.

When the Dementor finally slowed down enough for Tonks to cast her defensive spell, it came to late as Moon's soulless body was dropped carelessly from the Dementor's bony grasp. Falling like a piece of heavy lead, Moon's body was grinded barbarically into the stone floor.

Half stunned by the bloody mess of tangled limbs before her, Tonks barely had a split second in which to produce her Patronus before the Dementor was upon her, although a wolf in appearance, her Patronus succeeded amazingly well in repressing the Dementors advance.

Fixating her wand so her wolf Patronus chased the Dementor, Tonks quickly made her way to the alter in the center of the room. If the Dementor was acting on the orders of Voldemort like Moon thought it was, Tonks knew for a certain fact that Death Eater's would be arriving shortly to come claim Harry.

Tonks cursed loudly as she realized she'd have to cancel her Patronus in order to levitate Harry from the room. Not wanting to take the risk of being over taken by the Dementor on the run towards the exit, Tonks could think of only one other option, convince Harry to run on his own free will or save herself, she'd never been one to run.

Not feeling even the least bit confident in persuading Harry to cooperate, Tonks began to shake Harry from his horrified stupor.

"Wh-what's going on?" he asked frightened.

"The Dementor's out of control," lied Tonks. "I'm going to give you a choice Harry, and you better make it quick, stay here and be sucked soulless or come with me, what do you want to do?"

Harry stiffly shook his head. "E-either w-way I get m-m-my s-soul taken."

Tonks bit down on her lip, in all likeliness Harry was completely wrong in his assumption, with Voldemort commanding the Dementors, it would be obvious to think Harry would never get the Kiss, but to Tonks advantage, Harry didn't know that.

Thanks to Voldemort keeping the Dementor's defection to himself, the man had effectively robbed Harry of his chance for freedom, if he had only informed his servants of the Dementors true loyalty's a few days ago, Harry would have known and had the instincts to stay put.

"It's entirely up to you Harry, keep your soul intact for a few more days or lose it now. Which will it be?" she asked in a rushed tone.

Catching sight of the woman's partner laying broken on the ground, Harry made his decision. "I'll g-go with you."

"Good to hear it," Tonks grunted, with a hard jab of her wand she sent her wolf charging, when she was satisfied the Dementor was a fair distance away, she hastily canceled her Patronus and took aim at Harry.

"Finite!" she hissed, the chains binding Harry's body withered into a gray dust. "Hurry and get up, it's coming our way."

Harry gave a weak nod and slid himself off the alter top, he made a weak jerk of resistance as the woman grabbed his wrist. Towing him behind her, Tonks ran as fast as she could to the rooms spiral set of stairs.

"S-slow down, I c-can't keep up." Harry gasped, sounding as if he were hyperventilating.

"Well you better ruddy well try, cause if it comes down to me or you, I guarantee you Harry, it's not going to be me who gets kissed." she lied.

"I can't, I can't." wheezed Harry, he was growing slower by the second.

"It's not much further come on." Tonks said, looking over her shoulder she could see the Dementor hot on their heels.

When they finally reached the bottom step of the staircase, Tonks practically threw Harry forward. "What are you waiting for. Climb!"

Gasping for air, Harry tiredly climbed up the staircase, when he reached the top his knees gave way and he lay achingly on the freezing cold floor of the frost covered hallway. Rolling onto his back he propped himself up on his elbows, Harry watched the staircase anticipating the woman's arrival, but as time drew on and the woman hadn't joined him in the hall, Harry couldn't help but think she was taken.

It was only when Harry started to get off the ground that the woman appeared, teeth chattering and body shaking, the fake Auror looked horrible, yet even in her horrid state the women still managed to keep her wand aimed at him.

"W-Where do you th-think your going?" she asked, her teeth chattering noisily.

"Away from here, I... I thought that... that, well I thought that that thing got you." Harry answered honestly.

Trying her best to shake the Dementors effects, Tonks staggered forwards. "A few m-more seconds and it would have, you disappointed Harry?"

Harry shook his head. "No, I... Well I may not like what you represent, but... I, I'd never wish that upon anyone."

"Sure you wouldn't," Tonks huffed, looking down the spiral staircase she felt a chill run from her toes to her head, it was coming. "We have to go, I don't think the blasted things giving up."

Rushing forward she reaffirmed her grasp on Harry's wrist. Dragging him down the hall Tonks paranoia for the Dementor had her stumbling as she was constantly looking over her shoulder.

"I-I don't see it, are... Are you sure its following?" asked Harry.

"Yes I'm sure. Come on turn left, no not right, left!" Tonks growled.

Plowing down another paneled corridor, Tonks was filled with an immense sense of relief when a pair of elevator lifts came into sight. Instead of having to take the back staircases from which she originally used earlier, the lifts would succeed in taking her and Harry directly to the Auror offices, exactly one floor up. Pressing repeatedly on the small button just outside the lift, Tonks impatiently waited for the elevator to lower to them.

"Come on, come on, come on. Hurry." She chanted to herself, her eyes watching the dial above the lift as it slowly lowered, floor by floor.

Finally, after what seemed like a century of waiting for it, the lift touched down, a loud ding officially announcing its arrival. Tugging Harry to her side, Tonks resisted the urge to assist the lift's doors to open, she breathed a long overdue sigh of relief as the Ministry's emblem began to split apart. Yet, whatever relief Tonks had felt was short lived, for when the lift stood open for all to enter inside it, she found not the salvation she had thought she'd find, but instead the receiving end of three tipped wands.

"Well well well, isn't this a pleasant surprise." drawled a cold unpleasant voice.

A/N: Kill me go ahead I know most of you probably want to anyway, but hold on wait! If you happened to look at the other chapters I've made quite a few changes and in fact really you should reread them as they are pretty much entirely rewritten, and changed, but don't fret they still carry the same plot line. Also part two is already written and will have it out pronto. I feel horrible for not updating sooner, but rewriting my whole story has been less than pleasant, especially when I'm still not done. All chapters will be revised several times over until I'm satisfied so just so you are aware, you may see small changes on them from here on in. Anyways, I will update soon, be sure to leave a review if you care to. Bye!

## Chapter Eight "Condemned: Part Two of Two"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

"Well, well, well, isn't this a pleasant surprise." drawled a cold uncaring voice.

Dread. There was no better way in which Tonks could literally explain the panicked anxiety she was experiencing while surveying the three thin wands leveled at her chest. The Dementor that had been occupying the fore front of her thoughts for the past half hour or so, now seemed to be gone and replaced entirely by the three people standing in front of her.

And it was only because of her profession that Tonks knew each and every one of them, a single one in particular she should have by all means known better than the rest. For there, standing before her, holding her at wand point were three known Ministry of Magic employees, who for months, and in one case, years, had been suspected to have connections tying them to that of Voldemort's Death Eaters.

Where their loyalty lay was no longer up for question thought Tonks as she took a stumbling step back, pulling Harry along with her and not once removing her eyes focus from those at her front Polaris Redlock, with her long auburn hair and thin eyebrows, Walden Macnair with his bold, gnarled features, and the last, a man she had never met before personally, but was by all means her Uncle in essence. Lucius Malfoy. Pale skin, blond hair and all. Each and everyone of them eyed her as a predator would eye their prey.

Wishing she was as far off from this place as she could be, Tonks subtle attempt at slowly backing away with Harry came to a sudden stop as she watched her Uncle step inadvertently from his associates side.

"I think thats far enough Nymphadora. It is Nymphadora isn't it?" Lucius asked, a light inquisitive expression played on his face as he surveyed her.

Tonks growled and suppressed the need to rectify her name, deciding to play the innocence card, she hoped to stall for time until help could arrive, then again, the only help that had been offered to her was one with his body ground into the floor of the Far Corridor. "Your interfering with Auror affairs, leave this area at once or-"

"Or what?" Lucius asked smirking. "Going to apprehend us are you?"

"There are others on their way here now, whatever it is your hoping to do here won't succeed." Tonks replied sternly, it was a bluff, and telling by the way her Uncles smirk never wavered, he knew it as well.

"You know just as I that you're all alone, well almost, where's that partner of yours? I was under the impression that there was going to be two of you." Lucius said.

Absently Tonks heard a gasp come from Harry as she clenched her hand tighter around his wrist. Moon. The poor git, an incredibly annoying and sarcastic git she'd admit, but the man didn't deserve what he had got.

Lucius laughed at her disturbed expression. "Met an unfortunate end did he? Well those things tend to happen when dealing with temperamental creatures. Tell me Nymphadora, did he scream when he met his end?"

"My name is Tonks, not Nymphadora." Tonks snapped through gritted teeth. Why in Merlin's beard did they always have to use her first name?

Lucius scoffed. "A filthy Muggles name is what it is."

"I'd gladly take a Muggles name over the incestuous one you have any day." Tonks retorted, she pulled Harry behind her as she saw her Uncle's wand arm twitch.

"I'd have thought that Blood-traitor mother of yours would have taught you how to address your betters, obviously I was wrong." drawled Lucius, his cold gray eyes hardening as they passed over Harry.

"Yes well, my mum never really cared for the idiocy that are Purebloods." Tonks said lightly.

Huffing in annoyance, Polaris Redlock strode to Lucius's side, holding her wand between a pair of well manicured fingers, the auburn haired woman glared openly at Tonks. "Whats taking so long, its the three of us against... Her. Your not scared to take on a youngin', are you Malfoy?"

"Not in the least. I was just thinking how unfitting it would be for us to get our hands dirty with the blood of a mere half-blood," replied Lucius, turning back to Tonks with a smirk slowly stretching across his face. "And why should it come to that. Cooperate and go free, but persist with this futile attempt at keeping Potter here and well, you'll only end up six feet under. What say you Nymphadora, will you give the boy up?"

Tonks was stiff, she'd fought plenty of Death Eaters in her time as an Auror, but not once had she ever been more outmanned than she was now. Was Malfoy right when he said it was 'futile' to try and keep Harry in custody, was it really worth her life to try? No she thought, not when Harry was concerned. In exchange for her life, Harry would surely kill eight others in return.

Harry however at the moment had never felt more confused in his life. Why was Malfoy and this woman pretending to be enemies, it didn't make sense, why would they threaten each other, and with death of all things. Perhaps thought Harry, as far fetched as it was, could the woman holding his arm actually be what she claimed to be. An Auror?

The next words Tonks spoke only served to enforce Harry's belief in the good of the woman.

"No Malfoy, I'm afraid Potter's going to have to stay right here with me."

Lucius's face flashed with a look of rage before smothering it with a calm expression. "Shame, I've heard plenty of interesting things about you Nymphadora, that gift you possess would have had the Dark Lord surely over looking your blood impurity. But if your mind is set on protecting the ideals of greater fools, who am I to change

that." he drawled, raising his wand, he motioned for his companions to do the same.

Hand slipping from Harry's arm as three different coloured flashes of light came speeding her way, Tonks cast a weak shield that had the three spells rebounding in unison and flying back over the now advancing Death Eaters.

"STUPEFY!" Tonks yelled, a flash of red light blasting out the tip of her wand and speeding readily at Macnair, who, in return deflected it with ease and responded with a spell of his own, the force and speed of which had Tonks hugging the ground for safety.

Crouching low with his hands held protectively in front of his face, the first thought to enter Harry's mind after dodging the oncoming spells of the Death Eater's and peeking out from behind his arms was that the woman defending him needed help, or at the very least, a good kick in the arse to get her to realize she need to retreat.

Dubbing himself responsible to pass the good words on, Harry reached forward and clutched the woman's slim arm while yelling to be heard over the castings of spells and curses. "What are you doing!" he screamed. "We have to get out of here!"

Words ringing in her ears, Tonks was far to engrossed with the duel that she mistook Harry's words for orders to the Death Eater's, and his holding grasp on her arm as an attempt to take her wand, something she didn't respond kindly to. "PUNCTUM!" she hissed spinning around.

Doubling over as the air was forced from his lungs with a bone shattering hit to his gut, Harry wheezed and gagged as he fell to the floor, his vision seeing double as he rolled onto his back coughing up a thick string of blood.

Turning away from the wheezing Harry Potter, Tonks found a disarming spell snapping at her hand to have her wand torn unwillingly from her hand and given into the outstretched palm of Walden Macnair. Staring down at her empty hand in disbelief, a sense of horror filled her whole as she heard her Uncle clapping of amusement.

"Impressive," he said. "Such an attempt is worthy of praise, such praise however is not notable when the accomplishment is achieved by the scourge of wizarding society."

"Well," Tonks grumbled looking up to meet his gaze. "That clears up a lot about why my mum didn't like to talk about you or her sister."

Redlock's laughter could be heard just behind Lucius's rage filled form. "Shes got quite the tongue." commented the woman.

"Yes, quite." Lucius growled irritably.

Feeling the sweat collecting on her brow, Tonks knew she had pushed her Uncle to far.

With his wand drawn, the blond Death Eater positioned himself directly in front of his niece. "It seems we've overstayed our welcome, and with having to be leaving at it is, I must regrettably call our little reunion to an end," said Lucius with distaste "Then again, I think it more regrettable that we must part ways without the use of the Killing Curse."

Tonks head shot up. "Wha-"

"Stupefy!"

Harry watched with a dumb expression to his face as the red beam of light slammed into Tonks' chest, and as her legs gave way to her unconscious tumbling. Blinking himself free of his stunned stupor, he looked up to see Lucius Malfoy pocket his wand and stand victoriously over Tonks's crumpled form.

"Should've killed the half blooded filth." growled Macnair, going to join Lucius at his side.

"And go against our Lord's orders?" Lucius scoffed.

"No... No of course not." Macnair replied in haste.

"Good," Lucius said distantly. "Because by doing so, we would have ruined our Lord's plan entirely."

"His plan?" asked Redlock with .

"Yes woman, his plan." Lucius replied pompously, being apart of the Dark Lords inner circle had him supplied with information not usually given to the lower ranks of the Death Eater's, Death Eater's such as Macnair and Redlock.

"Tell us!" Redlock demanded.

Lucius smirked, he could always make enough time to boost his reputation, after all, not many could say they had the feat of being as close to the Dark Lord as he.. "Get Potter to his feet first, he might as listen to this as well."

"Right." Macnair mumbled, walking off to Harry's side and helping the delirious teen to his feet.

Acknowledging Harry's presence with a curt nod, Lucius undid the clasp of his dark green cloak to reveal another underneath, undoing its clasp as well, he held it out for Macnair to take.

"A... A Cloak? W-what about the Dark Lords plan?" Macnair asked staring bafflingly at the puce coloured cloak he now held in his hand.

"Its all part of it, quite ingenious when you think about how long the Dark Lord had to come up with it." said Lucius.

"Come up with what?" pressed Redlock, she was so entranced with Malfoy's words she paid no mind to standing on Tonks' fingers.

Looking her up and down, Lucius sniffed indignantly and cleared his throat before speaking. "As we have a short limit of how long we spend here, I will make this brief, assigning you two to accompany me was not just out of availability as you may of thought, your skills are suited to the task, Macnair for your impeccable dueling ability, and Redlock simply for your profession-"

"My profession?" echoed Redlock.

"Yes you daft woman, with you serving in the office of Improper Use of Magic you use the Obliviate Charm on regular basis do you not?"

"Well yes, but what does that hav-"

"It has everything to do with his plan, the set up of it at least. You see it all comes down to Minister Fudge, a stupid man I know, but a proud man none the less, someone who would above all things else not let his weakness known to the public. The incompetent fools only managed to stay in power this long because he surrounds himself with those who are competent. Crouch Senior for example, although a bleeding thorn in our side, that wretched man serves as the only thing holding the Ministry up from crumbling."

Macnair let his hold on Harry slip a bit as he to became engrossed with Malfoy's words. "You talk about skill, and then about Fudge and his pride, what has any of this to do with the plan?"

Turning his gaze to Harry, Lucius smirked broadly. "All that I've told you sets up the plan laid out before us... You see with Fudge's pride, he'd never let it known that Harry here escaped, well that and the fact that Potter here is not of the legal age to have his name released to the public."

"Your still dancing around the topic Malfoy, what has any of this to do with the Dark Lord's plan?" cut in Redlock bitinglly.

Lucius clicked his tongue on the roof of his mouth in irritation. "I was getting to it you twit, with the success of Lestrage's break out of Azkaban, Fudge is already under scrutiny as it is, what better way to shake the Ministry's foundation than have its leading head sacked."

"Bullocks." blurted Harry, having been listening in, he couldn't believe any of the spoken words truth.

"Such vulgar language," Lucius tutted. "Whats wrong Potter, upset the Dark Lords plan isn't just for you?"

"Shut up," Harry snapped, pulling free from Macnair's hold completely, he shoved the taller man away. "Get away from me!"

"Temper, temper." tutted Lucius.

Whirling on his school rivals father, Harry charged angrily at him. Stepping to the side, Lucius grabbed hold of the back of Harry's neck as he ran by, pulling the boys head close to his lips, he whispered coldly into Harry's ear. "Don't think for a second I've forgotten what your stunt in Azkaban cost me Potter, I've been

dreaming quite a bit of late on just how to repay you for that. You wouldn't want to go and give me a reason to carry out those dreams now do you?"

Releasing his grasp on Harry's neck, Lucius threw the boy away from him and turned to address the other two Death Eaters. "The boy's growing restless, and if our information was correct, there should be another Auror somewhere nearby, that is if the Dementor didn't get him. I suggest we not stay to find out."

Macnair and Redlock nodded, they moved harmoniously towards the lifts, or at least until Malfoy called them back.

"What?" asked Redlock looking over her shoulder.

"Like I said earlier, you were both chosen for this task for a reason," Lucius drawled, he pointed to Tonks' still form. "That's yours Redlock, rearrange her memories, wouldn't want word getting out of our true allegiance now do we?"

The woman shook her head.

"Good, now deal with it. Meanwhile, myself and Walden will escort Potter the rest of the way."

Grudgingly the woman accepted her task and drew her wand.

"As for you Walden," Lucius spoke looking to Macnair. "Hand that cloak over to Potter, be careful with it, wouldn't want old Crouch senior finding out his families most prized possession has been toyed around with."

Taking the puce coloured cloak from Macnair's hands, Harry looked from the cloth to Lucius and then back again. "Bartemius Crouch?"

"The very one," Lucius said dryly. "Well what are you waiting for you stupid boy, put it on."

"W-why?"

"Merlin, must I explain every little thing! And they call you a boy prodigy." Lucius sneered.

The sight of the unconscious woman laying on the floor having her mind tinkered around with was all Harry needed to see to pull the cloak on over his shoulders and pin the clasp about his neck. Looking up to Lucius and Macnair, Harry found himself pulling a confused expression as he saw Macnair gaping at him open mouthed, it only took him looking down to find the reason of the mans surprise, for there from his shoulders down Harry saw his body missing. Just like all the other times when wearing his own invisibility cloak, his body was completely gone, from sight at least.

"Merlin's beard!" Macnair croaked.

"Yes, yes ,very impressive," said Lucius sarcastically, with a sweeping motion of his hand, he gestured them to the elevator lifts. "Don't just stand there, get a move on!"

Harry slowly took a step forward but stopped altogether as the weight around his shoulders finally sunk into his thoughts, it was an invisibility cloak! What else could he possibly need to escape?

Not even casting a look at the others around him, Harry pulled the hood of the cloak over his head and stepped back to watch as Macnair and Malfoy stared at the spot he once stood in speculation. Taking a deep breath to quell his nerves, he then, just as slowly and quietly as he could, he crept noiselessly in between the two wizards.

"Alright Potter, cease with this childish game, where are you?" Malfoy sneered in annoyance.

Slipping by unnoticed, Harry quickly made his way to the elevator lifts, his breath held in his lungs, not daring to make a sound. Yet as quiet as Harry was, he was given away in the instant the elevator lift touched down and a loud 'Ding!' announced its arrival.

Heads snapping to look at the elevator doors splitting apart, Lucius snarled as he made his way to the elevators with a raised wand. "Accio! Cloak!" he hissed.

In a split second of gasping surprise, the cloak was torn from Harry's shoulders and given to that of Malfoy's shaking pale fist. He winced in pain as Malfoy then seized a fistful of his hair.

"Why you good for nothing Half-blood, I should have you castrated for your insolence!" Malfoy yelled, spittle flying from his mouth in anger. If it wasn't for his own sons bond with the boy, the blond aristocrat would have gladly ended the miserable boy's life right then and there.

Nursing his sore head as Lucius let go of his hold, Harry let out a protestant growl as Macnair came striding by and pushed him roughly into the elevator. Standing in the small enclosed space with Malfoy and Macnair, Harry murmured a continuous chant of swears as they slowly rose to the next floor.

As the door slid open at the next floor to grant them exit, Harry was shocked to find Malfoy thrusting the cloak back at him to take. Almost positive that Malfoy was going to withdraw his hand and the cloak at the last moment, Harry was utterly confused as he managed to place one hand back on the puce coloured cloth, yet as Harry thought, it was too good to be true, Malfoy did not release his grip over the cloak.

Leaning forward, Lucius brought his pointed face from an inch of Harry's while he spoke his darkly muttered words of warning. "Keep in mind Potter that it's just as easy to stun you and bring you back under the cloak, the choice to willingly cooperate with us or stun you and carry you back as the dimwitted child you are is up to you. Don't be a fool."

Hand pulling away from the cloak, a silence lingered in the air as Malfoy watched Harry hold what he thought was a mental debate, when it was truly Harry trying to piece together a way of escape, his plans were short thought though as an impatient Macnair helped pull the cloak over his body. The gnarled looking man then fumbled blindly about until he ceased hold of one of Harry's invisible wrists.

"Forget the brat's choice, we're on the floor of Magical Law, we need to be leaving!" Macnair implored, his eyes darting down the hallway, a few beads of nervous sweat collecting on his brow.

Lucius pulled an extravagant looking pocket watch from his robes with a nod. "Quite right Walden, drag the boy there if you must, we really must be hurrying along if we plan to make that appearance of ours."

Replying something in a grumbled voice, Macnair gave Harry's arm a sharp jerk to get him moving. Harry though stood firm and unmoving, sick and tired of playing to their games, he found himself what bearings he could before struggling to gain freedom from the gnarled man's grasp.

"Quit thrashing about!" Macnair hissed, his enraged face turning red with frustration as he tried to contain the boys flinging arms.

Not giving a reply, it wasn't long before Harry was over powered by Macnair's brutish strength and found himself being dragged down the well waxed floors of the hall. When his growls turned into loud audible swears, Harry was finally silenced altogether as Lucius abruptly thrust his wand into his neck and muttered. "Silencio!"

Not deterred in the least by being silenced, Harry resisted Macnair's hold on him the entire way they moved throughout the deserted halls, He only stopped in his fight for freedom when he discovered himself being pulled back into the hall of endless holding cells where he had spent the night before. His confusion as to why he was here was soon made clear though as Macnair finally let go of him, but removed the cloak as well as he pulled away.

Hair ruffled and his expression disgruntled, Harry glared with stiff posture as Malfoy and Macnair stood side by side surveying him with cool looks to their cruel faces. Body tensing a bit as one of Malfoy's pale hands disappeared with the mass of his robes, Harry was sure his eyebrows hit his hairline when the man's hand came back into sight holding none other than his all eleven inches of his Phoenix feathered, Holly lengthened wand.

"Black wanted me to pass this along to you." Malfoy sneered tossing the wand to Harry's feet.

Shaking his head, Harry laughed a strangled sound. There was no way he thought, this was it, this was the last straw, there was something wrong, something off and not right, he didn't know what it was, but whatever it was, it was the key to everything, the key to why everything was so confusing, so mixed around.

Staring at the wand laying clattered at his feet, Harry slowly stooped down to pick up his wand. A rush of raw power tickling his hand as he held it.

"What are you doing boy, get to your feet, we've no more time to waste, you must make your getaway now," Lucius snapped, turning to Macnair, he held out a shaking hand. "The instructions from Yaxley, what are you waiting for, give them to me!"

Digging into the pockets of his rugged robes, Macnair fumbled around until pulling out a crumpled piece of torn parchment. Without waiting for him to hand it over, Malfoy snatched it from the other man's hands. Grumbling quietly as his eyes passed over the written scrawl of the paper, Lucius then crumpled the parchment back up and raised his wand to the roof muttering something indecipherable, the next thing Harry witnessed had him taking a startled step back as the air gave a twisted whistling sound and then an ear popping bang.

Eyes flashing from the roof to Harry, Malfoy looked at Harry expectantly, yet when Harry did nothing in return, the man swiped his hand angrily through the air. "You rotten pest, what are you waiting for? The wards are down you dumb child, apparate! Leave!"

"A-apparate?" Harry questioned, Malfoy gave a snarling nod as he turned to Macnair.

"Come, they'll be on their way!" he hissed, turning his back to Harry and quickly making his way back down the hall with the other man in pursuit, Malfoy called over his shoulder as he went. "They'll be alerted the wards falling boy, you'd do best to hurry!"

Taking a stumbled step back, Harry found himself nodding. What was he waiting for? Hand damp with nerves, Harry held his wand as tightly as he could, trying to recall everything Regulus had let slip about apparation on the night of going to the house of Sirius's impostor.

Focus he told himself, picture the destination and then yourself there, it was that simple, he could do this he repeated in mantra. Almost certain that, that was how Regulus said to do it, Harry became doubtful as he found himself questioning his earlier confidence, it couldn't be that simple.

Where was the magic? Positive now that there was something else to it, Harry thought of the sensation that swept through his hand

when he had touched his wand just moments before. Maybe that was it he thought, his inner raw magic was the key? Readjusting his grip on his wand, he did everything he could think of to try and summon the same sensation he had felt before, it was only when he felt close to popping a blood vessel did something happen. He vanished with a Crack!

Feeling like he was being forced through a very thin glass tube, Harry's legs buckled beneath him as the all too uncomfortable and unfamiliar sensation of being squeezed through a tube gave way for an even worse feeling of sickness. Sure he would spew what little contents his stomach held, Harry stayed on all fours until he could collect himself and find out if it had worked.

After spending a good two minutes of getting his breathing under control, Harry pushed off the cold cement pavement he had been staring down onto and got to his feet looking around, a look of amazement play on the features of his face as he saw the neatly moved lawns and matching houses of Privet Drive. Fourth house in and just as spotless as he had last seen it, Harry had never thought it possible to ever look at that house and feel the sense of safety and relief he did at that moment.

Stumbled step after stumbled step, he quickly made his short work of the distance to the front door of his relatives house, preparing himself for what he sure was going to be an unwelcome greeting, Harry knocked, once, twice, and then stopped just before the third as a light could be seen turning on inside. Its bright glow easily shining through the white frilly curtains of the living room window.

Harry straightened up the best he could, but already looking the filthy mess he was it was too good to hope for as he heard the bolts and locks of the door being twisted and pulled open on the other side. Standing tall and ready to embrace his Uncle or Aunt's words of outrage of being home early, Harry's shoulders sagged as he saw the door opened only a split.

"Who's there?" asked a voice from within, the tone of which was nearly friendly or caring and thus gave the owner of the voice away to Vernon Dursley.

Looking to the narrow split in which the door had been opened, the only thing Harry could make out was the small squinty eye of a

person hiding safely behind the front door and a thin chain that kept the door from being opened any further.

"Its... Its me, its Harry." he replied slowly.

There was a long pause of silence in that Harry thought his Uncle had just gone off back to bed until he heard the beefy man's voice cut through his thoughts.

"Harry who?"

Cocking a brow, Harry shifted feet so he stood more in the dim line of light shining through the living rooms front window. "Uncle Vernon, its me, its Harry!"

"I don't know who you are boy, but I am definitely not your Uncle boy. Now if you don't leave at once, I'll be forced to call the authority's." Vernon replied in a firm voice.

Harry blanched. "Are you mad, its me, Harry Potter, Merlin! I've lived with you for fourteen years!"

"Merlin? Potter?" Vernon repeated sounding choked, realization dawning on him. "Your one of... One of their children."

"One of... What do you mean, its just me! Look, never mind, you need to help me, I need to get in contact with Dumbledor-"

"Quiet, don't speak of your unnaturalness here. Get inside, hurry before the neighbors see," Vernon said pulling free the last lock of the door and ushering Harry in, his eyes scanning the street way twice over to be sure no one had seen a thing. Satisfied that Harry had not been seen, Vernon closed the front door, reapplied all the locks and then pointed out for Harry to go into the living room. "Wait there, don't touch a thing."

Harry nodded, it was his Uncle's same old request, sit still, don't touch a single thing, don't exist, it was as if his Uncle never changed, a thought that caused Harry to break out into a small smile as he went to claim a plush tacky arm chair. It was good to find some thing's hadn't changed and were still the same.

Watching the clock on the far side of the room tick by, Harry shifted in his seat as he heard hushed whispers above before the creaking of floorboards as two sets of feet made their way down the stairs. Turning to look at the living rooms archway from over his shoulder, Harry gave a nod in that direction to acknowledge his Auntie's presence. "Hello Aunt Petunia." he said quietly.

The horse faced woman cringed at being called that by him, but nevertheless she managed to keep a somewhat civil tone as she spoke to him. "What is it your doing here boy, if those ruddy parents of yours think they can dump their trouble on us they better think again."

"My parents trouble?" Harry repeated confused and hardly believing she was still ranting about the fact of him being left on their door step all those years ago. "It's a bit to far gone to still be going on about that don't you think, look, I know you've been in contact with Dumbledore before, or something, please I need to contact him, can you help?"

Petunia looked disgusted at the idea. "I haven't the faintest idea of what you mean, I don't know anything about that sort of thing, you freaks communicate in unorthodox ways, what would I do knowing them?" she asked.

"Because, I... I don't know, please though, I need to get to Dumbledore, I need to inform him that he's returned, Voldemort is back!" Harry said, the words sounding mingled and conjoined as he rushed them out.

"Don't speak those freakish names here boy!" Vernon spat. "We've no interest in you or your hocus pocus, we're going to call those parents of yours and I want you gone, you hear? Gone!"

Harry's head snapped to look at his Uncle with an expression of irritated anger. "Would you stop it, my parents are dead! I know you'd like to be rid of me, but you can't, deal with it!"

The glass of water in Petunia's bony hand came crashing down to the floor as she looked to Harry with a face of someone mimicking bewilderment. "They... They're what?"

"Oh please, like you don't know, they've been like that for years!" Harry snapped, propelling himself from his chair, he pushed by his Aunt and Uncle and stormed off to the front door. If they weren't going to help, he needed to find those that were.

"Where are you going?" Petunia asked at once as she followed him to the front door, her face still registering the shock of his words. She had just talked to Lily last week, as much as she disliked her sister's weekly calls, it was still disheartening to find that ones sister, even one that you may never have truly gotten along with was dead.

Harry shrugged while pulling at the front doors locks at the locks. "I don't know, but it's not going to be here, I'll hitch a ride to London or something, I'll go to Diagon Alley, I'm not staying here though, that's for sure."

"Stay the night." Petunia said slowly, her obese husband's neck fat jingling as he turned to look at her.

"That freak, staying here? I won't have it Pet', not in my house." Vernon informed gruffly.

Petunia's eyes fell from Harry to the floor, not meeting her husbands gaze, she spoke in a broken whisper. "... She's gone Vernon, we can't just... It isn't right, even if... I can't, he'll stay here, it's the least I can do..."

"But Petunia..." Vernon grumbled, letting out a huff as he crumbled to her will, he turned to face Harry with a chunky finger pointed threateningly in his nephew's direction. "You'll keep your freakness to a minimum, if I see so much as one of those twigs your lot insist on carrying about, your out, you understand boy?"

"... Yes." Harry replied awkwardly, weren't they going to have him stay here over the summer until the next year anyways? Why where they acting like he didn't know their already existing living conditions. Whatever he thought, he was tired, exhausted in fact, a night's sleep in Dudley's spare bedroom might actually do some good for once he figured.

"Would you come back into the living room." Petunia said in a quiet tone.

Harry nodded and stepped away from the front door, walking into the living room with his Aunt and Uncle at his heels, he retook the arm chair he was in before. This time however, his Aunt and Uncle joined him sitting down on the sofa across from him.

"When did it happen?" Petunia asked breaking the silence.

"When did what happen?" Harry replied.

Petunia ran a long finger over her lips before speaking her next words. "How did she die?"

"Who, my mum?" asked Harry, his brows furrowed as he tried to understand what it was his Aunt was trying to accomplish by doing this.

"Yes, Lily... How did she die?"

"Voldemort killed her... Why are you making me say it, you already know this."

"No, no, I wasn't told, I didn't know... What about your father, is he... Is he dead as well?"

"Yes," Harry grumbled restraining himself from saying 'duh', for people who had once told him a lie about his parent's deaths, they did know how to act rather well, Harry could have actually sworn Petunia didn't know hadn't he already knowing she did. "Look, I'd rather not talk about it, if you don't mind actually, I think I'd like to go to sleep now."

"Of course," Petunia mumbled distantly, patting Vernon's thick thigh, she eyed her husband through a pair of somewhat pleading eyes. "Would you show him to Dudley's spare bedroom."

Grumbling beneath his breath about freaks and their bad line of breeding, Vernon hauled his massive form to his feet and motioned for Harry with a meaty arm for the boy to follow him. "Whatever's in there now better be there in the morning, if I find one thing of my son's things is missing, there'll be hell to pay, alright?"

"Yes Uncle Vernon." Harry replied lamely following the large man up the stairs to the second floor.

Getting to her feet, Petunia drifted across the living room to stand leaning against the frame of the archway looking up to the stairs as Harry and Vernon climbed them. "Wait," she heard herself call out. Both Vernon and Harry paused to turn and look down at her. "... When did it happen?" she asked still coming to terms with the idea that she had just talked to her sister, and in that little amount of time from the call a day ago until now she had been murdered.

Already guessing his Aunt's inquiring was to that of his parent's death, Harry gave her the shortest answer he could give her without sounding to bitter at having being made to talk about it. "The thirty first, anything else?"

"No, that's... That's all." Petunia mumbled breathlessly, her eyes going a slight bit wider at his answer.

With a stiff nod of his head, Harry continued on up the stairs after Vernon. Petunia only managing to look a way when she heard the foot steps above enter her son's second bedroom, and the door to it close before a short muffled conversation took place over head between her nephew and husband. Rushing back into the living room, she paced around trying to piece it together, the boy's answer just didn't match with common sense.

If Lily had in fact been murdered on the thirty first like he had said, it would have had to have been last month that it had happened as the month they were in cut off on the thirtieth. But even then again, she had just spoken to Lily two day's ago, something didn't match up, the boy didn't match up, and really, as she looked over to the cordless phone plugged into its charger on the corner table of the room, she only saw one way of getting to the bottom of it.

A/N: Hey there folks, been awhile hasn't it, I know, and I'm sorry, I always say the next one will be out soon, but it never seems to happen so I'll keep my big mouth shut, just know that I won't abandon this story and that it will finish. Oh, also as a side not, the next chapter is already beginning its long process, but yeah as I'm sure you've all already guess, the big meet up has finally come and will happen in the next chapter, so hurray, finally! Right?

Also thank you all for the reviews and support that you give through them, they truly do help your mind come up with ideas because

really, writing for your own personal entertainment is one thing, but when you have the thought of others liking what your coming up with, well it helps push things along as your now not only working for your own amusement, but the amusement of others as well. So thank you all, I truly am blessed to have you all leave such nice and encouraging comments. But also, suggestive criticism is also appreciated, flames as well if you've got nothing better to do I suppose, I don't care about those, as long as you tell me what you think so I can do what I can to improve and better myself as a writer, I'll be happy. Oh, one more thing and that's it, I swear! A special thanks goes to Anave Lipad, and The French Dark Lord for who I have noticed have followed my story from just about when it began almost a year ago. Thank you both for everything, and until next time. Buh-bye!

## Chapter Nine "Revelations"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

With the silence of the night cut by a sharp ring from the telephone positioned on the bedside table, James awoke with a jolt, his eyes flickering about the room as if searching for an intruder. It was fourteen years since his wife had first introduced him to the muggle device, and still even to this day, the obnoxious sound still had him reeling at it. Feeling his wife starting to stir by the second ring, James reached over her to pick up the phones receiver. It had been almost a week since the news of Harry's escape and Lily had barely slept more than a few hours each night, a fact James was worried about as her appetite had also been affected, eating much less than she once had, he did his best to give her the most sleep she could get in hopes of her being able to function in a productive manner during the days.

Pressing the answer button, James held the phone to his ear as he awkwardly spoke into it. "... Who is it?"

"Potter, put Lily on." Came the curt reply.

Recognizing the voice for who it was, James let his eyes roll to the heavens and grumble a bit beneath his breath. "She's sleeping, as was I. And as you should be, go to bed."

"Do not hang up this phone, Potter! I've got questions that need answers, and you will give them to me. Lily, she is... Unhurt?"

"Merlin, your calling about Lily's health? Since when has that ever been a concern for you? And again, why does it matter at this time of night?" James countered, his annoyance clear in the tone of voice he used. As quiet as it was so to not wake Lily from her sleep.

"Why? I'll tell you why, Potter. That troublesome boy of yours is why, coming here with his unnaturalness and telling far-fetched lies of my sister being murdered!"

James felt his hand tighten around the phone and his mouth dry as he listened to his Sister-in-law. "My boy, you mean... You mean, Harry? He's there? My son is there?"

"Yes he's darn well bloody here, and you'll be coming to collect him. Give him a good spanking for his little prank to while your at it. Vernon's furious I hope you know."

"Petunia, you have to listen to me. You have to get Vernon and leave immediately, where is he right now? Where is Harry? Is he nearby?" James questioned, slipping from the bed, he quickly went to dress himself. Forgetting all about the phone's cord, he yanked the device from the side table as he moved about, causing it to slide off and crash down onto the bedroom floor.

Sitting up with a yelp of surprise, Lily let out a sigh as she watched her husband pace about the room, hastily collecting articles of clothes as he went. "James?" she asked, her voice tired and groggy.

Holding a hand up to his wife as if asking for silence, James listened to Petunia's confused reply.

"No, the boy is upstairs in Dudders' spare bedroom. Why must we leave? This is our home!"

"I know, I know, just listen to me. He's not safe to be around, you have to leave right this minute, you can't be there with him. You're in danger!" James stated.

"Danger? Why? What's going on, Potter? What is it you're not telling me?"

Just by her quieter tone, James could sense the fear starting to creep into his wife's sister.

"I'll tell you later, just trust me dammit. I'm on my way, don't let Harry get suspicious, now go, hurry!"

"Harry? James, did you just say, Harry? Who is that you're talking to, James?" Lily demanded, out of the bed in a second, she was standing before her husband with a pleading look in her eyes and her hands on her hips.

Looking to Lily, James absently heard Petunia's frightened answer before hanging up the phone. Side stepping his wife, James hanged up the phone and quickly dressed himself. "Lily stay here, I'll be back soon enough."

"You're not going anywhere until you've told me what's going on, James! Who was that just now?" Lily said, walking over to their dresser, she picked up his wand and held it behind her back when he tried to reach for it.

"Lily, I don't have time for this, I have to go. Can you please just listen to me for once!" James growled, why couldn't she just see that he was doing this to keep her safe, he thought.

Holding her own, Lily stuck out her jaw at him looking defiantly stubborn.

Huffing out a heavy breath of air, James grumbled before reluctantly filling her in. "Harry's at your sisters, alright? Now if you don't let me go now, she might be dead before I can get there!"

"Harry's at Petunia's?" Lily murmured in a dead whisper.

"Yes, now hurry, Lil's my wand. Give it to me." James replied, urgently.

"I'm coming with you."

"What? No! Your staying here where it's safe. Now give me my wand, Lily." James said, holding out his hand for her to place his wand into.

"He's my son just as much as he is yours, James. Now I am coming with you and that's final!" Lily hissed, placing his wand in his hand, she squared her shoulders and went off to dress in a simple set of clothes. Dressed in a faster amount of time than James himself had done, Lily stood with a determined expression on her face and her wand clutched in a tightly wound fist.

Resigned to her will, James gave her a lazy nod before leading the way from the bedroom with an eerily silence between them, the soft padding sound of their feet was all that could be heard as they made their way through the house. Completely dark out, James and Lily

stepped out of their house and disappeared where they stood. An echoing sound of what muggles would think was thunder followed in their wake as they apparated to Privet drive.

With two pair of eyes fixed on one of the many identical looking houses of the street, the auburn haired witch and black haired wizard hastily made their way to the front of the house listed as number three. With noticeable dark skid marks from the wheels of a car that had made a hasty escape from the driveway of the house, James shared a look with his wife, both seeming to know that Petunia and Vernon had made a successful escape.

"I go in first, you stay behind me at a distance. Be aware of your surrounding's, Lily." James instructed, reaching for the handle, he was not surprised to find the door unlocked as they must have made a rushed getaway. The corner of his mouth quirked up a bit at the thought of Vernon Dursley actually doing something physical like running.

"I know how to take care of myself, James. Let's just end this nightmare tonight," Lily said, her voice laced with a nervousness she was unaccustomed to having. Stepping through the doorway of her sisters abode, she let her emerald eyes scan the darkened house for any signs of her son.

Pointer finger raised to his lips, James motioned for silence as he began climbing the staircase to the second floor. Wand outstretched before him and at the ready, he let his tongue slide out to wet his lips. Floorboards creaking beneath his weight, he kept focused on the task at hand, as hard as it was with having Lily with him, his concern for her well being outweighing his own ten to one. Opening the first door as quietly as he could, he used Lumos to view the pitch black room. Finding nothing, he moved onto the next room, Lily just a mere foot behind him.

Coming to the last door of the hall, James turned the handle and pushed open the door to discover a sight that took his breath away. Laying stomach down on a single sized bed, there laid his fourteen year old son looking as innocent as the day he entered the world. Wand laying clattered on the floor as one arm hanged over the side of the bed, James entered at a slow pace. He heard his wife's slight gasp as she too finally took notice of him.

Wand aimed at his sons back, James swallowed nervously and opened his mouth to cast the spell that would have his son in a stunned state. Unable to move, or be conscious at all. "Stupe-"

"Wait," Lily said, grabbing his wrist, she tugged James's wand arm down. Her eyes set on her sons boyish features, her yearning to hold him once more and have him be as he once was, was almost unbearable.

"Lily, what are you doing?" James asked, he already knew the answer to his question. But it was all he could think to say. "You know what we have to do, our son is gone, remember. This isn't him, this is Voldemort's creation, we have to do what's right."

"But why did he come here, James surely you have to see this isn't like him, what if he's changed, what if-"

"No, Lily. No what ifs, there's been to many what ifs with Harry and it's always the same, more pain." James whispered, pulling his arm free from his wife's grip, he raised his wand once again to take aim at his son.

Closing her eyes, Lily had to look away as her husband casted the spell that lit up the room with a red flash of light. Opening her eyes a second later, she watched as James then went over, stooping down to pick up his sons wand which laid on the floor.

Shaking his head, James straightened himself out and gave Lily a look, speaking in a normal tone as he believed the threat to be eliminated. "I'll take him to the Ministry, leave them to deal with him. You go home."

Speechless as she had her eyes glued to the face of the boy who looked almost identical to his father at that age, Lily dragged her gaze onto her husband. "Can't it wait till the morning, James... Please, I have to know... I have to speak with him, I need to know where we went wrong... Can't we take him home, just for the night then you can turn him over... Please."

"Lily, no... We can't. " James protested, he had to divert his own eyes as the broken look on his wife's face sent a pang through him.

"We can't or you wont," Lily said, shaking her head, tears started to flood her eyes. Wiping them away with her sleeve, she looked back to her son and felt her composure crumble. "Please, James. Just one night, just to speak with him one last time... Please."

James didn't answer, he couldn't. If he would have spoken it would have been a complete and utter garbled mess.

"Please." Lily whispered.

"One night will turn into two, and two into three, and so on and so on," James said, clenching his jaw, he followed his wife's focus to their son. "... Rose will be home soon, it wouldn't be safe. We can't keep him as a prisoner in our house Lily."

"It wont turn into more, I swear James, just one night. I promise. We'll set up wards, keep him locked in, just for one night." Lily said, blinded by the need to have her son back, even just for a little while.

Feeling the last of his will to deny her wishes die, James sighed and relented to her. "Fine, one night Lily. And he stays locked in his room, he doesn't go anywhere without the two of us encase he tries something. In the morning, as soon as it's light out, we take him to the Ministry. Agreed?"

Agreeing with ease, Lily stepped forward and wrapped her arms around her husbands waist. Laying her head on his chest, she inhaled his scent and hugged him tightly. "Thank you, James."

"Don't thank me, Lily. Not for this." James replied, returning the embrace, he bowed his head to kiss the crown of her head.

Staying in each others arms for a minute or two, Lily finally pulled away to go and walk over to the side of the bed, reaching down, she ran her hand through Harry's hair. With her eyes holding a pained look to them as she remembered how he once was, Lily sucked in a sharp breath of air before correcting her bent back and looking to James. "Shall we go home?"

"Yes, I'll side apperate him there. You go ahead, I'll be right behind you with him. Try getting a hold of your sister and let her know she should spend the night in a motel or something. It wouldn't be wise for her and her husband to return until we've had wards set up. Who

knows who else knows about where they live." James answered, his old Auror mentality acting up.

Nodding her head to show she understood, Lily gave James a slightly suspicious look as if trying to figure out if he was going to really take Harry to the Ministry instead. Knowing she had to trust him to do what he had agreed to, she kissed his cheek and told him to hurry before setting off back to their home. The sound of her apparating away had James's easing up somewhat now that he didn't have to worry about her being in any immediate danger.

Eyes on his son, James went over and dragged a hand down his face. Fighting off a headache that he knew was coming, he knew if he didn't get Harry back to their house soon enough, he'd go against Lily's wishes and turn his son over to the proper authority's. He was a man keen on doing the right thing, maybe not in his youth, but with age came more than just a family, it came with responsibility and life experience. All of which contributed to helping him be the man he was today. Taking Harry's hand in his, he focused on the location of his house before apparating them there. Appearing just outside the front door of Godric's Hollow with Harry laying at his feet, his sons limp hand in his.

Fitting an arm under Harry's knees and one under his back, James lifted Harry up from the ground. The door opening as Lily stood to the side, watching as James carried their son inside. "Watch his head," she warned, following him as they clambered their way up the stairs.

"I know, Lil's. Don't you worry about that." James mumbled, absently. "Can you get the door."

Squeezing past her husband, Lily opened the door of Harry's bedroom. A room neither of them had visited since Harry had been confirmed as a supporter of Voldemort's. Laying Harry gently down on the bed, James went about setting up wards around the room. Making it so the window could not be broken by blunt force or opened at all, he then went about casting spells on the door and looking for things in which his son could use to escape.

Approaching her sons bedside, Lily let her wand hover over her slumbering son for a long pregnant pause of time before mumbling. "Enervate."

At his wife's side as soon as he heard her say the reverse spell to the one he had placed on Harry earlier, James stood with his wand in hand, ready to cast a spell if it should come to it. Both parents watching in anticipated nerves as his eyelids fluttered open.

Groaning as he had what could only be described as a steam roller going through his head, Harry sat up with blurred vision. Or at least until he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. Confused as he was greeted with the sight of a differently painted room than the one he had fallen asleep in earlier, Harry looked over to have his jaw drop at the sight of his dead parents. Eyes wide, he moved as far away from them as he could, his heart pounding in his chest as he sat looking up at them.

"... Harry." Lily croaked at last, wanting to take a step towards her son, she felt James's hand wrap around her wrist and keep her from moving closer to the lost looking teen that was her son.

"No," Harry mumbled, hands going up to fill his hands with clumps of his hair. He shook his head in disbelief. How did Voldemort find him? How did the snake faced villain manage to pull this off, who was it really, Bellatrix Lestrange and her husband under the affects of Polyjuice? "Stop it, go away... Go away. Not this. Enough already, enough!"

Looking confused, Lily shared a look of bewilderment with James before shaking off his hand from her wrist. "Harry, it's us... Look at us, Harry..."

"You're not them, you aren't real, go away." Harry repeated over and over again.

"Harry, listen to me... It's us, we're real, talk to us, tell me what's wrong," Lily said softly. Her hopes were rising with the idea that maybe something might have happened to have turned him back to the way he once was, something that made him realize all the things he had been doing was wrong. "Harry..."

"Lily." James warned, watching stiffly as his wife took another few shuffling steps forward to the bed.

Ignoring her husband, Lily did her best to keep herself aware of the fact that it could all be an act, but she was getting to the point where she was almost convincing herself Harry was coming back to her, her baby was going to be hers once again. The way he should have always been. "Harry look at me, it's me... Why, Harry? Why'd you do it?"

"Go away!" Harry growled, swiping a hand out at her, Lily took a jump back as James stepped forward with a raised wand.

"Don't make me hex you Harry, your lucky we haven't turned you over to the Ministry yet as it is. And don't think we wont either, come tomorrow morning that's where your off to." James said, his voice a cold, harsh sound.

"Oh thats rich, what another little set design like you had before?" Harry snapped, his eyes flickering up to meet the hazel ones of the man pretending to be his father. "Don't lie to me like you think I'm gullible, that I'm just going to sit here anymore and consume your lies. And don't you ever wear the face of my father! Wasn't Sirius enough? Get out! Leave me alone!"

James was taken back with his sons choice of words, clearing his throat, he waved his wand at his son. "I don't know what your playing at Harry, but it's not going to work. Your going tp pay for your crimes, your going to be responsible for the actions you took while working for him."

"I've never worked for him, and I never will!" Harry yelled, angry at having a man looking just as his father would if he hadn't died tell him he was working for Voldemort had him in such a fit, he was just a minds inch from jumping up from the bed and striking the man in the face.

Lily pushed by James and leaned over the bed to try and cup the sides of Harry's face. "Harry, what have they done to you?" she asked, pain washing through her as he moved to avoid her touch. His hand shooting up to slap her own pair away.

"Stop it, leave me alone... Leave me alone." Harry mumbled, his hands going to cover his ears as he let his eyes fall close. Chanting to himself about how it was all fake, he rocked himself back and forth.

"Leave him be, Lily. It's no use talking to him," James said, shaking his head. Seeing the tears start to form in his wife's eyes, he placed an arm around her shoulders and began to guide her from the room.

With her sons chanting following them from the room, Lily let herself break down as soon as the door closed behind them. Arms held tightly around James's waist, she cried for everything that had been taken from her when Harry had conformed to Voldemort's will. "Oh why, James? Why?" she cried.

"Shh, Lil's. Come now, you know there's nothing we could have done, it's just how he is." James said, he did his best to be a soothing element for her as he rubbed circles on her back to help her calm down. "Wipe your eyes, love. Don't cry, you know you shouldn't have been expecting anything different than what he gave us in there."

"I know," Lily wept. "... I know."

Kissing her temple, James gave her one last strong squeezing hug before letting her go. "Let's go downstairs, Lil's. He's not going anywhere and I could really use a glass of something."

Giving him a simple nod of her head, Lily led the way slowly down the stairway to the kitchen. Taking a seat at the table held at the room's core, she propped her elbows on the table top and cradled her head in her hands. "I don't get it, James. I just don't get it. What's wrong with him? Why is he like that? What happened to him?"

"I can't even start to guess all the things that's happened to him, Lily. And honestly, I don't want to, it's the path he chose and I won't feel sorry for what he brought upon himself." James answered in a solemn tone. His eyes downcast as he spoke.

"You don't mean that, he's your son, James. He's our son. He might have done all that he's been accused for, but can't we have some compassion for him, we created him, raised him for a time... He's my baby." Lily said, looking close to tears again after just being able to control her watery eyes.

James sighed and clenched his eyes shut for a moment, opening them, he looked to the first thing he felt he needed more than anything at the moment. The bottle of Firewhiskey sitting nestled between a few other bottles of liquor on a high shelf in the corner of the room. Walking over to it and plucking it from it's spot, he popped the cork that held the pungent liquid in and poured himself a glassful. Taking a swig, he pulled a face at first before it sank down into the pit of his stomach. "... Lily, that thing upstairs is not our son. He might have his face, heck, I might even still recognize him as my offspring, but I realize now that holding out with a small shed of hope that he'll change and see his wrong doings is something that will never happen."

"You don't know that, all he needs is tim-" Lily said, starting her protest before being cut of mid-sentence by her husband.

"Bullocks!" James snapped at last, shaking his head, he took another drink of his beverage. "No, no more time, he is what he is. And tomorrow when I take him to the Ministry, he'll be judged as he is."

Sitting in silence, Lily fell resigned to the fact that her husband was firm with his earlier decision. Eyes flickering up as she heard the shuffle of his feet, she watched with thinned lips while he moved to take a seat across from her at the kitchen table. Focus going back down to the tables surface, she thought back to the few minutes she had, had with her son upstairs. Some of his words sticking out like a sore thumb. "James?"

"Yes?"

"What do you think he meant by 'wearing the face of his father' or 'Wasn't Sirius enough'."

Looking at her with an expression of utter confusion, James could only shrug in reply.

"You don't find that even a little bit suspicious? What about when he said he had never served... Him."

"Merlin help me, Lily, I don't know, and really, I don't want to. I'm not going to fall into some ploy of his, alright? So can we drop this subject of talk?"

"No. You might've given up on him, but I haven't. It broke me when you delivered him to Azkaban so soon, and yes I know what your going to say about how he's no better than any other Death Eater. But, James, no other Death Eater is my only son." Lily said, her voice expressing her determination. Getting up from where she sat, she turned to the the series of cabinets resting along the kitchen walls.

"What are you doing?" James asked, his eyes trailing every move she made.

Pulling open cabinet after cabinet, Lily mumbled a few inaudible words to herself until pulling out a worn leather pouch. "Here we are."

Glass raised to his lips, James stilled as he realized what it was she had been searching for. Having forgotten they had hid the Floo Powder there last after periodically changes it's hiding place to keep their daughter from flooing out whenever she so wished like she had once done when Harry had first gone missing. He placed his glass down and slowly got to his feet. "What is it you plan on doing with that... Your ruddy mad if you think we can let him just go free, he's a killer, a murderer."

Lily looked to James with a shake of her head. "I'm not letting my son go anywhere until I'm sure I've done everything I can."

"He's going to the Ministry in the morning, we've already discussed this!" James stated.

Letting out a soft sounding huff, Lily spun on her heel and headed towards the living room. James in hot pursuit.

Puzzled with what she was planning to do, James was beginning to figure that whatever it was, it wasn't good. Something that would surely go against everything he had said they would be doing tomorrow morning. "What're are you doing with that, Lily. Give it to me."

Throwing a defiant look at her husband, Lily filled her palm with a handful of green powder and stepped into the fireplace. "HOGWARTS, HEADMASTERS OFFICE!"

James watched with a gaping mouth as his wife was over taken with green flames, vanishing within them, he sank into the plush leather armchair that sat in-front of the fireplace. Shaking his head and muttering to himself, he waited for what was sure to be something unpleasant returning to him. As he believed and was proven right, the fireplace burst with green flames and revealed the glowering face of Severus Snape. "Of course she'd get you, is it to much to hope that one day she might go back to that school and return with Dumbledore or McGonagell?"

Giving James his usual sneer, Snape let his coal black eyes wash over the room at hand. Having only had the displeasure to be here a couple of times, he always took the short amount of time in satisfying the little curiosity he had in what he could of had, had he won Lily over and not James Potter. "Trust me, Potter. I have no more wish to be here than you wanting me here. I hope only to prove your point oddly enough and leave."

With a cool expression upon his face, James pushed his glasses up his nose and sat quietly. He wouldn't admit it, but for once, he was actually glad to see, Snape. At least then he wouldn't be alone in convincing his wife that Harry was indeed the villain he made himself out to be. Two pair of eyes flickered to the fireplace as it flared with green flames again, this time to have an auburn haired witch step out however.

"Thank you again, Severus," Lily said as she dusted the soot from her clothes. Her kind eyes going up to settle on her old school mate. "He's upstairs."

Pushing her thanks to the side as he was never one to accept appreciation easily, Snape went off to do as he was asked. With James and Lily following him up the stairs, he paused outside of the room that held host to the Dark Lord's most vicious and loyal servant. Giving a look to the couple behind him, he entered the room to be met with a pair of glaring emerald green eyes. "It seems we've come to meet again, Potter. I must say the Dark Lord has being quite unruly with your disappearance. Your beloved Regulus Black is still shivering with the after effects of the Cruciatus Curse."

Harry didn't reply, he wouldn't indulge their lies, he simply continued to glare at those who entered coldly. His gaze fixed preferably on his potions professor than the two people pretending to be his parents.

"No lippy retort tonight, I must say I'm a bit disappointed, Potter," Snape said, his hands folded together behind his back as he viewed the young teen sitting on the bed before him. "Well come on, Potter, speak. Give me some reason as to think your parents claim that you've changed has some truth to it."

"Parent." James corrected, his voice a lame monotone.

"Parent," Snape conceded, drawing the word out to show that he thought his old school nemesis correction was unneeded and unwarranted. "Well, Potter? Is that it, is this your attempt to prove to the world you regret your sins?"

Harry held his tongue for as long as he could. "My only sin is having not been able to expose you for the filth that you are when I could have, Dumbledore will figure it out soon enough, Snape! You can't fool him forever! Were you still serving Voldemort in my first year with the stone? What about my second year, was it you who had actually given the diary to Ginny!"

"What are you blabbering about, you dimwitted child, I've no recollection of your pathetic school years!" Snape sneered.

Eyes narrowing into lethal angered slits, Harry balled his fists. "Liar! You tried to give Sirius up to the Dementor's, it was you!"

Looking over to Lily, James appeared unsure, he wouldn't admit it, but there was something about his son's words that had him starting to see the hope his wife held.

"If I had tried to give up, Black, to the Dementor's. I did a miserable job as the bloody mutt still plagues my existence." Snape scowled, his pale face hardening into a look of dislike as he looked down on Harry.

"Is this all he's going to do, Lily? I thought you would have gotten him for a reason, I mean, If I wanted to argue with, Harry, I'd have done that myself." James said, with one of his hands in his trouser pockets, he kept one hand at the ready with his wand filling his palm.

Lily opened her mouth to answer, but just as she started to form the words, it was Snape that answered her husband.

"I was merely trying to see if what your wife said had some truth in it, and as miraculous as it is, it does, the boy is speaking in a way that warrants some form investigation. I did not place it before but this is not the first time the boy has spoken like this." Snape drawled, letting one pale hand disappear into the fabric of his black, crisp robes. He drew his wand and aimed it's tip at Harry's head.

Harry felt his throat constrict at the sight before him. Figuring what ever was about to happen to him would be less than pleasurable, he closed his eyes and clenched his jaw so he wouldn't bite through his tongue when the pain hit home.

Watching nervously, Lily wanted to go over and comfort the son she had for so long prayed would come home and see his mistakes. She had been promised what her old friend was about to do would be painless, or close to it, but still, she couldn't help but worry.

Wrist swirling as he began the spells incantation, Snape let his thin brows slant in focus. "Legilimens!"

Images zipping through his mind at an amazing rate, Harry gasped as his life literally flashed before his eyes. Memory's being pulled from his head as early as his parents death, he felt the pull on his mind as more memories were drawn forward and drained from him. After what felt like an eternity, the strain on his mind began to recede until leaving completely. His eyes shooting open as he sat panting from the unfamiliar intrusion to his memories.

Snape stood stoic still, his wand still leveled at Harry's head, he couldn't help but have the dumbfounded expression he had slapped across his face. Processing all he had seen, he cleared his throat and smoothed out face into an impassive expression.

"Well, what was that? What happened?" James asked, feeling a bit out of the loop as to what had just transpired.

"We need to contact the Headmaster," Snape replied, his tone for once when speaking to James was not of a sarcastic and belittling nature. "Immediately."

Lily looked completely at a loss with her old friends words. "Why, Severus? What's wrong, what did you see?"

Depositing his wand back inside his robes, Snape looked over his shoulder to Lily and James. "Dumbledore first. Explanation second."

"I think we have a right to know now before anyone else, we are the ones who brought you here in the first place, Snape." James snapped, he never did like having Severus Snape know something that he himself did not. The other man always seemed to hold it above him, use it as leverage later on, one of many reasons he was not on friendly terms with his wife's friend.

Finally being able to get his bearings back in order, Harry looked up to look at the arguing trio standing by the doorway of the room. Swallowing the large amount of saliva that had collected in his mouth, he sat thinking things over. Things like what was going on? What had Snape just done to him? Did they actually manage to impersonate the Headmaster? He was pulled from his thoughts as he heard those with him in their room make their exit.

Having been the last to leave, Lily stood in the doorway, her hand on the handle, about to close it, yet stopped as she watched him with a compassionate eye. "Try to get some sleep, Harry." she said, softly. When she received no answer, she gently closed the door and took her leave. Going to meet her husband and friend downstairs in the living room.

"Did he say anything?" James questioned, turning from Snape with whom he was still arguing with.

"Not a word." Lily answered, going to take a seat at the love seat, taking notice of the glass of Firewhiskey back in James hand as she passed him by.

Standing with stiff, straight, and proper posture, Snape looked between Lily and James, his scowl returned at seeing them together. A fact that would remain and occur as long as they were together. "I'll return to Hogwarts then and retrieve the Headmaster. I suggest you wait here and do not go up and visit the boy anymore."

"When you return, you'll tell us then what you saw, won't you?" Lily ventured.

Giving her a curt nod, Snape went to the fireplace, calling out the same destination Lily had done when she herself had gone to go and get him. With an uncomfortable silence lingering in the room, the two parents kept silent, unable to talk. It was one thing having gone to go and stop capture their son, it was another thing entirely to have something happen that would make Snape speechless and two others unsure of what to think anymore.

One thing was certain in the dead of night at that moment, until the arrival of the Headmaster of Hogwarts school. No sleep would be gotten that night. At least not till questions had been answered, and true identities revealed.

A/N: Hello all, I know, it's been months. Lol. But alas, I've been busy with work, and other things and have just recently gotten to putting this chapter together. The next one is shaping up nicely and will hopefully be out sooner than this one. I do believe I once said I do not abandon what I start, and this is a testament to those words. Anywho, for those who have been following this story, thank you for waiting patiently, or at the very least, not sending me hate mail. Well none that I have received at least. Now it is late here, so I'm just going to go and answer a few questions and get to the rest tomorrow once I've had some sleep, so, you can be sure there will be some spelling edits and more question answers tomorrow.

So to EriKaBaDel, for why Lily and Petunia sticking in touch, I always figured for myself it was something Lily would just do. I didn't think her own sister own none accepting nature would push her away. I mean, I'm sure they didn't get together for tea weekly, but I assumed they'd be on some form of communication. Also, sorry for frustrating you lol, one more chapter and they might be a big ol' happy family. Nope, no Parseltongue for Harry, or well at least for now, muhaha. As for the Dark Mark, I always figured that it was something of the soul as it lost its colour when Voldemort was not it power, but still alive. So if Voldemort was to die, I figured the Mark would go away completely. A mark on the soul, as such, when Harry switched universes, the mark did not appear as it was not part of his soul. But now you got me wondering, and will research and fix if need be. Now alas, bed. Sleep, here thy come.

## Chapter Ten "Innocence"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

Having tried to stay awake as long as he could, it was reluctantly only a matter of time before his head began to bow down off and on until sleep had claimed him. Slumping over to the side so his body was haunched in a position that would surely give him a sore neck in the morning, Harry slept with the sound of soft snores escaping him. His body so exhausted and primed for sleep, it could only have been the lights flicking on and the voices of many others entering the room he slumbered in to have woken him up.

Eyes fluttering for a moment, Harry slowly lifted his head to take in the sight at hand. Seeing that there was still darkness past the closed blinds of the room, he knew for sure that it was still the same night he had been caught by those impersonating his parents, and just like earlier, they were not alone, in fact, there was a new comer with them, and it was not Severus Snape. Standing with the appearance of a frail old man, and the ending tip of his beard brushing against the tops of his shoes, there stood Albus Percival Wolfric Brian Dumbledore, his blue eyes holding a look of laid back interest, or something a kin to being far in deep thought.

"Hello, Harry," Dumbledore said at last, his face a neutral expression as he broke from the sides of the other to go and take a seat on the edge of the bed Harry occupied. "It's been quite sometime since our last encounter, your much older than you were then, if you don't mind my saying so. You have the eyes of a person whose seen the world in a way more than someone your age should."

Swallowing thickly as he looked into the face he had come to view as a Grandfather, Harry deterred his vision to his hands. Not speaking, he held his tongue less he would lash out. Even as outrageous as it was to impersonate the greatest wizard to ever live, it was even more outrageous to Harry to yell or hit the man, even if in the end it wasn't really him.

"I shall hope you don't hold it against me for taking that as a sign you did not mind my saying so, Harry. But alas, come, surely you

can share with me at the very least as to why you went to your Aunt and Uncles this very night?" Dumbledore ventured, softly.

An impatient grunt could be heard in the background as Snape shifted feet, his arms crossed over his chest, he stood towering behind Lily and James Potter, glaring through the gap over their shoulders. "This is a waste of time, Headmaster. I told you everything already, diddy dawdling around the point is foolish. Do as I and look into his thoughts!"

"Now, Severus, I would not pry into ones thoughts without having been giving permission before hand. And even with young Mr. Potter here, I will only proceed with his blessing to do so," Dumbledore replied, speaking with his back facing Snape and his eyes on Harry. "Patience and honesty, Severus, in all the years of my existence, it is what I have discovered is needed and key to building a bond of trust."

"A bond of trust?" James repeated. Having been explained downstairs what it was that Snape had done earlier to his son, and having the greasy haired git go into great detail as to what it was he saw, James was now at a loss as for what to think anymore. Just who was the boy in front of him, was it Harry? He didn't know, and the more he thought about it, the more it made him feel lost. At least before he had the stern mindset that Harry truly was an evil person, but now, well now it seemed as if Harry just wasn't well, Harry. "... What do you mean a bond of trust, do you mean between you and... Him?"

Letting his wrinkled neck twist to the side, Dumbledore met James's quizzical gaze. "Yes, James. It does not take reading glasses for one to see that your boy is weary of us, it would seem he needs time to adjust, get comfortable with his surroundings. Perhaps if he were to get a good nights rest we can continue this in the morning over some of your wife's delicious breakfast."

On the receiving end of more than just one incredulous looking pair of eyes, Dumbledore simply smiled and got to his feet as James moved forward with outstretched hands. "You can't be serious!"

"No? And why is that?" Dumbledore replied, looking careless and unbothered with situation presented to him.

"Why? Your honestly asking me, why? Well I think that much is brightly obvious!" James snapped out, his annoyance clear in the way his voice grew ever more sarcastic.

"James," Lily's soft soothing voice started, coming to her husbands side, she rested a calming hand on his arm. "Please, won't you listen to him. Has he ever lead us astray before?"

Hand going up to run through his messy, disobedient hair, James let a sigh flow from his throat and past his teeth. Shaking his head to his wife's words, he gave Harry one last single fleeting look before turning around with his eyes downcast. Saying nothing, he slipped from the room with his shoulder hitting Snape's on his way out.

Observing all of the happening interaction from where he sat, Harry let his tongue go out to wet his dry feeling lips. Usually he could find out Voldemort's mean by thinking things out, he didn't always need Hermione to figure something out. Yet tonight, he was stumped. Nothing made sense now, not that it did in the days before now, but at least then he could see things for how he figured he saw them, like Voldemort's attempt to have him join him. But this, this wasn't right, why would Voldemort have his parents and Dumbledore come to speak with him, and then to top it off, make them seem like they care. Well, make his mother seem like she cared. Harry was jolted from his thoughts as he felt a hand be laid on his shoulder, looking up, his eyes locked into a pair identical to his own.

"I'm sorry if we woke you when we came in," Lily said, her voice quiet as Dumbledore and Snape conversed in hushed tones behind her by the door. "Do try to listen to Dumbledore, I know you've never really respected anything he's had to say before, but... But will you please try and get some sleep, you look so tired. It will be good for you."

Opening his mouth for a second, Harry let it close just as he turned his head the other way. A moment later he felt the weight of her hand leave his shoulder. Listening to her soft foot steps start to recede, he turned back to watch her follow Snape from the room, the man like always casting him a glare before disappearing from sight. Yet as he watched Dumbledore start to exit the room, it seemed his voice had a mind of its own as he blurted for the elderly wizard to wait.

"Yes, Harry?" Dumbledore asked, looking slightly curious as he stood in the doorway with his hand resting on the door's knob.

"... What is it they want you to do?" Harry replied, hesitantly.

Giving Harry a smile, Dumbledore let his hand go from the door knob to hook each thumb on either hand into the belt he had his beard tucked into. "Exactly what it was Severus took it upon himself earlier to do, to view your mind's memories through the charm known as Legilimency."

"Legilimency, sir?" Harry asked, inwardly cursing himself for slipping up and calling the man the formal title he had always taken to addressing his Professors at school.

Smiling broadly now, Dumbledore nodded with a light tilt of his aged head. "Yes, that is correct. As the spell so happens to work, it gives one the capability to browse as he or she wishes through another's memories. Thus allowing the caster of the charm to experience another's memories for themselves."

Harry licked his lips again, but did not reply. Having his curiosity quenched, he didn't find it necessary to go any further than he had, he wouldn't be played, no, not this time. This time it would be them who would be played and he the one making and calling the rules. He was not just some puppet others could do with as they pleased, even under pain and force, Harry knew from that point forward, he'd no longer indulge the games and needs of others. He'd do it willingly or not at all.

"I take it that is all, Harry?" Dumbledore questioned, his voice breaking the teen from his thoughts.

Simply giving Dumbledore a lazy look, Harry stretched himself out across the bed from where he had been sitting cross legged on, rolling over so his back was facing to the door, he closed his eyes and waited for the lights to go off and the door to shut before rolling onto his back and looking up at the ceiling. Getting consumed by his thoughts which seemed to revolve around one thing, Harry began to roll back and forth, desperately seeking for a position that was comfortable enough for him to sleep in. Yet unlike before, it appeared sleep would not be merciful and claim him, so as the

minutes ticked by and all he could do was try and clear his head, he found himself up out of bed and pacing.

Figuring he should be using the chance to be alone to his advantage, Harry began to plot his next moves, he'd be smart this time around, he wouldn't just lounge about waiting for the next time they so choose to come and see him. No, it was him calling the rules now, him, not them. And by whatever godly power so be it, he'd do it somehow. Going to the window sill, he worked his fingers the best he could under the piece of wood and try to push it up, yet after attempt after attempt and the window not budging so much as in inch. Harry declared escape by window fruitless and went onto his next attempt of escape, the door. Looking for something to pick the tiny hole in the door knobs center, he grumbled aloud when he found nothing to assist him.

Hand wrapping around the knob with the intention of tearing the entire door from it's hinges, Harry was surprised to find that a simple twist of his wrist had the door opening. Blinking a few times as if to get rid of the day dream he had just had, he blanched when he discovered it not to be a dream, but the actual truth. Sticking his head out first, he looked down either side of a neatly decorated hallway. With hardwood floor and a simple coat of white paint layering the walls, he tiptoed his way out of the bedroom he was behind held captive in and down towards the staircase at the end of the hall.

Halfway down the hall, Harry stopped short as if all luck was on his side, he found his wand resting on a small table that also supported a vase with flowers. Eyes narrowing, he looked over his shoulder and all around expecting them to pop out of nowhere and rain down a load of stunners upon him. However it never came, the silent hall remained silent, no one came to stand in its vastness but him. Filling his hand with the thin familiar wood, he moved stealthily down the last stretch of the hall, eyes looking down the staircase when he reached it, he slowly took one tentative step down but froze altogether when he heard a load of conversing voices from a room on the first floor of what Harry was quite sure was a house. Standing absolutely still, he gently lowered himself to take a seat on the top step and listen in as moving about was not really an option at the moment.

"This is ridiculous, Headmaster," came the cold sneering tone of Snape. The man's heavy breathing could be heard bouncing off the walls with a vicious force. "Your playing host to a boy whose been accused by the wizarding world's highest form of Authority, the Wizengamot. Yes, indeed I know what it was I saw in his mind so do not think to even give me that look, but let us not forget who in fact we are truly dealing with here!"

"Severus, your mind is set on the past. And with a mindset like that, you are being misled on your decision making. If what you saw is true, then we could be dealing with something quite miraculous." replied the old, gentle voice of Albus Dumbledore.

"Miraculous? So the boy goes and manages to get himself a clear conscience and now we are to believe he is a kind, innocent being?" Severus retorted, sarcastically.

Hearing a sigh hiss out like a boiling kettle of water, Harry shifted where he sat and leaned forward with more interest than he had before. Of course the conversation could be staged, but if not, it surely would let him into the mind set of his captives.

"Sev'... Can't you ever see the good in someone else?" asked the gentle voice of his mother.

There was an indignant snort that came shortly after Lily's words, a sound obviously made by one hard headed Professor.

"I do recall a time not long ago when a frightened boy came to me before, Severus. One who had been misled by lies and promises, one who sought for forgiveness for his sins." Spoke the patient sounding tone voice of Hogwarts Headmaster.

"That was a 'long' time ago, and it was a completely different situation compared to that of now. That boy is nothing like me, nothing! I was never that deep into the Dark Lord's ideals!" Snape replied, sounding insulted.

Harry rolled his eyes at having being compared to the likes of his potions professor. Getting to his feet, he eyed the front door at the bottom of the stairs with precise focus, slowly creeping down each step so to not make so much as a squeak. Harry had barely touched

down on the last step when a creaking floorboard gave him away to those in the room to his left as he saw all the heads in the living room turn in his direction. Spinning to the side so he came to stand in the doorway, he held them at wand point. "Don't even think of going for your wands. All I want is to leave, there isn't a need for anyone to be hurt..."

Scrunching his face up in dislike, Snape growled as his hand twitched towards the spot where his wand lay nestled within his robes. "If you return to the Dark Lord I'll die either way, boy," he said, dispassionately. His hand inching further towards his wand.

"Harry, I implore you to think your actions through." Dumbledore said, looking the most calm of all those present as he sat in arm chair with his legs crossed over at the thighs.

"Listen to him, Harry... Please," Lily said, taking a tentative step towards her son, her hands held out before her to show him she meant no harm. "Just put it down."

Eyes flickering from Snape to Dumbledore and then to his mother and back again, Harry took a few stumbling steps back until he felt a pointed edge dig into his spine, turning to look over his shoulder he found himself looking into the infuriated eyes of his father.

"Relinquish your wand this second or you can count any other option out of the question. I'm being quite literal." James warned, his voice could easily be heard for the suppressed anger he had. His mind reeling already at how his son could have escaped. He had used wards he had perfected from years of being an Auror, without a wand with him in the room, it should have been impossible for Harry to have gotten out.

Cursing his misfortunes, Harry sighed, he told himself earlier, he was the one in control. He wouldn't just take things sitting down anymore. Pretending to lower his wand arm, he huffed a breath as he turned and grabbed his father's hand, forcing the wand away, he watched as a flash of red, then a flash of sky blue shot past his side. The sound of breaking glass and crunching wood could be heard behind him.

Grunting as he wrestled with Harry over the ownership of each others wands, James superior body weight and training had him

easily overpowering Harry, pushing his son away, he watched as Snape then wrapped a pair of arms around the boy's torso. Pinning him long enough that James could then move in and with ease pluck Harry's wand from his flailing arms.

"Bloody swine!" Snape snapped, throwing Harry from him, he watched in some form of satisfaction as Harry tumbled to the floor face first. Drawing his wand, he took aim at the boy sprawled out on the carpeted floor. "Petrificus Totalu-"

"Stop!" Lily shouted, going forward, she pushed Snape's wand arm down and turned a hard glare on her husband. "Stop it! He wasn't going to do anything, leave him alone!"

James' eyes glimmered with a small look of betrayal and hurt, he was only doing what he promised on the day they had taken their wedding vows. He had protected her. "Bullocks! You stay out of this Lily, I won't listen to anymore of your defending him, I won't, I've listened and I've listened, and the only thing that happens is more and more disappointment. I mean, can you not ruddy see that he just tried to kill you?"

"On the contrary, James. I do believe your son was doing the opposite, like a trapped animal, he sought freedom, as one who is frightened of his surroundings and that he is unfamiliar with always does. They seek comfort and safety. Again, you should know this better than anyone, Severus." Dumbledore answered on Lily's behalf, one of his hands stroking his lengthy beard. "He presented us with no harm as I suspected he would."

Pulling his hand free from Lily's grasp, Snape snarled at Dumbledore's persistence to bring up his past. The old man was obviously trying to enlighten them with the idea that Harry truly was capable of change, but if only the old man knew all the things the young Potter had done during his servitude to the Dark Lord, only then would he see that Potter was incapable of turning to what so many called the 'light' side.

"You're going to say something, Severus?" Dumbledore asked, politely.

"Yes, that this is ludicrous," Severus stated, he gestured with a free hand towards Harry as he laid sprawled out on the floor. "The boy is

a menace to society, a danger to the public. The boy has one fate, and it's that of being in Azkaban with his soul sucked from his body."

James cleared his throat so to gain the focus of the room. "That won't be happening though, not with the Dementor's being on Voldemort's side."

Pushing himself up off the floor, Harry sat up looking to each face of the room, listening as they took turns speaking their mind. Trying to get into a more comfortable position, he moved to get onto his feet, but the second he lifted his butt an inch off the floor he found a wand in his face, forcing him back down to a sitting position.

Letting the wand he had pointed in his sons face drop, James took a step back and looked back over to Dumbledore and Snape, avoiding Lily's gaze altogether. "So, what are we going to do with him, obviously we can't keep him here as he escaped in what is probably the fastest escape I've ever witnessed."

"Well I should not have expected it to have taken him long to leave after I dismantled the wards you had on the door, and left his wand on the vase table out in the hall for him," Dumbledore commented, his voice an airy carefree tone. His blue eyes focused to James the second he heard the yell of outrage come from the younger wizard.

"You what!" James roared, his face such a red shade of anger it even had Lily flinching back and she swore she had seen almost every level of emotion her husband had to offer over the years.

Simply nodding, Dumbledore looked to Lily and smiled as he pushed up his half moon spectacles up the bridge of his nose. "Lily, I don't mean to bother, but do you think it might be possible for a cup of tea?" he asked, his head then turning to James before he would look back to Lily for her answer. "You heard correctly, James. I let your son free of his restrictions simply to put to test if what Lily believes and what Severus saw has any truth in it."

Seeing Albus turn his twinkling blue eyes back to her, Lily nodded and gave Harry one look over as she passed through the archway into the kitchen.

"You put our lives at risk just so you could see if my son was still a servant of Voldemort's?" James mumbled slowly, his teeth chewing

each word out as if they left a bitter after taste in his mouth when he spoke them. Finger's closing around his wand, he looked over his shoulder to his son. "Well, Professor, did your recklessness clue you into anything you couldn't have found out in a less life threatening way?"

Dumbledore chuckled as he got up from his chair and walked over to stand in between where James stood and Harry sat on the floor. "I found out your son bears no murderous intentions, he choose to offer the chance of diverting a conflict in which pain would be caused for the chance to simply go free."

"Your kidding, right? If the twit here didn't come down the stairs when he did and disarm the boy, I do believe I'd be just another one of Potter's many unsolved murder victims." Snape said, arms crossed over his chest with his wand sticking out at the side as he observed Harry closely.

Ignoring the words spoken to him, Dumbledore stooped down at Harry's side. "Your not a murderer are you, Harry. Trust me, accept my help and let me prove it. I have to understand myself before I can relate it to the world." he said, softly.

Harry sat, musing over the Headmaster's offer. With everything that had been said and everything he had gone through, this was the best bet he had had since the night in the Cemetery. With a slow nod, he agreed to the elderly man's wishes.

"Marvelous," Dumbledore said, slowly straightening himself out, he shuffled over to the love seat and patted the open cushion beside him. "If you'll join me over here, Harry. We'll be getting along with sorting everything out, I take it you remember defining what it was Severus had done earlier to you and your mind?"

"Yeah. I remember." Harry answered, shortly. Getting to his feet, he paid little mind to the weary expressions on Snape's and the man impersonating his fathers face as he went to take a seat next to Dumbledore.

Pulling his wand into sight, Dumbledore put on a reassuring smile as he pressed the tip of it to Harry's temple. "Try to relax, this will only last for a moment. Legilimens!"

Not even given the time to say he understood, Harry found the pull on his mind. Reliving flashes of the past for brief seconds, he felt the shifting of his memories as Dumbledore, or the man who pretended to be him searched for something, most of which was related to Voldemort. A few seconds later he was left heaving for air as his mind fought off an oncoming headache, looking over, he turned a pair of tired, worn eyes on Dumbledore.

"Interesting, very interesting," Dumbledore said, he tapped his bottom lip with the tip of his wand as he thought over all he had seen. His eyes were fixed on Harry but seemed to look through him. His dazed expression only crumbled when Lily reentered the room carrying a tray of tea cups and a kettle. "Ah, tea. Thank you, Lily."

"Not a problem, Albus," Lily replied, placing the tray down on the coffee table in front of the love seat, her emerald green eyes looked over Dumbledore and Harry before going to take the armchair Dumbledore had vacated just moments earlier. "Did I happen to miss something while I was away?"

James snorted from where he stood, cocking his head over to look at Lily. "Dumbledore here thought it was imperative to take off the wards I placed on Harry's bedroom door just so he could gain Harry's trust and take a look into his mind."

"And?" Lily asked with keen interest, her snapping to Dumbledore.

"I'm not sure, I've got a lot to think on, this is an unexpected development I must say though," Dumbledore said, taking the kettle, he poured himself a glass, adding a few cubes of sugar and some cream to it. "Would anyone else like to join me for a cup?"

"I doubt Tea is on the mind of anyone here, Headmaster," Snape said, he was unimpressed to say the least about the night's events. Grumbling to himself for as long as he could, he finally snapped. "Is this it, we're just going to let boy just sit here? What happened to turning him over to the Ministry again?"

"Again?" James echoed.

Body stiffening, Snape looked away, unanswering.

"What did you mean by turning him over to the Ministry again?" James asked, thinking that Snape was referring to the time he had caught his own son all those months ago in Diagon Alley.

"I thought, Black, had clued you in on hi-" Snape started, yet he fell quiet as he found Dumbledore shaking his head. "I retract my words, I must be thinking of something else."

"What's going on?" Lily asked, catching on to the unsureness of her old friends voice. "Sev', don't lie to me, what's going, what did you mean, Albus?"

Taking a sip of his tea, Dumbledore looked to Snape as he cradled his cup of steaming tea in hand. "Severus, if you wouldn't mind. I am a little preoccupied with my tea, do please answer their curiosity, they have just as much a right to know than any other."

"Know what?" James demanded, he could feel his patience run thin when he had others talking about him like he wasn't even in the room.

"That Snape set up Regulus, it was a trap..." Harry mumbled, his softly muttered words had all the attention on him. He wanted to chuckle a bit as the night he, Regulus and the Carrow siblings seemed to make sense. "It was a trap, you didn't give, Sirius, up, you gave me and the others I was with up... But, I... I don't get it..."

Lily blinked dumbly for a moment, shaking her head, she made to get up and go over to help sooth her son, but she didn't make it so much as a step closer to Harry before James swept her into his arms. Chin resting on his shoulder, she looked over him to her son.

"Hmm, and what would that be?" Dumbledore asked, intrigued with Harry's puzzlement.

"How, I don't get how, them!" Harry said, pointing a finger at the embraced Lily and James Potter. "It doesn't make sense, they can't be!"

"We can't what? Harry, please!" Lily cried, trying to shake off her husbands arms, her need to be closer to her son was almost painful now the longer she stared away from him. "Why doesn't it make sense, tell us!"

Growling, Harry shot to his feet. "Why? Because your dead! You can't be here when your dead! I heard you, saw you! It's not possible, it's just not possible!" he yelled, turning around, he leaped up onto the sofa's cushion and then jumped over the back of the love seat. A few more steps carried him to the front door only to have a spell blast him off his feet, throwing him to a corner. Head slamming back against the wall, he looked up with blurry vision to a man dressed in a set of black robes coming towards him.

"You were quite convincing, Potter, I really must say. But I think we've had enough of your lies and deceit for one day." Snape said, towering over the boy huddled in the corner of the entrance hall, raising his wand, he smirked as he casted the spell that sent Harry into the realm of unconsciousness.

Pushing James away, Lily was at Harry's side in a blink of an eye. Cradling his head in her lap, she looked up to fit Snape with the darkest glare she had ever given him. "Your a barbarian, Severus!" she hissed out angrily. "A simple petrificus totalus would have done well enough!"

"He was trying to escape, Lily. I merely prevented him from doing so, would you rather him running off to commit more chaos or whatever it is that mind of his now tells him to do?" Snape replied, calmly.

"Enough, can I get some answers dammit, I've been standing here for Merlin know's how long asking, and asking repeatedly for someone to tell me what's going on! Now I'd like some answers, and I'd damn well like them now!" James yelled above all else, he eyed Lily for a moment before fixing his hardened gaze on Dumbledore and Snape.

Dumbledore got to his feet and placed his empty tea cup down, dabbing at the corners of his mouth with one of the many napkins Lily had brought out on the tray. "Answers at this point are hard to give I'm afraid, what I can say is this, your son's mind is not what it should be. Like a mathematical equation, his memories just don't add up to the answer you seek."

"What in bloody Merlin's name does that have to do with anything? Can you stop speaking in half sense sentences and give me a

straight explanation of what is going on with him?" James demanded, irritated more than ever before.

"Patience, Potter." Snape tutted from the archway of the room.

Growling through clenched teeth, James gave Snape the 'I'm not in the mood so don't start with me' expression.

"All I will say is this, James. The child" laying there, from what I have seen, is not who you think he is, he bears memories and experiences your son never did. Whether the memories I witnessed are true, and actually did occur, then there is much more to this situation than meets the eye." Dumbledore said, his face, one usually of mirth was of an almost unnatural seriousness. "I need time to go through what it is I now hold in my mind, sift through them, see what is real and what is illusion."

"Illusion?" James repeated.

"Precisely that if they bears the symptoms of a false memory, now I promise you in a few days time all will be revealed, but as, Severus, said. Patience. As for the moment, I will take my leave, a long night of discovery awaits me at Hogwart's. I wonder if I might still have my pensieve about, such an exquisite item it is, makes things more livelier I must say, helps bring out things one might miss when just simply, taking a glance." Dumbledore replied, lightly.

Lily watched from her spot on the floor as Dumbledore then moved to the fireplace, motioning for Snape to follow. Looking over to James, she bore the clueless, doe caught in the headlights type of expression.

"Hold on now just a second," James said, taking a few steps after them. "What about him, what are we supposed to do? We can't just keep him here, Rose will be home in two days or did you both happen to forget the school term is just about up?"

Hand filled with green powder, some of it seeping through his wrinkled fingers, Dumbledore smiled and took a step into the fireplace. "Yes, I am quite aware of the happenings of my school. And I wish you all the best on your reunion. Take the time in which I am away to get to know him, James, Lily, you might just find out more about him than I. Take care."

Jaw slipping open to hang agape, James had to blink a few times to be sure he had seen correctly when Dumbledore vanished in a flash of green flames. Absently he watched as Snape followed suit, he to disappearing in a rush of green. The silence in the room that followed was that of a graveyard.

More accepting to the situation than her husband, Lily lovingly brushed the fringe of dark hair that covered Harry's eyes. "We should take him upstairs, let him get some rest."

Words slowly passing through his ears, James slowly twisted his neck to take a look at the front doorway. Running a hand through his hair, he walked over to the archway, simply to stand and observe. He was speechless. How did a night where the agreement was to turn his son over to the Ministry in the morning turn to he and his wife harboring a fugitive for an undetermined amount of time, even if the fugitive so happened to be his son.

"James?" Lily asked when he didn't respond.

"Hmm?" James replied, he seemed resigned to the situation he was in, albeit a bit blindsided by it all.

"We should take him upstairs." Lily coaxed, her fingers trailing Harry's jaw with a gentle caress.

Sighing, James took a few steps towards them before crouching down to pick Harry up into his arms. The boy was unsurprisingly light considering the amount of time he had spent in Azkaban, food they did not follow the guide lines of a healthy dietary meal, nor were they large quantities. With ease he carried Harry up the stairs and back into the room Dumbledore had so freely let him escape from. Placing him on the bed, he felt one of his hands be filled with a much smaller, softer one. Looking over he came to meet the bright, hopeful green eyes of Lily.

"It feels so surreal to have him back." she whispered.

"He's not back, Lily. He's not. It's... It just doesn't work that way, nothing ever works out like this, it doesn't happen, it can't happen. I know him too well, he can't go from what he is to how he was before all of it, he just can't." James replied, his mind still reeling and

musings over everything that had transpired since plucking his son up from his sister-in-law's.

"Say's who, you?" Lily countered. "Dumbledore said he may not be the same boy we thought he was, what if everything we thought was a lie, James. What if he's been under a spell all this time, what if it was the Imperius curse?"

"I know how to tell when someone is under the Imperius curse, Lily, and that day in Diagon, he was not under the Imperius, he was acting on his own. His choice, his, not Voldemort's," James said, surely. "Please if you wouldn't mind, go downstairs and get a sleeping draught from the kitchen."

Lily looked wary to leave James alone with him, but a reassuring squeeze from him to her hand let her know Harry would still be there when she returned. Disentangling her fingers from her husband's, she quickly exited from the room, her light foot steps receding until they could be no longer heard in the distance she made.

Standing at the foot of his son's bed, James looked transfixed on his boy's face. It looked so peaceful, so at ease, it was hard to shake it from his mind, he was accustomed to seeing the angry snarl on his son's face from the day in Diagon Alley, that was a look that plagued his dreams ever since he had condemned his son to what he thought was the Dementor's kiss. But now, seeing him here, laying as tranquil as he was when a baby, it took over his mind, replaced all the bad images of his son and filled it with that. Damn he thought, why? Why did he have to do it, why did he have to go and join the likes of Voldemort and his Death Eaters.

Clenching his jaw, James forced himself to look away. He wouldn't let his defenses fall simply because there was a false hope that Harry was in fact good, funny, he never really put good and Harry together before, they had always been two things that did not compute well with each other ever since Harry's turncoat to the Dark side. Cursing himself for letting him think too far into things, James turned to leave the room only to have Lily plow into his chest.

"I got it." She said, holding a vial up for him to take. "We're going to give him the chance to sleep naturally, aren't we?"

"... No, not tonight. I don't want to have any mishaps in the middle of the night, this easier. Trust me, Lily." James answered, taking the vial from her petite sized hands. A few strides later he found himself at his sons bedside, leaning over to pour the liquid of the vial into his sons partly open mouth. Closing his hand around Harry's mouth, he then drew his wand and muttered. "Enervate!"

Eyes shooting open as the spell woke him from the magically induced stunned state, Harry came to the startled surprise of a hand clamped over his mouth, gagging for a moment, he swallowed the liquid he found in his mouth in surprise. With the hand quickly removed after the contents of his mouth had been downed, Harry tried to get up from the bed, but his body wouldn't comply. Muscles going slack, his body slumped back down onto the mattress with his eyes fluttering closed.

"Did you really have to?" Lily asked, a pain in her eyes as she watched her husband force her son to drink the potion.

"Are you going to question everything I do for our safety?" James asked, doing his best to keep a civil tone. His wife's blindness to their sons wrong doings was having him short tempered, at least if he could try to see things like he did. But she didn't, that just wasn't her.

Lily didn't have an answer she could give him, when he walked by her and stood waiting for her at the door with an expecting look on his exhausted face, she gave him his answer by taking his lead by leaving the room. Both parents watched their son sleep for a moment before they closed the door. A new day awaited them in the morning, and by all that had happened, neither parent were doubtful of the fact that it would be just as eventful, if not revealing.

A/N: A special thanks for this chapter goes to the "French Dark Lord" who for as long as I've been writing this story, amazingly continues to read and review. All of which has given me the encouragement to continue writing. Please tell me what you think, hate it or love it, I don't mind, I just love the feed back. Thank you for reading, till next time!

## Chapter Eleven "Acceptance?"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

With the sound of rolling thunder, and steady beating rhythm of falling rain from the grey skies above, the Potter household in Godric's Hollow sat a gloomy residency. The dark forecast of weather which loomed overhead set the standards for the inhabitants within. Having become a much somber place since the return arrival of the homeowners eldest child, it stood now as a prison instead of a place of what should be happy memories and safe easy living. For inside the house on it's second level, locked a way securely in a room knelt the most infamous, the most vicious, Harry Potter. Or so, so many believed.

Having a day pass since Albus Dumbledore's last visit, Harry had taken to secluding himself, not even bothering to try and interact with those pretending to be his parents. He had had enough of being forced asleep or witness his fake mother's fake, but yet quite convincing deep loving emotions for him. Instead he choose to explore the room those acting to be those whom he held dearly in. Reading a few pages of each book he found littered around the room, it was only a matter of time before Harry searched under the bed, what lay beneath it actually stirred a look of interest in his tired, grumpy, bored face.

Maroon in colour with a gold latch to keep it sealed, Harry ran his fingers over the embroidered writing on the cover of a large book, or binder in this instance. 'Harry's First Year,' he mumbled aloud, his fingers trailing the 'R' for a longer moment before letting his hand slide to the latch on the book, his interest hooked into it like a fish on a fisherman's line, he quickly pulled the binders cover open and feasted his eyes upon an unexpected childhood photo, one he easily recognized of himself, even without reading the small caption below the picture.

All moving and in a somewhat dull, faded colour, the first picture in the album screamed of a happy time long ago. Laying on a crisp looking white sheeted single bed with an exhausted look on her slightly younger face, the Lily Potter in the photo bore a beaming smile as she held a neatly wrapped bundle within her arms, a small

tuft of black hair sprouting out from the top of the baby's head which was wrapped within the confinement of the blanket Lily held. The caption below the picture read 'July 31st, 1980. The Birth of Harry.'

Smile twitching at the corners of his mouth, Harry turned his eyes focus onto the next picture of the album, there in it he found his much more youthful self sitting flat on his arse on what seemed to be the hardwood floor of a living room. Dressed in a pair of jeans and simple red hoodie, he looked to be not much older than that of the first photo he had seen, and like the first, he was not alone it. With his small chubby hands clapping against one another in excitement, Harry watched as a happier, Sirius Black shot off sparks from the tip of his wand. A simple act of magic that seemed to have his child self amused beyond belief.

Swallowing down the large lump that had formed in his throat, Harry remembered his own first meeting with his Godfather, or at least the first meeting he could remember with his father's best friend. Gaunt looking and believed to be a treacherous traitor, the Sirius that Harry met in his third year looked nothing like the man in the photo. However among all the memories Harry held close to him, it was his third year that he loved the most, even with having to believe that the traitor to his parents and murderer of Peter Pettigrew was on the loose and coming for him. It was the first time he had met was someone he could relate to, know that someone practically as close as family could care for him unlike that of the Dursley's.

The Dursley's he thought, a snort of disgust coming from him a moment later as he recalled how they treated him like the grime on the bottom of one's shoe. Thinking more about them with the weight of the picture album on his lap, he realized they probably never took a picture of him to commemorate his childhood, not that it was something to commemorate with how dreadful it had been. But these people... His parents, they did and each photo after the next that he looked at appeared to burst with the feeling of happiness and love, a trend of emotions that lasted all the way to the end of the album until Harry was thrown completely off guard by the appearance of a new child.

Similar to the first photo Harry laid eyes on in the album, this last picture too held a haggard looking Lily with a child nestled in her arms, the difference came in the fact that instead of a tuft of black

hair, there were strands of vibrant red hair and the caption beneath it read 'June 2nd, 1981. The Birth of Rose.'

Closing the picture album and pushing it the side, he flopped backwards on the floor, his eyes fixed on the blank ceiling as he pondered over just who the child was. He had no siblings, not that he knew of. So who was she? Where was she? Did she actually exist? Shutting his eyes, he let his mind wander. Everything was so unbelievable here, so unthinkable, yet at the same, it was perfect.

He had nothing then, but had everything he had ever wanted now, bar the fact of Death Eater's thinking that he was one of them. It was then that it occurred to Harry, while spending the last few days in the company of Voldemort and his servants, why would the man switch tactics all of a sudden from trying to make him believe he was a loyal follower and advocate of Voldemort's cause, to making him believe all the people he had ever cared for want him to not work for Voldemort. It was a contradiction within itself. It just didn't make sense to him.

Clasping a hand to his forehead, Harry let out a long sigh. Why was it him who always had the unwanted twist in his life? Or was it just that he made his life that way, was he to blame? Maybe, he thought, instead of viewing his current circumstances as a bad thing, why not for once embrace it? Perhaps he had been viewing things in such a bad light for so long, he just assumed everything was bad, for once could he not just simply seize the opportunity he had been presented with? After all, what was so wrong with a world where he had his parents? A family?

Abruptly brought from his thoughts by the opening door of the room, Harry craned his neck to the side to discover a straight faced, stiff standing, James Potter. A wand held in the older mans hand and for once its point was directed to the ground.

"Your awake." James stated, his tone simple and flat as he viewed his son sprawled out on the floor.

Pushing himself up into a sitting position, Harry gave a light shrug of his shoulders. "It's pretty easy to get up early when you get a nights rest without being drugged," he replied pointedly to the fact of having been forced to swallow a sleeping draught the night before last. "Also the fact that there's a storm doesn't help either."

"That potion was a necessary precaution, you don't really have a good track record, nor did you make the best impression that day," James said, firmly. "Now as it happens your mother is preparing breakfast, and she requested I ask you if you would mind joining us instead of eating by yourself up here alone."

"I get an option?" Harry asked.

"For this you do." James answered, his eyes flickering to something else for a moment to keep his thoughts away from what Snape had told him he had seen in his sons mind. Since then, when it came to Harry, he just didn't know what to think anymore.

"Right," Harry mumbled, keeping a civil tone just as he tried to keep an open mind about his current situation. "... I suppose I might as well um, join you."

With a look of surprise crossing his face for a second, James cleared his throat and gave a nod. "Alright then. Oh and Dumbledore sent a letter this morning saying he'll be dropping by today, which works out good considering your mother and I have to go to King's Cross today."

"Why are you going there?" Harry asked, easily seeing the man who could be his father for what he felt, unsettled and awkward at having to talk to him. Obviously the man was more used to or at least expecting a more argumentative conversation than they were having. His eyes rolling at the fact that no matter what was going on he was left under the watch of somebody or another.

"Because it's the end of the school year..." James said slowly, letting his words linger as if Harry was expected to already know the reason. But when he didn't seem to clue in, James simply answered. "Your sister is coming home today, so we'll probably be moving you to another location for some time until we tell her about all of this."

"Where will I be going?" Harry questioned as he got to his feet, he looked slightly wary of the idea of being moved somewhere else. If he never saw a Dementor again it would be too soon in his mind.

"We'll discuss it over breakfast, now come on, Lily's waiting on us." James said, taking a step out of his sons room, he made sure to keep a safe distance between him and Harry, his wand at the ready.

Following James' lead, Harry exited the room a tilt from the older mans head sent Harry in the direction of down the hallway to the staircase. The aroma of bacon hanging heavily in the air as the sound of it sizzling on the pan grew louder with each step he took down the stairs. Idly he wondered if this is what his life would have been like if his parents hadn't died, and minus the fact of being constantly accused of being a Death Eater and his father never in his presence without a wand. In a way it was his life's dream to meet his parents, it was just funny in sense that the man who took them from him, in a way, returned them to him.

Touching down from the bottom step, Harry looked over to James questioningly as he heard more than just the sizzle of morning bacon, he also heard the conversing of two voices in the kitchen both of which were familiar enough to him now that he put faces to the voices before he even entered the kitchen with James just behind him.

"Good morning, Harry." Dumbledore greeted, a welcoming smile resting on his crinkled face as he sat at the kitchen table, accepting a glass of tea from his mother who gave him a matching smile to that of his Headmaster's.

"Good morning, Headmaster." Harry returned, slowly.

"Take a seat, Harry. The bacon will be done in just a minute." Lily called from over her shoulder as she busied herself at the stove. She being obviously more accepting to the current events than compared to her husband who still waited for substantial proof to show him that Harry was a changed human being.

Glancing over at his mother, Harry then turned back to Dumbledore and approached the table the elderly man sat at. Taking a seat, he watched his father do the same, the mans hazel eyes fixed keenly on him even as he spoke to Dumbledore.

"I didn't expect you to becoming so early today, Albus. Considering your students leave for home today." James said.

"Yes, yes they do, and they are in the more than capable hands of Minerva. I do apologize if I am intruding or disrupting your morning, but I did happen to come upon something after the viewing of young Harry's memories here." Dumbledore replied, raising his cup to his lips, he blew on the hot liquid before taking a drink.

For once James' eyes left Harry to focus on Dumbledore. "You did? What is it?"

"All in good time, James. I think to wait until Lily is able to join us," Dumbledore answered, reaching over to pat a hand James had resting on the top of the kitchen table before looking to Harry. "You seem quite at ease, my boy, I'm glad to see that. I'm sure it has been a troubling matter for you to adjust to your surroundings, seeming as it is so different from what you are used to."

"Sir?" Harry asked, a single word that simply asked for a more in depth explanation.

"I'm sure you've thought it at some point, but you're to put it simply, not from here, Harry, are you? Some times the unexplainable is easier to succumb to than trying to make sense of it, we are not a ploy of Voldemort's, unreal, or dead. As hard as it may be for you to believe." Dumbledore said, doing his best to ease Harry into the truth.

Harry sunk into his chair, his mind racing with the words Dumbledore had spoken. Looking over to his father, he felt his mouth go dry, could it be possible? Was it actually him? But it wasn't possible, someone couldn't come back from the dead. Then again, Voldemort proved that wrong. Harry could feel his palms go sweaty, he jumped in his chair as a plate of bacon was placed into the middle of the table, right along with the bowl of scrambled eggs and freshly cut fruit.

"Did I miss something?" Lily asked, taking a seat at the table, her face reading a look of confusion as she tried to decipher the reason as to Harry's face of wonderment and James' utterly lost look.

"Nothing that won't be further explained now, I assure you. Now since I was granted by Harry here the ability to look into his mind as Severus did, we were able to tell you he had memories that did not seem to coincide with events that had happened. And thanks to

Harry's memories, one so in particular of a cemetery," Dumbledore said, he cut off there, not wanting to divulge what Harry had gone through or witnessed that night without his permission. "More importantly, the spell 'Alma Desterrar' that was cast that night."

"I've never heard of it," Lily commented, pulling a face as she tried to think of the spell while also trying to understand what importance this had to do with why Harry was acting the way he was.

"I would not expect you to, this spell is unique, one of a kind. Created by none other than Tom." Dumbledore said, his tone had grown somewhat quiet as he saw Harry with a troubled expression on his face, no doubt reliving the memory of that night in his head.

Shifting in his chair, James ran a hand through his hair. "I'm not following, what does this spell have to do with Harry?"

"Simple my dear lad, it's the cause of how Harry got to be among us here." Dumbledore answered.

"I'm pretty sure we all know how Harry got to be here, Albus," James said, casting a look to his son, he sighed. "Look, can you just tell us what's bloody going on? We've gone two days with the promise that we'd know why he's like this!"

"All I have said is related to the answer you seek, you see this spell has the ability to remove one's soul, similar to that of a Dementor's kiss. To translate 'Alma Desterrar' from its incantation use, it means 'soul to exile,'" Dumbledore said, seeing now that being blunt was the best option to reach through to Lily and James Potter. "Unlike the Dementor's kiss, this spell extracts the soul of one's body and dispels it elsewhere, somewhere unknown, anywhere. Harry's soul here landed in our world, to be precise, his soul landed into the soulless body of your actual son."

Lily scoffed at the older wizard's words. "Landed? Removed? Extracting souls? You must be joking... That's... Well it's insane!"

"Neither what I said is of a joking or insane matter, your son, or at least the one seated here before us is from another world." Dumbledore announced, examining the expressions of Lily and James who both appeared unusually pale. "I assure, Lily, James. The boy that has taken the place of your, Harry, is a very kind

hearted boy. One who has endured much loss, pain, and heartbreak from what I have seen."

Harry's head shot up as he listened to the old Headmaster. Heart picking up a rate as all of what Dumbledore said sank into his mind. This was a different world? Everything that had transpired in the last few days was real and not perpetrated by Voldemort? He felt as if he was teetering on the edge of fainting, this couldn't possibly be real... Though then why deep down did he truly believe it to?

Body stiff, back straight, and palms damp with an anticipating sweat, James looked straight on at the teenager who was his son, yet at the same time not. His boy was dead, gone. Replaced by the same person, but from what he had heard, replaced by a boy his own should have been.

Getting shakingly to her feet as her knees went weak with the information given to her, Lily took a few wobbly steps back from her chair at the kitchen table. Back to those in the room, she kept her eyes trained on the muggle clock hanging on the wall. "... What's going to happen to him?"

"As far as I'm concerned it's entirely up to, Harry, on how we should proceed. I must admit if he should choose to return back to where it is he came from, that I am currently limited in the knowledge on the spell Tom used on him." Dumbledore said, softly.

Absently turning his dazed gaze onto Dumbledore, Harry looked lost for words. "I... I think I could use a um, a drink... Water... Something."

"You and me both." James mumbled, pushing himself out of his chair, he took a slow shuffling paced walk out of the room.

Holding a hand to her mouth, eyes still fixed on the clock, Lily barely took notice of any happenings of the room she stood in. She had been so sure he had changed, turned from the cruel person he had chosen to be, she just didn't understand how much he had changed. "I don't know what to say... I really don't."

Seeing her continued struggle to come to terms with the situation, Dumbledore reached to his beard to stroke the long white stretch of it. "Perhaps getting to know one another might be an open option?"

"I thought I did know him, that I could forgive him for all he's done, but what's there to forgive... It isn't him, my son... He's..." Lily said, breaking off into a sharp gasp of air which was quickly followed by tears swelling up in her eyes. She bowed her head to try and hide her breaking emotions.

"Now, Lily. I think you are not seeing this in a lighter light as it should," Dumbledore said, reaching for a piece of the untouched bacon on the table. "There's a saying that goes a little like 'even a bad thing can be a blessing in disguise. All you have to do is realize it.' Can you?"

"I'll realize it when it happens," James grumbled, walking back into the kitchen with a half empty bottle of Firewhiskey in hand. He avoided all eye contact with the teenager who should be his son, taking a stand near Lily. The recent revelation to much for him and his wife it seemed was to much to handle.

"Why then do behold a blessing in development," Dumbledore replied, wiping his hands of the grease from the bacon, he got to his feet and patted Harry's shoulder on his way to the counter sink. "Let's see what we can do for you and that glass of water, hmm, Harry."

Pulling the cork from the neck of the Firewhiskey bottle, James downed a swig and scrunched a face as it burned a trail down his throat. With one hand on his alcohol, he let his free hand go and take one of Lily's own. An offering of support that both elder Potter's needed. His wife's hushed sniffing brought James to make a swift decision on Harry's future here in their world. "... He can't stay here with us any longer, Albus."

Depositing a glass of water in front of Harry, Dumbledore sighed. "Are you sure that is what you want without giving it some more time to think over? I personally believe it would be an enlightening experience, one that would benefit both you, Lily and James, as well as young Harry here. If you were to take the time to get acquainted, you'd be surprised at what you might just discover, like how things would've been like should you and Lily were not arou-

"NO!" Harry blurted all of a sudden, half out of his chair as he made to stop Dumbledore from finishing his next set of words. The last

thing he wanted was to have his parents take pity in letting him stay here with them. "... He's right, I can't stay here... I have to go, I need to return to my home."

A saddened look crossed Dumbledore's face as he listened to Harry. He was quite sure if it were different circumstances that presented the boy with this chance, the boy would have surely jumped at the opportunity to get to know his parents. "If that is your decision, Harry. So be it, I shall honor it."

With everyones focus of the kitchen on him, Harry gave a slow nod.

No objections were voiced against his decision and after a long pregnant pause of absolute silence, Lily took a deep breath, stumbled a croaked excuse and silently left the room. Pulling her hand from James' as she went. Watching his wife leave, all James could do was take another drink from his bottle, his head hung down, he moved to the far side of the kitchen to look out the window over the sink, a steady stream of water from the pouring rain outside flooding the glass.

Dumbledore seeing this knew that any further chance of discussing things would have to be done at a later time, so standing to his full height and gesturing for Harry to do the same. He beckoned the younger child a gentle smile. "If you might have any belongings to collect, I would suggest you go and do that now Harry as I think we should be taking our leave."

Already half out of his chair, Harry nodded and thought to what he possibly could possess, not much came to mind except for the wand he had taken from him the night he had been at the Dursley's. "I'm not sure of any actual belongings, but I did have a wand, sir. The one you allowed me to have that day you... Well you let me out of the room upstairs." he said, speaking slowly as he did not wish to draw the attention of his all to stressed looking father.

"I see," Dumbledore replied. "James, if I could have the wand you confiscated from, Harry, please."

"What?" James asked, drawn into his own mind, he hadn't even bothered to pay attention to the things going on around him.

"His wand, James." Dumbledore repeated, patiently.

"Oh," James mumbled. "It's in the living room, in the bottom shelf of the cabinet."

"Thank you. Come along now, Harry." Dumbledore said, leaving the room with Harry just behind him, although the boy continued to look over his shoulder the entire way out of the kitchen.

Turning away from what Harry was sure the last time he would ever meet his father, he looked onto Dumbledore, a man who had seemingly become a constant thing in the last few recent years of his life. Even in a different world he appeared dependable when needed. "Sir, where am I going to be going?"

"Somewhere safe." Dumbledore answered, half-informatively. Retrieving Harry's wand for him, he held it out for the youthful wizard to take.

"That's it, you won't say where?" Harry asked, taking the wand from the wrinkled fingers of his Headmaster. It was amazing how such a small object could bring such a relief and guaranteed feeling to someones own personal safety. "Can I at least know how we'll be getting there?"

Giving Harry a smile, the elderly man gracefully swept from the Potter's Godric's Hollow home and out into the drizzling weather outside. With the dark grey clouds looming still overhead and the drumming sound of thunder in the distance, Dumbledore stuck his arm out for Harry to take. "Take my arm, Harry. It's nothing to fear."

Hair beginning to wet with the rain, Harry pushed the long dark strands from his eyes and took the wholeful trust he had in Dumbledore and took his arm. He didn't bother to give the house that held his parents another look before vanishing with a CRACK! that matched the thunder above.

A/N: I know, it's been awhile. I apologize in advance. Just had to deal with a few things, one of them being a lack of commitment for proceeding I suppose. But I promise, this story will be finished if it is the last thing I do. Thank you for everyone who has stuck with this fanfiction, I truly appreciate it. Oh and I hope this made those who wanted the information of good Harry to be out, even if they aren't

really a loving family... Yet. Or at all. :) Now I could give you all a storyline which would ultimately make my story pointless, but I have it in a direction that has all motivations to make sense. Since half of you probably don't read my notes, not that I'm complaining :) I shall give you a hint now that will effect the future of my story. Like in the books, Regulus is emotionally attatched, and like Kreacher will do anything to protect those he truly holds close. I hope you can look back at the later chapters and see this in the future ones. Thanks everyone.

## Chapter Twelve "Inquiries and Answers"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

Nausea sensations of being squeezed through a thin tube subsiding away, Harry slowly let loose his tight grip on Dumbledore's arm and open his clenched eye to view his new environment. Just the first rough glance over his surroundings did not seem promising in the least. Buildings of all the same bland architecture were lined together on each side of a narrow street littered with old dusty automobiles. Seeing Dumbledore start off down the street, Harry followed suit, keeping close to the more experienced wizard.

Harry scrunched his nose as the air became smoggier with a heavy industrial stench hanging thickly in the air, looking up past the rooftops of rowed grey houses, smoke stacks from some working factory or another could be seen billowing out an endless rush of black smoke. Why Dumbledore had brought Harry here was beyond his knowledge, the only safety the place seemed to offer was the fact that everything looked the same and it was probably very easy to get confused and lost, that is if the toxic air didn't kill you first, Harry thought. A hand going up to cover his mouth as he coughed.

Walking a fairly straight path down the narrow street, it was not long before Dumbledore's long graceful strides slowed to a short stop outside of one of the many identical houses. "Here we are!" announced the old wizard with a satisfied looking smile on his face.

"Here we are where, Sir?" Harry asked, eyeing the desolate street up and down.

"This, Harry," Dumbledore answered, directing a wrinkled hand to the front door of the house they stood outside of. "Is Spinner's End. It's a muggle residency as I'm sure you've figured out, built around it's industry."

"And who lives here exactly?" Harry questioned.

"Severus Snape would be the one to reside here." replied Dumbledore plainly.

"Snape?" scoffed Harry, a look of horror flashing across his face at the thought of having to live with Snape for an unknown amount of time.

"Yes, my boy. Professor Snape. He is one of the few to know about your current status here in our world, so naturally you should be staying with him. Do not worry though, you will have some company other than him for a time." Dumbledore said, giving a slight tilt of his head in the direction of the front door.

"Can't we just go and tell someone else? Like how about the Weasley's? Why does it have to be, Snape!" Harry groaned, approaching the front door of the house that now looked just as dark and brooding as Snape himself.

"It sounds as if you did not have the best relationship with, Severus, in your world, but as I'm sure I will tell you now, as my counterpart in your world surely must have told you the same. Respect, Harry. Snape deserves it just as much as you or I, if not more so." Dumbledore scolded in his light hearted tone. Reaching past Harry, he gave a sturdy knock to the thick front door.

Shaking his head, Harry sighed as he stood awaiting the sneer he was sure to be greeted with by his least favorite Professor. Though it came as an unexpected surprise to Harry that the face that greeted himself and Dumbledore was not the least bit displeased, however a bit suspicious. "Professor Lupin!"

An expression of confusion quickly found its way etched onto the scarred face of Remus Lupin. Whom, in Harry's own opinion looked in much better health, but worse off wealth than his own world's Lupin. The lines of aging that he had bore in Harry's world were barely noticeable in this one, his hair a floppy mop of light brown, and an unshabby amount of stubble on his face. His robes on the other hand appeared old and frayed, the patches that held them together were apparent and in dire need of a tailor.

"Pardon?" Lupin responded, his gentle voice slicing the tense silent air in two. His eyes fixed warily on the young wizard standing on the front door step.

"I'm sure, Harry, will be more than willing to explain himself later. Now, Severus told me he had informed you of Harry's situation

through a turn of a 'slip-up' as he put it?" Dumbledore asked curiously.

Turning to Dumbledore, Lupin nodded. "He only told me what he had seen in... Well, his thoughts," he said, his eyes switching to Harry as he spoke. "Even then, Severus, wasn't truly the most divulging on the subject."

"But the little he did divulge I'm sure put you into an understanding perspective of the current situation, such as which, I have found it suitable to leave young Harry here under your capable guardianship and watch," Dumbledore said, reaching into one of the many pockets of his extravagant robes and pulling out a pocket-watch with several hands to tell the time. "Now I must say I am running a bit behind time so I shall be taking my leave, must ensure all the student body of Hogwart's are accounted for and safely on their way home on the Express."

"Albus..." Lupin started, he looked obviously hesitant about the task the old wizard had sprung upon him.

"Trust in me, Remus. Severus is well aware of all of this, it took some convincing on my part for him to allow it, but he was under the impression that Harry being here was a last resort, an unlikely thing to happen so he accepted. Please do take good care of the boy, and I implore you, Remus, do act as a mediator during your own and Harry's stay here with, Severus." Dumbledore said, he kept a smile on his face even as he backed his way out onto the narrow streetway. "Farewell."

By the time Harry opened his eyes from blinking, Dumbledore had dissaperated. Left alone in the company of a man he knew once before, but now not.

Standing to the side of the doorway, Remus gave an awkward looking half-smile of greeting and swept his hand in a motion that invited Harry in. "I'm sure he'll be back soon enough."

"Yeah," Harry mumbled, tearing his eyes from the street, he took a few nervous steps into the dimly lit, stuffy air filled house. Looking about he found the decorating to be few and clearly uncared for. The wall paper looked aged and peeling at it's seems, the houses

upkeep was an obvious low priority for Snape it seemed neglected to say the least. "Figures it would be Snape living here."

"I didn't catch that." Lupin said, having not heard the boys ramblings as he closed the front door of the house. The bolts on it twisting with a crunch as he locked each and every one of them securely.

"Nothing, sir," Harry replied, his respectful tone put Lupin in a state of surprise, a look of which Harry caught when he turned to face him. "... Are you alright? You look a bit, um, dazed?"

"No, it's nothing, just was not expecting something is all. Come, sit with me won't you? I've a few questions I'd like to ask if you wouldn't mind?" Lupin asked.

Shaking his head 'no,' Harry answered with a tiny twist of a smile at his lips. "I don't mind at all, it would be nice to talk to someone and figure out a few things for myself as well, if you wouldn't mind me asking some questions in return?"

"Of course not, follow me, I've found that Severus's study seems to be the only place which bears some form of furniture so we might sit." Lupin said, leading a way out of the dark entry and down a short stretch of dusty hallway to a room lined with shelves of books and a fireplace. A large window allowed a slight stream of natural light into the room through a crack of the two heavy curtains that were pulled together at it's middle, sitting in front of the fireplace and looking like the only item in the house that was cared for was an armchair and accompanying footrest, across from that was a hardwood desk with parchment neatly stacked in piles on top of it, an old wooden chair tucked under it. As Lupin said, it did seem to bear furniture, if not much else.

"He doesn't keep much here does he, but I suppose that's better than the coffin I was expecting him to sleep in," Harry commented as he walked to the closest row of books, his eyes skimming the titles. "Or well I guess he has a bedroom to put that in doesn't he."

Lupin chuckled a low laugh. "I'm quite sure, Severus, is no Vampire. Perhaps you've let a few wondering ideas of Severus go to far."

"Perhaps, it's not the first time I've wondered about him, well I should say my own Professor Snape. The git from where I'm from,

he's the one I've spent more time wondering about on what his real intentions are, not so much this one. Though they do seem to act the same." Harry mumbled, he spoke freely as he was more focused on looking around than paying attention to what he was saying. Maybe it was just instinct to feel comfortable and trusting in his old D.A.D.A Professor's presence.

"I see," Lupin said, pondering on what Harry said. "I must confess, I'm curious as to what you mean by that, all I know about you for the moment is that your memories are not what they should be, that you are practically a different person. And I admit that from what I've witnessed so far, it's not that far fetched to believe."

"You could say that, sir, that I'm a different person, even if honestly I don't feel it much myself." Harry answered, looking over his shoulder to his Professor who took a seat in the armchair. "Sir, why are you here? With Snape I mean, Dumbledore said I'd have company so I wouldn't be alone with him, but I was expecting Professor Dumbledore to stay here for a bit, not you being here."

"As it is I've just returned from some Order business, and as I've not had the best luck with receiving a job here due to my condition of health, I usually stay with Sirius or the Prewett twins, but with the full moon coming up, Severus has been kind enough to brew me a stock of wolfsbane to ease my transformation. It made sense to stay with him so he could come and go between here and Hogwarts to make it for me." Lupin explained, his head was bowed a little as he spoke, as if lost in thought.

"Well I'm glad that it's you who is here with me, sir." Harry said, he felt awkward saying it, but the more he tried to make himself think that he was talking to his own Lupin made it easier for him to talk with the other man.

Observing the boy he had thought for so long to be a troublesome, evil soul. It took Lupin some time to grasp the concept of maybe somethings could change for the better. "Dumbledore said you would be able to fill me in on yourself, give me an idea as to what brought on your change of mind."

"Huh?" Harry questioned, taking a moment to register what it was his Professor wanted him to explain. "Sure, but I can only tell you what I've been told."

"Which is?" pressed Lupin.

"That I'm from another world, well that's how Dumbledore put it when he explained it to me, Mu-Lily and James." Harry said, his jaw clenching tight at the mention of his parents.

"Would I be correct in assuming, Dumbledore, gave some form of explanation on how that might be possible?" Lupin asked, watching as Harry turned back to explore Snape's study.

"Sure he did, he said Voldemort sent me here, not in the way you might think," Harry replied, adding the last part quickly as he didn't want the other man to think he was sent here on orders. "I guess he um, well to put it as simply as I understood it, he took my soul and sort of deported it here to this Harry's body."

Lupin looked skeptical.

Harry tried to explain it more reasonably. "I'm probably not explaining this as well as Professor Dumbledore would, but I hope you can understand I don't have all that much experience in this sort of magic, and to be honest, not in much magic at all except what's taught up to Hogwarts' fourth year curriculum."

Sorting out the information that Harry had laid out before him, Lupin gave a small smile before asking another question. "So you went to Hogwarts?"

"Yes... Didn't the other, Harry?" Harry countered, he idly remembered a memory of his counterparts self being in the dingy hallways of Durmstrang to see Karkarov, but memories could be tampered with couldn't they?

"No, I cannot say he did. Lily and James thought it would be best if he got as far away from England as he could." Lupin answered, he felt much more at ease talking with this Harry than he ever did with his prejudice predecessor.

Cocking a brow of interest, Harry found himself drawn into the conversation and made his way over to the stiff looking hardwood desks chair. Taking a seat, he licked his lips before voicing his

curious mind about the others Harry's history. "So where is it he went, Durmstrang?"

Rubbing the back of his neck, Lupin sighed with a nod. "You assume correctly. Your parents thought it would be better for him to go there as Voldemort had already started infiltrating France, so Beauxbatons seemed out of the question for them. Though I don't think they realized the sort of mentality they had at Durmstrang before it was too late. Being there just happened to enhance Harry's fascination with dark magic and quest for power, or so are my thoughts on that."

"When I was first told about that school during the Tournament, I didn't expect much different. I mean, dark wizards and all that." Harry said, thinking back to the beginning of the Triwizard Tournament and Durmstrang's arrival, the gossip that surrounded the controversial school of dark arts.

"Tournament?" Lupin asked, trying to figure out everything about this new Harry that he could in the little amount of time they would have alone together.

"Oh, the Triwizard Tournament, I was one of the selected champions to participate." Harry said, he would have been prouder to talk about it if not every memory that surrounded it got pulled to the thought of Diggory's death.

"Merlin, I would never have thought they would ever start that up again," Lupin mumbled disbelievingly. "Not after all the tragedy and death that happened when it was going on at least. It's just too dangerous."

"You won't be surprised then to know that this one wasn't any different." Harry responded, eyes downcast, he quickly made to change the topic of conversation. "How long was the Harry of here acting as he was, when did he begin getting so... Dark?"

Remus rubbed at his temples for a moment, he remembered the day that Harry began to sink into darker things as it was also first day that he had ever seen Harry give him a look of disgust. "You'll have to understand that the Harry here always bore a desire to learn magic at an early age. He began reading books on advanced magic early on, and even had the audacity to steal James and Lily's wands

at times to try and practise what he learned. But he never really started getting into the Dark Arts until he was set to begin his first year and got his own wand."

"Why's that, sir?" Harry asked, his interest piqued.

"He ran into the wrong sort in Diagon Alley per say, I won't get into any names," Lupin said, his eyes locked with Harry's. "Why is it you call me Professor and sir?"

Harry appeared confused for a moment until the realization that if the other Harry had gone to Durmstrang, he would have never of had Lupin as a Professor sank in. "In my third year, you taught Defense Against the Dark Arts."

"That would explain it, I'm sorry, but I cannot say it's easy for me to accept your formal and respectable titles of me," Lupin said, deep within himself he felt a deep sense of satisfaction at having been able to acquire the role of a Professor. Clearing his throat, he continued. "I'm just more used to hearing 'wolf' or 'beast' coming from your mouth, or I should say, the other Harry's mouth."

"He really doesn't sound all that pleasant of a bloke." Harry noted.

Doing his best not to make things awkward between them, Remus pushed on to the thing that had been pestering his thoughts. "Why is it that the, Lily and James in your world allowed you to go to Hogwarts?"

Looking away, Harry lied. "They really didn't have a choice about it."

"Maybe it's for the best that they didn't, who knows, but you look to have turned out for the better from it," Lupin said, he attempted to give Harry a smile, but it was not returned. "I've heard about your fourth and third year a bit, what about your first and second years at Hogwarts?"

"I'd rather not get into that right now, would you mind if I asked some more about your life?" Harry countered, feeling at ease with his former Professor's counterpart.

"Please do." Lupin replied kindly.

Not wanting to insult anyone, Harry took his time in wording his next question. "So after it all, I mean after the Harry here took a turn for the worse, how did people deal with it?"

"Everyone deals with things differently, for most people of the public, Harry was referred to as the 'Serpentine Child,' since he always wore a mask, his identity was never really revealed, even when he was captured, under Ministry Law, anyone under the age of seventeen cannot be named for the crime committed," explained Lupin slowly. Seeing Harry's somewhat unsatisfied expression, he went on with a more catering answer. "If I were to get into greater detail, I might suppose Lily and James secluded themselves and became inefficient, they had a hard time coping with what the Harry here did. Sirius on the other hand drowned himself in his work, trying to keep you off his mind is my guess. And as for your sister, Rose... Well, she became more adventurous would be the best to say. She would try sneaking out on several occasions to find you, or um, him as it is. I'm sure you get what I mean."

"The gist of it, I do. And you, sir, how did you react to it all?" asked Harry.

"As I said before the Harry here and I didn't get along too well with one another. He was a hard headed boy with ideals we just didn't see eye to eye on," Lupin answered. "His attitude towards me worsened ten fold after Voldemort let Greyback off his leash."

"Greyback?" Harry repeated, his hand going up to scratch the top of his head, his mind going back to think if he had ever heard of the person Lupin spoke about.

"A werewolf like myself, but a cruel man. Very cruel, he takes pleasure in others pain and has a infatuation with infecting as many people as he can with Lycanthropy," Lupin said, his voice grew low as he continued. "... He was the man to infect me in my youth."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Harry said, there was a strained awkwardness that entered the room just then, he hadn't a clue what else to say to the older man.

"Don't be, such are the things of life. There's always a twist of good or ill bad fate along the route of it," Lupin responded, figuring the

conversation had taken a turn for darker things, he quickly changed to a light topic. "Tell me, Harry, was I a good Professor?"

"You were the best I ever had. At least while you were there." Harry answered honestly.

"I wasn't there long?" Lupin inquired.

"You were there for pretty much my whole third year, but near the end word got out about your Lycanthropy."

"Ah, I can see why I did not have the pleasure to return then, a fact like that I'm sure caused quite the stir among the students and their parents. Who was it that taught Defense Against the Dark Arts after me?"

Harry shifted in his seat as he answered. "In my first year, it was Professor Quirrell, and in my second it was taught by Professor Lockhart. Then, after you was Professor Moody."

"Moody? As in the Auror, Alastor Moody?" Lupin asked, his eyes widened in surprise.

"Yes sir, he wasn't all to bad at it, although he did seem a bit barmy, you know, not all there in the head." Harry answered.

Lupin chuckled at that, a smile slipping into the sight for a moment before the sound of the front door slamming open had his head turning in its direction, and Harry jumping up from his seat with wand in hand. A few seconds later a furious looking Severus Snape entered the room, his pale face clenched in an annoyed expression as he held one of his forearms tightly, his jaw obviously locked in what Harry assumed to be a way of suppressing pain.

"Severus, hello. Dumbledo-" Lupin began, his voice immediately being over ruled by Snape's own louder one.

"Don't think to tell me what I already know, wolf. The meddlesome old coot already informed me, he had said it was to be a final option, the trickery of words he plays false as here sits the son of the bane of my entire life, in my home." Snape spat with distaste, his coal black eyes glaring openly at the young boy standing by his desk.

"If you would calm down for a moment, Severus, perhaps we might explain Harry's current predicament over a cup of tea." Lupin said softly, he slowly rose from the armchair he had been nestled in.

Growling through his teeth, Snape took a few staggering steps into the room before almost collapsing to his knees. Lupin rushed forward only to be slapped away with a string of curse words shot from Snape's mouth.

"His mark..." Harry mumbled, having seen Snape like this before through the recent school year, and then Pettigrew at the Cemetery. The hand Snape held clutching his forearm told Harry he was being summoned by Voldemort.

Hearing his words, Lupin looked over to Harry for a moment before he focused back in on Snape. "Severus?"

Snarling now with a cold sweat starting to form on his face, Snape stormed past Remus, knocking shoulders with the brown haired man on his way out of the room. Both Harry and Lupin watched in confusion and silence. As they stood waiting in the study, the sounds of cupboards being yanked open and glasses being shoved around could be heard in the room beyond, minutes later, Snape appeared back into sight downing a vial of thick purple goo.

A look of relief washed over Snape as he swallowed. Taking a deep breath, the potions master straightened himself out and looked to Lupin and Harry with an unnerving dark look. "There isn't much time, they're coming." he growled, a tone that suggested he was attempting to control his anger.

"Who's coming, what's going on, Severus?" Lupin asked.

"Potter's friends, I received a letter from one earlier, giving me a time they'd be coming here," Snape answered shortly. "The old fool has put us all in risk with placing the boy here, they are looking for him, seeking ways to get him back. The Dark Lord is growing impatient with every day Potter does not return to him."

"Voldemort's coming here?" Harry almost yelled, his body tensing.

Spittle flew from Snape's mouth as he turned on Harry. "Do not speak his name! The Dark Lord would never lower himself to coming

to a muggle neighbourhood such as this, you twit, instead he sends those lesser than him to find you, who may use my ability as a spy in Dumbledore's company to find you!"

Harry shrank back a step until he clenched his fists and took a step forward. "Well let them come, let them find me, I won't go with them, I'll fight."

Snape huffed. "Yes as you would stand a chance against them," he said sarcastically. "You'd be killed in an instant, not even mentioning myself and the wolf here. The only option is to hide you, keep you from sight and pray they do not discover your presence."

"How long is it we have before they arrive, could we not just leave?" Lupin asked abruptly. A heavy knocking on the front door answered his question.

"Here," Snape clipped, striding to a near book case, he tapped it with his wand to reveal an entrance to a narrow stairway. "Get in, hurry you fools."

Sharing a look with Lupin, Harry nodded and quickly followed his former Professor into the hidden stairwell. What little light it had with it's doorway open was quickly taken away as it sealed, the last he saw before the light went out was Lupin holding a finger to his no sound at all, Harry sat crouched on a step with his ear pressed to the back of the bookcase entrance. Finally after some time, the sound of several shuffling feet could be heard entering Snape's study.

"Filthy, absolutely filthy, have you ever thought of purchasing a House-elf to maintain some sort of living standards, Snape?" Asked a gruff voice from within the study.

"I wouldn't think you were capable of making insults, Rookwood, seeing as you had the company of rats in Azkaban." Snape's cold voice replied sharply.

A low growling could be heard made from Rookwood's gruff throat. "Don't you ever mention that place in front of me!"

"That is quite enough, quit your bickering, the Dark Lord's sent us on a task as you might have forgotten." said a new voice, but one Harry quickly recognized to be Sirius' brother, Regulus.

"And our Master sent you here for what reason?" Snape inquired, playing dumb as Harry thought him to be.

"He did not send us here, I sent you a missive requesting your time with us for two things. One is for you to tell us where Potter is of course, and two is to get an understanding of why it was that when we went to my blood traitor brothers house we found ourselves in a trap." Regulus' hard toned voice replied.

A deep chuckle from some other occupant of Snape's study could be heard after Regulus spoke. "The Dark Lord was mighty suspicious of that, mighty suspicious indeed, as am I. Many of us would like an answer to that."

"Then I must say in advance you will be leaving here with no such answer to that question as I haven't an answer to it myself. Black is an Auror as you must know, I'm sure he had warding charms and such to give him advance warning of his brothers little execution groups arrival. And that's all I'll hypothesise on that subject, Dolohov." replied Snape in a sleek lie.

"Sounds as if you've given it quite the bit of thought." accused the deep toned Dolohov, Harry had to hold his breath just to be able to hear what the man had said.

"You'd catch me in a lie if I said I didn't, I too have wondered why it is that that nights events didn't unfold to have Sirius Black's head removed from his pompous shoulders." Snape answered just as calmly as if he did not have the boy the three men opposite of him searched for hidden behind a shelf of books of the same room they were in.

"And what of Harry? What of Potter? Where is he?" Regulus demanded, his voice laced with impatience.

"Now that is a question I may supply you an answer with," Snape said. Harry gripped his wand tighter. "From what I have learned, the boy was caught in his escape from the Ministry and now resides in

the custody of the Order in their Headquarters, as I've informed you all before is under the protection of the Fidelius charm."

"You didn't think to inform our Master of this information when you first learned it?" growled the annoyed voice of Regulus Black.

"I learned of it just now in my departing from Hogwarts from Dumbledore himself, I don't presume to have you understand, Black, as dimwitted as you are, you know not the importance of what it is I do in the service of our Lord," Snape snapped in reply. "Now before your unwelcomed arrival, the Dark Lord summoned me through the mark and is as such, awaiting my arrival in which I will inform him of what I have become privy to know. Are we done here?"

"I've got nothin' else to ask," grumbled Regulus, his once imperative and focused tone had become sunken and disappointed. "But if you learn of anything else about, Harry, you come right to me, Snape, or I swear..."

"Make your threats, Black. It won't be making me anymore willing to help you find the brat. Since I have seemed to appease all your wondering minds, I ask you to leave the premises of my home lest I take offense at this intrusion." Snape said, his voice leveled in a sense of eased calm.

Having taking turns in holding his breath off and on for a better chance to hear the conversation in Snape's study, Harry finally invoked a need to sneeze and quickly held a hand over his nose and mouth, doing all he could to ward the noise that wanted desperately to escape from coming out and alerting those in the next room to hear. Holding on long enough to hear the heavy falling of feet leave the room, he strained to hear anything else before finally letting loose the sneeze that had been fighting to escape him. He heard Lupin give a hushed 'Shh' beside him seconds before the entrance of the hideaway swung open to reveal Snape standing tensely over them.

"They're gone," he stated, his onyx coloured eyes fixed on Harry.

Standing up from the step beside Harry, Lupin squinted as he adjusted to the light of Snape's study. "Do you think they suspected anything?"

"I wouldn't think so, I'm sure just as you they have their ideas of where my loyalty lies, but not enough to think I'd be daft enough to harvest Potter in my own house," Snape replied, still waiting on Harry to exit the stairway, he quickly grew annoyed and reached down to pull the boy by the wrist from the stairs. Throwing him into the study, he closed the bookcase and shook his head. "As you saw earlier, the Dark Lord is requesting me, I'll leave it you to find the boy some sleeping accommodations. Don't touch anything else in my leave."

"I'm well acquainted with the rules of your home, Severus. I wouldn't want you to be any later than you might be for him, so rest assure I'll have Harry here taken care of." Lupin said, planting a hand on Harry's shoulder.

"It's not the boys welfare I care about, it's him wandering aimlessly about my house that I do. He could sleep outside for all I care." Snape said, casting them both a half glare, he swept from the room.

"How is it you've managed to not hex him as long as you have?" Harry asked, his one hand nursing the wrist Snape had pulled on.

"Years of practise and coming to understand him to a certain extent," Lupin answered softly, giving Harry a light smile, he nodded in the direction of a doorway which led to a set of old wooden stairs. "It's best we keep out of his way till he's left, so I figure getting you settled in would be a good start."

"Yes, sir." Harry agreed, glad to have at least one person other than Dumbledore in this world accept him and be kind enough to help. He only hoped that Lupin's full moon wasn't anytime soon as he dreaded the thought already of having to be with Snape alone, but for now, he could live with it. After all, like Lupin had said, there's always a good and bad twist of fate in life, in his current status, the bad twist was stuck being in Snape's household, the good twist was he had Lupin and Dumbledore's promise that he wouldn't be here very long.

Creeping up the stairs to the even dustier floor above the first, Harry thought of home, his world. He wouldn't think to admit it, but what he wouldn't give to be back under the stairs of Privet Drive than here in a world where his parents lived but didn't accept him and many

thought him to be a Death Eater. Perhaps tomorrow would hold another twist of good fate for him, or so he hoped.

A/N: A decently prompt update? No? :) Well, Remus has been introduced now and things are set up now for the next chapter, which will give some insight into the other Potter's minds, as well as the introduction of OC Rose. So sad since my last OC, Dynex was sucked soulless and then let dropped to be squished on the floor in the recesses of the Ministry of Magic \*sigh\* On a brighter note, tell me what you thought if you'd like to. I hope to have the next chapter up soon and then have a flawless succesion of its next chapters to bring this coming on two year project of mine to an end. Peace to all, and till next time.

## Chapter Thirteen "Acquaintance"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

Sitting cross-legged on the sofa of the living room with a 'Witch Weekly' magazine sprawled open on her lap, Rose Potter sat skimming the article of 'Ten ways to lure your wizard into saying "I love you".' Not that she was truly reading it, she really did have no interest in the subject or the magazine for that matter, but a friend of hers had given it to her to read on the trip home from Hogwarts and she was now using it as a method of covert spying. Since being picked up by her two dutifully depressed parents at King's Cross the other day, she had become intent on learning the cause of their downed moods, not that they had been the most liveliest of people before her return cause of Harry, but now they just seemed completely off.

From eavesdropping to pestering, she had tried just about everything to reveal the reason of her parents abnormal behavior. In her observations of the past day and the events of this morning, she had come to notice certain new traits in her parents moods and actions. Her father on one hand seemed to have lost what little joking manner he had left since Harry's incarceration three and a half months ago, and seemed to have picked up the habit of overly indulging himself in his cabinet of liquor. Then there was her mother, who for the most part had no major change, but Rose did notice however that when her mother thought herself to be alone, she would break down into a fit of unprovoked sobbing.

Twirling her long auburn hair around one of her pointer fingers, Rose was too lost in her thoughts to even take notice of her father's entrance to the room until she heard the now all too familiar sound of his Firewhiskey's bottle lid being twisted open. Looking over, she watched quietly as he poured himself half a glass and then swallow just about half of that.

"Dad?" she asked softly, drawing his attention from the other side of the room.

Looking over, James' eyes opened a slight fraction wider as he saw his daughter. "Oh, Rose. All unpacked?"

"I did that last night, Dad, you know I don't like to put things off for long," Rose replied, closing the magazine and putting it to the side, she raised a hand and pointed to the glass in his hand. "A bit early for a drink, don't you think?"

Eyes drifting down to the amber tinted liquid in his glass, James sighed with a nod. "A bit early." he conceded.

"You never drink unless it's a special occasion or holiday, why now?" Rose stated.

"Life's short, you never know what's going to be thrown your way, might as well enjoy it," James mumbled, he attempted a smile. "What's that you're reading there?"

Rose rolled her eyes. "You're changing the subject."

"Am I?" James asked in return, walking over to the sofa she sat on, he reached down and picked up the magazine she had discarded. "Witch Weekly? Merlin, you aren't getting into this rubbish now are you?"

"And what if I am," Rose said, snatching the magazine from his hand. An act of defiance to his changing of the subject.

"Do you have a boyfriend now or something?" James asked, his eyes locked on the magazine in his daughter's grasp.

"No I don't, not that it's any of your business. Besides, you don't tell me anything." Rose replied stubbornly, rolling up the magazine.

James raised a brow at her. "You're getting to that time of the month your mother always warning me about, aren't you? Hormones and all that."

Rose's mouth dropped as she swatted at her father in the leg with the magazine. "Dad!"

"What I say?" James countered, an expression of innocence on his tired looking face.

"I'm not hormonal or at that time of month yet if you'd care to know," Rose said, shaking her head with a light blush creeping on her cheeks. "I just want to know why you and Mum are acting so... Odd."

"Odd? I think me and your mother are quite even, thank you very much." James defended, taking a drink of his Firewhiskey.

"Yes, because normal for you is drinking this often and this early in the day." Rose pointed out sarcastically.

"What? A bloke can't relax and have a drink on his day off anymore?" James asked.

Rose sighed. "You don't work, Dad."

"Parenting is a job." James replied.

"Then you're on shift, stop drinking." Rose said, reaching for the glass in his hand.

Taken a step back to get away from her reach, James raised his free hand to wave a finger at her. "Now, now, Rose. A minor touching alcohol is considered illegal, you know that."

"Ugh, you know that wasn't my intention." Rose said annoyed.

"Of course not, your a good girl," James said, turning around to leave the room. A strange look of sadness crossed his face as he thought of how well his daughter was turning out to be. "Anyways, I think the kitchen is calling my name so I'll just leave you to your reading."

Watching as he left the room, Rose flopped back against the back of the sofa and tossed the rolled up magazine away from her. What was it they weren't telling her? It was obvious they were keeping something from her, but what could it be? She hadn't read anything in the Daily Prophet recently that would warrant their brooding moods. No one close to them as far as she knew had been killed. Their house hadn't been burnt down or anything of the sort, they weren't broke, and Voldemort hadn't taken over the world, so what was it that could be the cause of their secretive depression?

Spending a few more minutes sifting through her thoughts, she finally got to her feet and walked from the room. On her way towards the staircase in the front hall, she caught a glimpse of her father sitting at the kitchen table pouring himself another glass of liquor, another sigh flowed out of her as she pushed on up the stairs. Heading towards her room, Rose stopped short at the unexpected sight of seeing her brothers room door wide open, something she had not seen since before his allegiance to Voldemort was made known, not herself, her father, or her mother ever went in there.

Something to investigate? She thought so. Creeping down the hallway as quiet as she could, Rose poked her head into the doorway of her brothers room to peer in. Inside she saw her mother sitting hunched on the side of his bed with her head hanging in her hands and the soft sniffing sound of a cry that had just ended. Hoping to use her mothers current state of mind to unveil what it was they didn't want her to know, Rose tip toed in and gently sat down beside Lily.

Looking up from her hands, Lily at first believed the newcomer to the room to be her husband until she saw the hair and it registered. Hastily wiping at her puffy red eyes, she forced a smile. "Hello, sweetie. What are you doing up here?"

"I was trying to find you actually, Mum, why are you crying?" Rose asked, she couldn't return the smile her mother gave her as she knew it to be fake.

"I... I was just thinking about the past and got caught up in myself, I'm fine, don't you worry." Lily answered falsely.

"The past as in Harry?" Rose questioned, looking around her brothers room in which she hadn't been in for quite sometime. Everything still looking relatively the same way as he had left it.

Giving her daughter a small smile, Lily admitted with a light nod to her current thoughts. "I just can't stop wondering how things might be if he didn't go off to do all of those things, if he was still here with us as he once was."

Putting an arm of comfort around her mother, Rose leaned over to rest her head against her mothers shoulder. "I like to think he's still as he once was, it makes it easier for me personally to deal with it."

"But knowing what he did... To have him back, maybe not even him but a form of him, a form of how he should've been, would you accept him? Knowing that even if he wasn't yours but all you ever wanted?" Lily asked hoarsely.

Head still resting on her mothers shoulder, Rose looked stumped over her mothers words. "I don't think I know what you're trying to say, Mum."

"I wouldn't think you would, I'm not sure if I understand it myself yet," Lily said, a soft sigh passing through her rosy lips. "I miss him, Rose."

"So do I, Mum, so do I." replied Rose gently, her arm around Lily grew tighter as her own memories of Harry surfaced, the good ones though that actually had her missing him so.

Sitting in silence for a moment in the comfort of each others company, it was only sometime later that Lily got to her feet, brushed down her clothes, placed a kiss to the top of Rose's head and walked to the doorway of the room to stop just at it. "Come on, sweetie, I think there's something your father and I need to tell you."

Eyes snapping to where her mother stood, Rose knitted two puzzled brows together. Was her mother serious? Was it really going to be that easy? They were just going to tell her flat out what was bothering them? Not going to object to the idea, she hastily got to her feet and pursued her mother out of the room.

Following her down the stairs and into the kitchen, Rose found her father just as she had seen him last, pouring himself another drink. He didn't notice them enter as he appeared to be to entranced in a photo placed down in front of him, Rose couldn't make out who exactly was in the picture from where she stood, but whoever was in it, they didn't do all that much to enhance her father's mood for the better.

"James?" Lily asked at last when her husband didn't look even close to acknowledging their presence in the room.

Head lazily turning to view his wife and then his daughter, James raised his brows. "Lily? Why is... What's goin' on?"

Rose could feel both eyes of her parents resting heavily on her, she didn't shy away from it, she embraced it, for at least now they were finally taking her into consideration with what what they knew.

"I've brought, Rose, down here because I think we owe her an explanation." Lily said, she let her few simple words speak for themselves as James fervently shook his head and held up a hand to silence her from speaking any further.

"No, Lily! We went through this before, I won't have it, I won't!" James growled, he dropped his hand to his glass, took a drink and got to his feet, albeit a bit shakily. "Rose, go to your room."

"We are both her parents, James. I think we should both decide on how we should choose to proceed with the recent events of late." Lily said, she wrapped an arm around her daughters shoulders to stop her from going anywhere as James so desired.

"This is not open for discussion, you how this will turn just as much as I do if she knows," James replied snappishly. Taking one wobbly step forward, he pointed to the doorway of the kitchen. "Rose, go to your room, now!"

"I didn't do anything wrong!" protested Rose.

"Your mother and I have to have a private talk, now go." James said, his voice stern enough to match his expression.

Lily let her arm drop from her daughters shoulder with a sigh. "Go on, sweetie, listen to your father. It won't be long, we just have to clear up a few things."

Groaning, Rose spun on her heels and stalked off through the doorway towards the stairs, she took the first few steps with loud stomping as she felt upset with being denied by her father to be informed. Though before she reached the stop of the stairs, to get to her room, she stopped as she realized she could make out the heated voices of her parents from where she was, and Rose wasn't just wasn't the type to not take a good eavesdropping chance when it presented itself. She leaned over the banister of the stairs to get a better listen.

'Did she go upstairs?' she heard her father ask.

'Have you drank that much to not hear her stomping up them? Merlin, James, how much have you drank today?' replied her mother, there was the clinking of a bottle, Rose assumed her mother must have picked it up as there was a mumbled sort of protest from her father a second later.

'I'm not sloshed if that's what you're insinuating, but are you? I mean what in Merlin's name are you thinking about wanting to tell her, you know how she acted the last time! Running off in the middle of the night like she was, do you really want to go through all that again?' her father said in a harsh tone.

There was a snort of indignation from her mother followings her fathers words. 'And did you ever stop to think that if we told her what Dumbledore told us that maybe she might think clearly enough to see that we do know where he is, that he's safe, and that he's harmless! That maybe she'd understand enough to not go running off looking for him?'

'Harmless? We know nothing of this boy, absolutely nothing! So Dumbledore saw a few memories, what if that's just what the boy wanted him to see, how do we know, Lily? I am not willing to risk it!'

'Would you please stop calling him the boy, he is our son!'

Rose nearly fell over the banister at her mothers words, Harry? No, it couldn't be, she must have heard wrong, he had been kissed, his soul was gone, left to live out the rest of his days in Azkaban... Unless he had been set free, she thought back to an article in the Daily Prophet not to long ago, the break out in at Azkaban, it fitted and made sense. Rose shook herself from her thoughts as she knew she needed to keep listening in.

'That is not my son, I raised my son for a time, my son was good, but he died to me the minute he choose to follow that scum, Voldemort, and this boy now, he isn't him either, he's someone elses boy, no not even that, for all we know he could still be the boy that chooses to follow that scum!' snapped her father, Rose cringed as she heard the smashing of a bottle and a roar of outrage from her father that followed the crash.

'That's it, I've had enough! I'm tired of mopping around, tired of living this way, tired of seeing you drink yourself into a stupor. I am not going to just sit here and let this opportunity pass me by, I am not going to live to regret it, I am going to see him, with or without you.' shouted her mother defiantly.

'You can't-' began her father who was abruptly cut off by her mother.

'Don't you tell me what I can or can't do, and don't think to try and stop me or so help me, James, I'll blast you right off your feet. I hope you take the time while I'm gone to sober yourself up and think about how you're treating this situation.' Rose didn't get to hear a response from her father as her mother stormed out of the kitchen, Rose quickly withdrew from over the banister, watching from a hidden position as her mother travelled into the living room.

Sucking in a sharp breath of air, Rose crept down the stairs, casting a quick glance into the kitchen to see her father sitting back at the kitchen table with his eyes closed and his hands running through his hair. Pressing on towards the living room, she went to peek inside and observe as her mother filled her palm with floo powder and stepped into the fireplace.

"Severus Snape, Spinner's End!" Lily called out, throwing the powder to her feet which in turn swelled into green flames and swallowed her whole.

With her mother gone, Rose paid one more glance into the kitchen to make sure her father was still dull to his surroundings before heading towards the fireplace, her heart pounding a drum beat in her chest, she filled her hand with the green travelling powder and stared at it, debating on whether or not to go. It would be spontaneous to go, what would she say when she got there not understanding the situation herself, she wished she could have confided in someone at that point, but she knew she was alone to deal with this. Exhaling a heavy breath, she mustered what Gryffindor courage she had and went forward.

"Severus Snape, Spinner's End!" Rose said as she stepped into the fireplace and threw the powder down, she never really did like this way of travel, the flames that shot up to engulf her always had her stomach twisting unpleasantly. Eyes clenched tightly closed, she

only opened them when the fresh clean smell of her home evaporated and was replaced with a stale, dusty stench.

Checking her surroundings to make sure the room was clear to enter into, Rose stepped out of the fireplace with soot covering her clothes and smudges of ash on her face, taking in the room stocked with what looked like an endless supply of books, she did her best to clean herself while not making too much of a mess in the already stingy decorated, dust covered room.

Not having even a starting idea of where to go, Rose looked between the two entrance-ways of the room, both seemed unappealing enough as was the whole house as far as she had seen, but she knew she couldn't stand there waiting to be caught so she choose the route to her right, one that had a staircase leading up, it seemed promising for the most part.

Rose licked her lips as she took a few nervous steps towards the stairs, looking up them like they were a set of jagged teeth going to swallow her up when she stepped on them, she tried her best to quell the knot in her stomach as she went up the stairs, all the way she could feel her legs grow weak beneath her. Harry, her brother, the serpentine child was in this house, at that point in time she didn't know if she was excited, nervous, or afraid.

A moment later it seemed to be afraid as she heard someone clearing their throat behind her, scrunching her face up into an expression of 'I'm screwed' she looked over her shoulder to see the questioning face of Remus Lupin. "... Hello?" she said slowly.

"I take it your mother knows you're here." Lupin said calmly.

"Um, not exactly?" tried Rose, she tried to smile but it came out looking more like an awkward grimace.

Lupin let out a sigh with a shake of his head. "Come down here, Rose."

"But-"

"Don't even finish that sentence, come down." Lupin said, cutting her off.

Grumbling under her breath, Rose retreated back down the staircase to where Lupin stood waiting for her. "I just wanted to see him is all."

"Your mother and father would have arranged for it if they saw fit for you to see him," Lupin replied, he took a step to the side so she had a clear path back into Snape's study. "Go on and take a seat in there and wait, I'm going to get your mother."

Rose pretended to wince at what she knew was going to be an unpleasant conversation with her mother, slouching forward she dragged her feet as she moved into the study. Going directly for an open armchair. She knew Remus was standing in the doorway watching her until she sat down before he left in search of her mother.

Listening to his footsteps recede into the distance, Rose got to her feet feeling more determined to find her brother than before, the way she saw it, she was already going to be in trouble, might as well get in trouble for what she came here to do. If only Remus wasn't as trusting as he was, he might have known she wouldn't just sit there like a small child.

Shooting up from the armchair, she darted back through the doorway and up the stairs to the second landing of the house, there was a short hallway to the left and right once she reached the top of the stairs, several doors lay closed on both sides. Going left she tentatively reached for the first doors handle, twisting it, she pushed it open to find an empty room, bare of any sort of furniture or belonging.

She gave a shake of her head as she stepped out of the room and moved onto the next, opening it she found it this time to be a washroom. Rose felt about ready to start calling out her brothers name if she didn't find him soon. Hand stretching out to the handle of the next door she had moved onto, Rose froze as she heard her name called by the familiar voice of her mother. Looking over she found her mother with a straight faced expression, just behind her stood Remus with his arms crossed over his chest.

"Mum, I can explain." Rose said immediately.

"You were listening in on your father's and my conversation, I know." Lily replied simply, not looking the least bit mad, an unexpected reaction in Rose's own opinion.

Rose stumbled for words. "You um, you do?"

"You didn't think I didn't hear you not go into your room?" Lily said, cocking a brow. "I told you I thought you deserved an explanation, even if it wasn't through the most conventional ways. I just didn't count on you following me here, which young lady you will be paying the consequences for."

"... Your going to tell Dad?" Rose asked.

"You can be certain of that, I don't like misleading your father at all, so of course he will be informed," Lily said firmly, turning to look at Remus behind her, she gave him a smile. "And thank you, Remus for keeping an eye on her."

Lupin nodded. "My pleasure."

Turning back to her daughter, Lily finger waved her daughter to come to her. "Now as you are here anyway, I see no problem with you seeing Harry, I myself haven't done so yet but when you see him, you must promise me you will stay calm and not overreact, with Harry now, the situation is a bit touchy and complicated."

"Hasn't Harry's situation always been touchy and complicated?" Rose asked, walking over to where her mother and Remus stood.

"Now more than ever. And I am afraid I don't know how to put this in a way for you to comprehend, Remus, perhaps you?" Lily said, her emerald eyes going once again to lay focus on the shaggy brown haired man behind her.

"Me?" Lupin asked, looking past Lily to the younger redhead standing before them. It took him a minute or two to collect a spot in which to start from. "I doubt I could explain it in a way that made any more sense than you could, Lily, but I suppose it might be easier to understand that Harry, your brother, Rose. He is well, he's gone, he suffered the Dementor's Kiss in Azkaban."

Rose shook her head, her focus immediately switching onto her mother. "But you said he was here!"

"He is here, his body is. Just not him." Lily replied solemnly.

"So he's just here, that's it, he's empty inside?" Rose asked, her voice shaking as if on the edge of breaking into tears.

"Not exactly," Lupin said, continuing on with the explanation. "He's different now is all, but in a good way from what I've seen and got from him when I've interacted with him. There's a spell that was created in a world alike but not necessarily our own, it's a spell that has the ability to cast one's soul from their body and do away with it."

Rose opened and closed her mouth a few times, unsure of what to say.

"What Remus is saying, is that in that world that spell was cast on your brother there, and now his soul is in Harry's body." Lily finished.

Taking some time to let it all sink in, Rose nodded slowly. There were a range of emotions that struck her from her mother and Remus' words, she wasn't sure if she felt loss that her brother was gone, enraged that some new Harry had taken his place, or interest to see what this new Harry was like. Purging the unneeded questions in her head, Rose looked up to the two adults in front of her and took a deep breath. "Is he like as he was here?"

"Not at all, I don't think you could even compare them." Lupin answered.

"Can I still see him?" Rose asked.

"It's up to you, sweetie. Do you feel like your up to it?" Lily asked in return, her voice gentle.

"... Yes, yes I want to see him." Rose answered, she could feel the beginning of nervous fluttering in her stomach.

Holding out a hand to her daughter which Rose took, Lily turned to Remus. "If you'd take him to us then, Remus."

"Certainly," Lupin complied, he fell silent as he lead them down the opposite end of the hall they had been standing in. He stopped just outside a closed door and knocked. "Harry?"

"Sir?" came a muffled reply through the door.

"There's people here to see you, may we come in?" Lupin asked.

The reply to Lupin's question came in the form of the door being opened slightly to reveal the puzzled face of Harry Potter, looking much healthier since first being released from the confines of Azkaban prison, his eyes just like his mother's narrowed suspiciously as he took in the sight of his mother and the girl standing at her side. "Yes?"

Lily's breathing faltered as she took him in, swallowing dryly, she put on a light crooked smile. "Would you mind if we came in for a chat?"

"Uh, sure," Harry said, he stepped back from the door and opened it wider. "Come on in."

Following Remus and her mother into the room, Rose didn't take her gaze off the boy who was her brother. It was him, in the flesh. Not through a photograph or memory, he was there standing just feet from her in the flesh.

"How have you been?" Lily asked after a minute of awkward silence.

"Fine." Harry answered shortly, he went to go sit on a cot that had been set up in the far corner of the bare room he resided in. He spent most of his time in solitude here or in Snape's study talking with Remus and avoiding the Potion Master's completely.

"I'm glad to hear it, you're looking much better." Lily commented.

Harry nodded.

Seeing that it was going to be harder than she thought to get him talking, Lily decided it best to let him know her intentions. "I know we didn't start on the best of terms, but I've done quite a bit of thinking, and if you'd allow it I'd like to try and get to know you, Harry."

"Get to know me? Why? You didn't care to before." said Harry.

"I wasn't thinking clearly then, I am now. And I apologize if my husband or I offended you before, we were shocked to be honest, it's not everyday you get put under these circumstances." Lily replied, she ringed her hands in front of her, she couldn't stop staring at him, it was hard for her to get used to the idea of seeing this boy not as her own but some other Lily's child.

Not giving an answer to Lily just yet, Harry diverted his view to the young girl with them who had yet to say a single word. "And you are?"

"You don't know me?" Rose said confused.

"No, should I?" Harry asked, reaching up to rub the back of his head.

"I would have thought so, am I dead or something where your from?" Rose countered questioningly.

Harry shook his head, he saw that the girl wasn't the only one to bear confused expressions. "What?"

"Harry," Lupin said, directing a hand to Rose. "This is your sister, Rose."

"Sister?" Harry scoffed.

"Why yes, I thought..." Lupin started but drowned off as he realized in all their conversations, the topic of Harry's own family was never really been brought up.

"Your parents never had Rose?" Lily asked, she payed a glance to her daughter to make sure she was holding up alright.

"I guess they never got around to it, or no ones ever told me that she's out there somewhere." Harry answered, feeling more awkward than ever before and a pain in his gut as he thought to just another thing he never got to have cause his parents had been taken from him.

"What kind of answer is they never got around to it?" Rose asked grumbling.

"It's not something you'd understand." Harry bit out, harsher than he had intended.

"Try me." Rose said back, annoyed that he could think to belittle her.

Fingers wrapping into fists, Harry clenched his jaw, figuring it didn't matter if they know or not anymore, he made to put the girl in her place. "You know your mum and dad?"

Rose held her hands out at her side in the expression of 'duh'.

"Yeah, well picture them dead. 'Cause that's why I haven't a sister. Now if you'll excuse me, I'd like to be alone now." Harry said, flopping back onto the cot, he closed his eyes so he wouldn't have to meet their gaze.

There was an uncomfortable silence that filled the room, sharing looks with each other, Lily moved to where Harry laid until he growled for them to leave him be.

"Harry... I... I'm sorry." Lily said, she stayed still, wanting desperately to go and comfort the boy on the bed.

"I want to be alone." Harry stated.

"Lily, Rose," Lupin piped up from the side. "It's time to leave him be."

Sighing softly, Lily went to her daughter and clamped two hands on her shoulders, guiding her from the room. Both she and her daughter stood in the doorway looking into the room at Harry until Remus pulled the door closed.

"I didn't even think," Lily said, she let loose her grasp on Rose go to bring her hands up to her face. "What else has happened to him we don't know about?"

"He seems to be a private person, Lily, it isn't your fault you didn't know, he doesn't like talking about himself all that much. If you'd like, I could drop by sometime and tell you what he's told me, but I'm sure James is worried about you both, you should get home" Lupin said.

"Dad's to caught up in drinking to realize we've gone probably." Rose bit out, wanting to go back into the room and apologize.

"Don't speak ill of your father, Rose. This is hard for all of us," Lily said, dropping her hands to her side. "Remus is right, we should be getting back to him."

"What about, Harry?" Rose asked.

"He'll be here, he isn't going anywhere." Lupin answered, stepping from Harry's closed door, he nodded in the direction of the stairs.

Letting out a sigh, Rose went off towards the stairs with her mother and Remus as an escort. To Lily, each step felt painstakingly harder than the last as she grew further from Harry, she wanted him to be close, even if he wasn't hers, the thought of what he represented and could be had her yearning to get to know him.

Entering the study, Rose tripped over her own feet as she saw a quite menacing sight in front of her. Standing with a haggard look on his face, a clear look betrayal and disappointment stood her father, at his side looking straightfaced as usual was Severus Snape.

"James?" Lily asked.

"Forgot to inform me that you'd be taking our daughter to see him, did you?" James countered.

"I followed mum here, its not her fault." Rose said in defence of her mother.

"Quiet, Rose. Come here, you're going right home, right now." James snapped, Rose swallowed hard and did as she was told.

"You can't blame her for her interest, Prongs." Lupin said, hoping that it might lighten James' view of things.

"I don't want to hear it, Moony, not now," James said. "Are you coming, Lily?"

Lily stood where she was, looking over her shoulder to the staircase. She had to tell herself he would still be here when she returned, and she would, she was certain of that. Walking to where James stood tensely with their daughter, she looked to Snape and Remus with a smile. "Thank you for everything, Remus, Sev'."

Snape gave a curt nod, his black eyes fixed on James.

"Your welcome, Lily, take care of yourself." Lupin said, he gave James an apologetic look as his friend for as long as he could remember paid him no mind. He knew James was upset, and for James, time was the only healer to his friends mood and mindset.

"We'll be in touch, I'd like to know anything you'd be able to tell me about, Harry." Lily said, stepping back towards the fireplace where James held out a pot of Floo Powder for her to take. Filling her palm, she ordered Rose in first.

"Potter Place, Godric's Hollow!" Rose called, the green flames swallowed her up in a flash.

Stepping in after her daughter, Lily repeated the process with a suitably grumpy James Potter doing the same just seconds after her. Leaving Snape's study to Snape and Lupin, both men didn't say a word to either one, there wasn't anything to be said. The events of today were that of the Potter's to discuss not their own.

Lupin personally hoped though that James would come to see reason soon, and take the time as Lily was trying to do to get to know the boy up stairs. It was just as hard for the boy as it was for James as he saw it, and who knew for how long they'd have with each other, Dumbledore's quest to return Harry back to his own world wouldn't last forever. He just hoped James would realize that before it was to late.

A/N: Alrighty then, so introduction of Rose is complete. First step to Harry and family loving has been taken, although James' may be awhile, that thick headed putz. :D Snape really didn't make an appearance in this one, as Harry is avoiding him. If you might be wondering where Lily was when Rose was creeping up the stairs all by her lonesome, Lily was chatting with good ol'Snape which will be expanded upon in the next chapter or so. The next chapter will feature some more family loving maybe. As a side not to my Author's Note, I started up another story just encase anyone was wondering. Thanks for reading, everyone. Until the next chapter! Chow!

## Chapter Fourteen "Forced-Resolve"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

Waiting for the bookcase to move so to grant him access, Remus Lupin carefully made his way purposefully down the steep steps of the dimly lit, narrow staircase he found himself treading on towards Severus Snape's secretive potions lab. Cobwebs hanging heavily overhead as he crouched down low to avoid them, at the foot of the stairs he could make out a weak looking wooden door with cracks giving way to little light, the light being the only sign that let Lupin know Snape was in fact behind it.

To be sure Harry hadn't followed him down, Lupin gave a look over his shoulder before giving a stern knock to the potion master's door. There was a deafening silence for a long moment until Snape's cold voice called for him to enter.

Turning the doors brass wobbly handle, Lupin stuck his head in first with a friendly smile on his face. "I'm sorry to disturb you, Severus."

"If that was true, you wouldn't have come down here at all. Though I take it you've come down here with good reason." Snape replied, his sleek voice kept in a tone that showed he wasn't to bothered with the disturbance even though he tried to make it seem that way as he went quickly to hover over a brewing potion.

"Yes, in fact it's about the full moon tonight actually." Lupin answered, taking the other mans word as an invitation to step further into the room.

"You've been taking the potions I've been giving you, I cannot see what reason would give you concern for tonight." Snape said, looking up from a thick looking text laid out on the counter top he leaned over.

"I know, and I haven't missed a day of taking it, thanks to you," Lupin said gratefully. "But my concern is mainly the idea of Harry, I think it would be best to have him not be here during my transformation."

"... Is that so? Well as much as I'd love to see Potter anywhere else than here, I doubt Dumbledore will move the boy so freely." Snape commented, he cocked a thin dark brow at the opposing wizard as he wasn't quite sure of the man's sudden aim to rid the Potter brat of his presence.

"Dumbledore is not his keeper, Severus," Lupin replied, his soft tone growing to a harder more stating one. "Where Harry chooses to go and stay is ultimately up to him, he is a guest of the Order's, not a prisoner. Dumbledore is not his warden, guardian, or caretaker in anyway."

Snape slowly closed the textbook in front of him, standing straight, he folded his arms over his chest. "And you're suggesting we place the boy where?"

"Lily and James'." Lupin answered simply.

There was a snort of amusement that came from Snape at that. "Did you perhaps not see the way Potter is with his son? He will surely object to this."

"I'm sure he would, however it is not his house or his son alone, I think Lily has a say in this and you saw as I that she has made the effort to get to know, Harry. I think it would be beneficial for them all if we were to place Harry there under the ruse of my transformation." explained Lupin in greater detail.

"Ah... I see now, you're trying to patch their family back together are you, well Lupin, as I've said before I have no care in what happens to the boy. Though to be frankly honest, to have the brat out of my home which the Potter's seem so free to trample through whenever they so wish to would be fine by me." Snape said, his face set in his usual grim stone expression.

"So you will help me spin this tale to Harry and the others?" Lupin asked.

"If it will assist me in contributing to the Potter clan leaving me alone in my home in peace, and without the unwelcome whom they have been pressed upon me, I shall," Snape agreed, he gave a curt nod to Lupin and pointed to the door. "Give the boy the news now?"

"The sun is going down, now is better than later." Lupin said, pulling open the raggedy door of the room in which he first entered.

Snape shook his head with the grim look that seemed to be permanently fixed upon his face. "Then do go on, Lupin, lead the way. You've stayed here long enough to know that you do not need me to show you the way out."

Giving the darkly mooded man a light smile, Lupin headed up the narrow stairs. The heavy foot steps behind him letting him know Snape was with him. He tried to keep a neutral, unaffected and a look of expressionless on his face as he stepped into Snape's study and began calling out Harry's name. Yet through the silence of the house he could hear movement from the floor above as Harry responded to his calling.

Still standing in the center of Snape's study, Lupin watched as Snape came up from behind and took a seat in the plush armchair of the room before Harry could have the chance to join them.

"I do not have all day Lupin so let us do try and make this chat quick, I've a list of ingredients for a potion to still write." Snape said, he clutched the arm rests of his chair and let his head fall back so he could close his eyes. When he opened them he saw the offspring of his nemises standing in the doorway of his study.

"You called, sir?" Harry mumbled, looking directly at Lupin.

"Hello, Harry, would you take a seat, We've something to tell you." Lupin said with a smile, his eyes flickering to the chair that was tucked neatly into Snape's study desk.

"It's alright, I can stand." Harry replied, chancing a glance at Snape before returning his focus back on Lupin.

"If you're sure," Lupin said, he tucked his hands into the pockets of his trousers as he thought on how to tell Harry his plan. "As you know the full moon is tonight and I will be going through a phase that concerns my bodily form and mind."

"Yes, sir, I know." Harry confirmed, his eyes fixed keenly on who should be the former Professor of his own world.

"Good, good, now that should bring us to what we have to tell you." Lupin continued, he was momentarily caught off by an abrupt interruption by Snape.

"What he has to tell you, I am merely here to agree with his idea." Snape said, his cold onyx coloured eyes diverted to his bookshelves instead of meet the eyes of the other occupants of his study.

Harry began to grow suspicious. "Your idea, Sir?" he asked, his eyes shifting back to Lupin.

Letting out a sigh, Lupin placed a hand on his forehead, why he thought it would be easier with Snape's assistance he didn't know. The man lived to make things harder for others. Meeting Harry's eyes, he sighed again. "My idea is to place you at your parents home, for your own safety of course."

"What?" Harry asked, thinking he had misinterpreted the mans words.

"You're going to be staying with your parents." Lupin supplied hesitantly.

Harry immediately shook his head from side to side. "No, I refuse to go."

"It's for your own well being, Harry, I wouldn't be asking you to do this if I didn't feel it a necessary precaution." Lupin stated, his voice going stern for once with his friends son.

Harry bit his tongue lest he lash out in defiance against the man who had been so easily welcoming to him unlike most. Thinking the other mans request over, he found he couldn't deny the only person to kindly accept him into this world other than Dumbledore.

"Alright, Harry?" Lupin ventured, looking for some form of compliance to his idea.

"... Fine I'll go, but just for the night." Harry grumbled.

A small smile crept onto Lupin's face. "Thank you, Harry, you've put my mind at ease."

"Yeah, sure." Harry said beneath his breath, he let his head shake as he pictured the time he'd have at his alternate parent's home. A father who didn't want anything to do with him, a mother who looked ready to cry whenever she saw him, and a sister he knew nothing about. If a situation like that didn't make him already feel awkward, when he was actually there he would surely feel it then.

Lupin tried to give Harry a supportive, encouraging smile but it was never returned. Turning his warm pair of eyes onto the cold hard face of Snape, he gave the accomplished potioneer a nod. "I think we should be giving Lily and James a Fire-call then, yes?"

"I leave it to you, Lupin, as I told you before, I merely support the boy not being here." Snape replied simply.

"Of course, it seems to keep slipping my mind," Lupin noted, he looked back to Harry with a hand gesturing to the staircase that lead to the second floor of Snape's home. "If you would go and collect your thing's Harry, I'll inform your parents of your arrival."

Snorting as Remus said for him to collect his things, Harry turned and went to climb the stairs to the room he had been occupying over the last few days to 'collect his things' that being just the wand he had been given days earlier.

With Harry out of the room, Lupin watched as Snape got up from his chair. "Your floo powder, Severus?"

"On the mantle of the fireplace," answered Snape, he pointed out the wooden bowl filled with the green powder before he vanished behind the bookcase that lead down to his lab, his crisp, black robes swaying in his wake.

Brushing some of the hair he had falling loosely into his eyes, Lupin walked over to the fireplace that had a mountain of ash lying at its entrance and poked his head inside once he had fallen to his knees at its threshold. Looking up he found the ancient looking bricks of the chimney coated in a thick layer of filth.

Caught in a coughing fit from the ash of Snape's chimney, Lupin got to his feet and slung a hand out to the pot filled with floo powder, with the tiny particles of the powder sifting through his fingers, he grasped what he could and tossed it into the base of the fireplace.

His head following suit once he got to his knees and stuck his head inside, the destination of his firecall to the Potter home in Godric's Hollow.

With a flurry of colours clouding his vision, Lupin blinked blindly for a moment until a new room miles away came into focus. Gently decorated with a loving sense of crimson and gold, he found himself comforted in the home of Lily and James Potter.

"Prong's? Lily?" Lupin called out, his voice sounding like an echo from where his head appeared within the flicker of flames from the fireplace of the Potter dwelling.

It wasn't long until he received a response, the sound of footsteps giving way to the answer of his calling long before he saw who. The sight of the receiver made Lupin all the more at ease when he saw the image of Lily come to greet him.

"Remus? Is that you? Is something the matter?" she asked with concern when she knelt down to meet Lupin's eye level in the fireplace.

"No, nothing of the sort, Lily," Lupin replied, a half smile gracing his aged face. "I've come with a request... A favour if you will."

The look on Lily's face was apprehensive at most once she processed her husband's friends words. "A request?"

"Mhmm, I am here to ask you if you will be so kind as to accept Harry as a guest for the night, I am afraid to report it is that time of the month that I must meet my other half so to speak," Lupin said in a somber tone of voice. "Would that be alright, Lily? I hope it isn't an inconvenience..."

"Oh no, of course not, please Remus, I'd love to have him... I want to see to be honest, has he been eating?" Lily asked slowly, a nervous nibble on the bottom of her lip showed her true worry for the boy who was not her own but as close to being it.

"He has been eating I assure you, Lily, he's as healthy as he can be at this point, perhaps a night with you and your wonderful cooking might make him even more so, thank you for taking him in for the night." Lupin said humbly.

Lily felt a pain in her stomach when the man who was considered one of her husband's best friends asked her to take in her own son, not that he was, but he was close enough and in her opinion he was what her son ought to have been. "Please, Remus don't thank me, it's what I should have done when he first came here."

With the flames of the fireplace still flickering enough to show his face, Lupin smiled a pleased looking sort of grin. "Of course, Lily, of course. I'll have Harry over in a little. Have a pleasant night."

"And you as well." Lily said, she drew away from the fireplace feeling seemingly at ease. The decision of her own to house her oddly far distant son making her feel happier than she had been in quite some time. For once her Ex-Auror husband didn't decide what was best for their family, she did.

With a light bounce to her step, Lily Potter moved through her home feeling empowered and positive with her decision, in all honesty to herself, it felt like a dream. She would have her son back, her baby boy, the one person so far in the stretch of her lifetime who she would gladly give up her own life to see well and as kind hearted as she had imagined to be.

This was to be her chance, tonight with accepting the offer presented to her by Remus she could do all that she had hoped to have done with her own son, the one who had been born from her womb with body and original soul intact. She would make due with the fact that perhaps her son wasn't the same inside as the one she had raised, but if she were to have him in anyway it didn't matter as long as she had him.

The only thing that pulled Lily from her plotting mind was her title as a parent being called in the near distance, when she turned to the voice her heart beat picked up fast as she expected it to be Harry. yet once she had turned halfway around the feminine voice registered and she knew it to be her daughter without even having to lay eyes on the young witch to know so. "Rose, what is it?"

"I can't find Scruffy, you know, the Pygmy puff Dad bought me for school?" Rose' asked as she popped out from behind the corner wall of the living room, her vibrant red hair tangled in a curly mess. "Have you seen him?"

"Have you been standing there all that time, Rose?" Lily asked, ignoring her daughters question about her recent pet of sorts. If her daughter had been there in the living room the entire time she knew the conversation she shared with Remus wouldn't be kept from James long.

"Me? Mum, must you always assume I am up to no good and sneaking around?" she asked with an expression which was probably her best impression of an innocent one.

"Yes I must, you are your father's daughter after all. As for you Pygmypuff, I haven't seen the dust ball since your father agreed to buy you it." Lily answered, her eyes watching her daughter in an all to suspicious manner.

Groaning at her mother, Rose let her shoulders sag while her facial movements showed off her depression. "He's not a dust ball, he's my pet! Can't you accio him for me?"

"Accio doesn't work on living organisms, Dear. Perhaps if you studied what you were supposed to over the summer you would know that. Now please do go upstairs and freshen up before your father gets home for dinner, which includes combing your hair young lady!" Lily said, her voice calling out the last bit as she saw her daughter run for the closest exit.

Left alone to herself once again, Lily shook her head with the thought of her daughter, she had no idea where the girl got her cluelessness since even her husband wasn't like that, he had never misplaced things constantly or forgotten something as important as another life under his watch and care. She dare not think it, but her own daughter closely resembled those of the Longbottom family.

Sitting down into one of the few couch's laid out in the living room of her home in Godric's Hollow, she sat looking most at ease other than the fact of her eyes twitching towards the fireplace when any noise was made around her house. In her mind she wondered two thoughts, one being when her son from another land would arrive, and second being what she would say upon his arrival, in all honesty to herself she couldn't think of much other than embracing the boy and making him feel welcomed.

Though as time ticked by and the fireplace remained uneventful, Lily began to ponder if it all her far distant son would ever be coming to the home he should have been raised in. Checking the muggle wrist watch her father had given her as a graduation present from Hogwarts, she knew within a half hour of time James would be returning to their home.

Her husbands usual whereabouts since his semi-retirement never discussed, for Lily she rather didn't know what her husband was up to, be it mischief or the benefit for all good, it wasn't her responsibility to monitor his behavior in any establishment or environment, solely her responsibility in her own opinion lay in the prospect of her own children's well being.

Hearing a booming sound off in the distance, Lily turned her head over her shoulder with her eyes looking towards the direction of the living room of her family home. With a nervous step, she slowly approached the room she visited on a regular basis, this time however she felt nervous and jittery when she stepped inside the room, her eyes going to lay upon a boy who many would have considered part of the Potter family but was truly far from it in one way, he was a universe apart of differences from her and her family.

"Harry..." Lily spoke slowly, uncertain of what to say or do, she simply tried to smile. "Welcome."

"Thank you for having me," Harry replied awkwardly, he shifted his stance from foot to foot as he looked around the room he had flooded into, anything was better than looking at the woman who was his mother but wasn't at the same time.

"It's our pleasure to have you I promise you," Lily said quickly back to him, her eyes following every movement the boy made, her eyes looking to the things he looked at for a split second before watching his body motions.

Nodding his head as he couldn't think of anything else to say, Harry let his head twist to the side to look at the fireplace, inwardly hoping Lupin would arrive right then and there, yet as luck had it he was not so fortunate.

With an awkward silence filling the rooms air occupied by mother and son, not a word was spoken, not that there was much to discuss

or say anyhow. Harry could feel the tension through the course of his body as he inhaled a breath of air, it almost made him choke, he didn't dare look at her or strike up a conversation.

Time ticked by slowly perhaps even slowing to a stand still as Harry waited for Remus to show, even as his palms began to sweat a little with nerves as he stood waiting for Lupin to show with his mother of sorts. However, when time seemed to come to a complete stand still the fireplace roared with green flames.

Stepping out with a brush of his shoulders from the soot that covered them, Lupin gave a lopsided smile as he looked between Lily and one of his best friends children at least a child he saw as his best friend. "Lily, you look more prettier in person than you did through the floo."

"Please, Remus, no need for compliments." Lily gushed with a smile, her eyes resting softly on Lupin's form.

"Not a compliment if it's the truth," Lupin replied kindly, his head seemed to poke around as he looked around the Potter house from where he could. "James still not home?"

"No, he's... Honestly, I'm not sure where he is Remus, but the last few times he's come home, he's been..." Lily began in reply before cutting herself short as she remembered Harry in the room. "This conversation might best be discussed in a room where certain ears aren't listening in."

Lupin didn't even have to look at Harry to acknowledge his presence in the room. Giving Lily a nod, he put a hand forward as if to say lead the way.

Returning Lupin's nod, Lily smiled and looked to her son from a distant world only to say a few passing words of 'We'll be right back.'

Left alone to the silence of what was his family's living room, Harry stood unsure of what to do in such a time as this even though his eyes began to get attracted to such things as family photo's along the wall and upon the few shelves that rested there as well, moving around the room he made to absorb it all in, this was what his life should have been if Voldemort hadn't take it from him.

Eyes passing over each photo, Harry took in everything about them, most of them being images of his counterpart of this world and his sister. Sometimes the occasional photo of his godfather and parents were thrown in along with other people he recognized. All images though had one thing in common, they showed a much happier time.

After awhile when time had passed by thoroughly enough to have had Harry look at every photo of the room Lily and Remus returned with minimal surprise from the boy who had been left alone.

"I am sorry for the delay there, Harry," Lupin began with a lopsided smile, his expression looking a little wondrous mixed with worry. "I'm going to be returning back to Severus' now, so take care and be good. I'll come check on you in the morning."

"Check on me?" Harry responded quickly, his thoughts being the understanding of him returning to Snape's hovel tomorrow after the full moon.

"We'll talk tomorrow, Harry." Lupin said as if ending the conversation between them completely.

With another spoken word said to any of them, Lupin disappeared into the green flames of the fireplace in a matter of a few seconds. Now Harry had a sickly feeling there was an awkwardness to come.

"So..." Lily started in a slow manner, her words hanging on thin air as she searched for something to strike up a conversatin with her son from another place. "Shall I show you to your room?"

"Yes, thank you that would be... Brilliant." Harry answered, his tone sounding just as slow and uncomfortable as his mothers.

Giving him a slight tilt of her head, Lily headed from the living room to the stairs however sitting a few steps up awaited Rose Potter, her elbows resting on her knees with her head supported on her hands.

"Rose!" Lily exclaimed, her daughters eaves dropping something she should be used to by now but never able to get over.

"Hi Mum, and hello again, Harry." Rose responded softly, her eyes fixed solely on none other than her brother. "Are you going to be spending awhile with us?"

"It's uncertain for now, but how ever long he stays is entirely up to him, now what have I told you about listening in?" Lily asked, her voice laced with frustration.

"You aren't seriously getting cross with me over this are you mum, you two didn't even say anything interesting... Though you and Uncle Moony did exchange some interesting wor-" Rose said, she never finished her sentence as Lily stomped her foot down and ordered her to be quiet. "That is enough, Rose, thank you very much, and you didn't and shouldn't have heard that at all. Now if you will excuse yourself I am going to show Harry to his room."

Head popping up from her hands, Rose perked up with an enthusiastic smile on her impish face. "I can do it, mum. I can show him his room!"

Lily looked a little weary of the idea but deep within her she found she couldn't refuse the offer. "Okay, just his room though, Rose. I expect to see you both down here again in a few minutes."

"Why certainly mum dearest," Rose said, clambering to her feet, she waved Harry to follow after her. "Come on Harry!"

Blinking like a lost child as his sister whom he had never known existed until this reality ran up the staircase, Harry spared a glance at his mother before hurrying up the steps after her. "What's the rush?"

"Don't be a slow poke, Harry," Rose called out from up ahead.

Trying not to be pulled into the younger girls giddy happiness, Harry followed after her until she stopped outside a door at the end of the hall. Waiting for him to join her, he watched as she rocked on the heels of her feet as he neared closer to her.

"Here we are, back to your old room," Rose said happily, her hand gesturing to the closed door, yet after a moment of silence and her words sunk in, her happy expression seemed to damper a little. "Well, Harry's room..."

Scratching the back of his neck, Harry took pity and saved her from her the undesirable uncomfortableness and opened the closed door.

Inside the room which awaited him was nothing like himself. It lay bare for the most part, piles of books stacked up high around the room on the floor and a twin sized bed. "He liked to read."

Smiling a little, Rose stood in the doorway of the room and looked about with a sigh. "It was the one thing he enjoyed above all else, knowledge. He loved to learn, that and get ahead. Harry, or the Harry I knew sorry was an achiever, he always made mum proud."

"I'm sure he did, your mum sounds like the type to be pleased over good grades." Harry mumbled, stepping further into the room he crouched down to look over one pile of stacked books.

"She isn't just my mum, she's your mum too, Harry. You're still family, even if you came from where ever you came from." Rose said.

"Thanks I think," Harry said, peering over his shoulder to her a few seconds before sifting through the stack of books, all of which appearing to be some link to dark magic. "Do you miss him, your Harry?"

"Yes, how can I not," Rose replied easily. "I don't like to think what he turned into, but before all the wrong things he did he was my brother one that was just as sweet and caring as any other."

"And after he went dark?" Harry asked.

"I still loved him at the same time I hated him, it isn't easy to lose someone you care about Harry." Rose answered, her hands fiddling together as she stood observing him.

Harry's fingers dug deep into the book he was flicking pages through when he heard her last words. "I know that well enough you don't have to tell me."

Seeing him tense up, Rose quickly went forward to rest a hand on his shoulder when she thought of causing some offense to him. "I didn't mean anything by it..."

"I know, trust me I know," Harry said, shrugging her hand off as he got to his feet. Closing the book in his hands he tossed it carelessly to the ground. "What do you say about getting out of this room?"

"Eager to see mum again?" Rose asked brightly, the smile on her face radiant like a rising sun.

"Honestly? Not really, she's accepting and well wonderful, but there's something off between us, and I can't blame her," Harry rambled, he headed towards the door without looking around the room anymore. "Anything is better than being here though."

"What?" Rose managed to say as Harry pushed her out of the doorway and pulled the door closed behind him.

"I'm not going to relive his past, he's not me and I don't plan on being like him in anyway," Harry said in passing to Rose as he went back in the direction the red haired girl had first lead him in to the room. "I'm going downstairs,"

Firmly planted where she stood, Rose watched as her brother, or half-brother as she was trying to see him bounded off down the hallway to the stairs. "I wasn't asking you to be him!" she called out after her him but Harry didn't hear as he was already gone from her sight.

Once on the first floor of the house that belonged to his family of sorts, Harry was at a loss, he had no intention of running into his mother again or speaking to the girl who would have been his sister in his own world. If anything, he wanted to get away from it all.

This was just too much at one time Harry thought, he couldn't handle it. The idea of his parents living was one thing hard enough to comprehend, the fact that they were holding house to him and for the most part as far as he knew accepted them was something entirely else. He didn't know how to interact with them, he wasn't who he was positive they thought he was, he wasn't taking the person they love's place, he was a different person entirely and he didn't want to change to suit their losses.

Shaking his head, Harry could see out of his peripheral vision that Rose was coming down the stairs. Not ready to face her up beat attitude, he headed from the bottom of the stairway and went to explore the rest of the Potter household, or more so anywhere in the close vicinity that didn't hold a different universal family.

Harry's luck wasn't so lucky however as he turned a corner that brought him to the living room, the person who greeted him there had him frozen where he stood. Much like himself in appearance but different in a grand amount of age stood a stoned faced James Potter.

"Harry?" James asked for a moment in a soft voice before it turned cold and hard. "What are you doing here?"

"It's... It's Professor Lupin- Remus, he's going to change tonight, he made me come here." Harry stammered, he swallowed a lump in his throat and instinctively took a step back.

James stood stoic still in a silence that was less than uncomfortable. "Where is your wand?"

"I have it." Harry answered simply.

"I want it, now." James responded, he didn't use an aggressive tone of voice, but more of a light tone as Harry did.

Finding it easier to obey by the rules of this world as such, Harry slowly reached into his robes to wrap his fingers around the handle of his wand until he stilled. "No."

"What?" James asked, his brows cocked up in surprise from the younger boy's response.

"I'm not giving you my wand, you aren't my father which you seem to know as well as I do you aren't," Harry began with his hand holding his wand securely in his pocket. "If there is one thing I've learned since arriving here, never give up your defence. If you would excuse me now, I am going to my room."

"It isn't your's, it's my son-" James said in a reply, but again caught off guard he stood in shock as the boy before him spoke over him.

"It isn't mine, I know, but I am going to sleep there for the night. Now excuse me as I have nothing left to say to you." Harry stated. With that said, he felt a confidence in himself he hadn't felt since first arriving in this world, brushing past the man that was his father he headed up to his room with oddly enough a smile on his face.

A/N: Hello, sorry it's been more than a really long time with this update but I have been busy with many different thing's and I apologize, for those who are still following my story I hope you like the new chapter. And for those who have just come to find my story, I hope you like it as well. For the next chapter, beware there is a spoiler alert here now so look away if you don't want to know who and what surrounds the next coming chapter... Here it comes! It will be based on the side opposite of Harry, in specific think Black. That's all. Not much of a spoiler? Well for those who read this note, thank you and I don't care to divulge to much into my story.

## Chapter Fifteen "Searching"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

Nails split and cracked as they dragged along the cold cobblestone surface of a dark street in Hogsmeade, the red haired man who's face was smeared with blood whimpered as he tried to put distance between him and his attacker. The lifeless face of his brother staring at him as he tried to escape, blood still trickling from the corner of his mouth. All he had to do was reach his wand, apparate away, it's all he had to do, but as he crawled with what little strength he had his wand seemed miles away as it lay still only feet away from him. The pain that sent waves through his body increasing the harder he breathed, his heart pounding in his chest.

"Come now, Prewett, must we be at this all night?" asked the voice of the cloaked figure behind, it was a women's voice, a voice that dripped with malice and hate.

Swallowing hard, Gideon threw his hand forward, gripped onto to a crack in the cobblestone and used it to pull his broken body a little further away. Foot steps that sent echo in his ears could be heard approaching closer from behind, his chest now heaving as he began to hyperventilate. His vision blurry as the crimson colour of blood seeped over his eyes.

"CRUCIO!"

Mouth opening but not able to scream, Gideon Prewett lay twitching and rolling from side to side as a pain so intense rocked him whole, the torturous sensation of a thousand knives piercing his body continuously until the cloaked woman relented on her curse.

"Speak now Prewett and I may just give you a quick end, I can keep a secret you know... All you have to do is tell me where the boy is." The woman told him as she came to walk past him. Crouching down in front of his face, her hand reached forward to turn his head to look at her. "Where is the boy, Prewett? WHERE IS THE BOY?"

Her touch and screeching voice had Gideon wincing and trying to remove his face from her grasp, her hold on his chin though was too tight and even caused her nails to dig into his skin. "I... I... C-can't..." he wheezed out, his mind spinning in a flurry of thoughts, too many to concentrate, too much pain to keep focus.

"There isn't such a thing as can't, now tell me, I know you know Prewett, I know you do. Where does the Order have him?" The woman sneered, her other hand that held her wand reached up to peel back her hood from her shaded face, the face that lay under the hood was one posted on many wanted pictures across the wizarding world, Bellatrix Lestrange.

"... You m-murdered him, Fabian..." Gideon said in a breathless tone, his eyes drifting to the side where his brother Fabian sat propped up against a brick wall with his eyes gaping open, the colour in his face drained to leave him looking pale and empty. "... Dead..."

Eyes rolling up to the sky and then down, Bellatrix jabbed the end point of her wand into Gideon's cheek. "Focus."

Tears swelling up in the corner of his eyes, Gideon used what little strength he had to jerk his head back out of her hand, his face falling to the cold cobblestone ground with a thud. "... The Ministry doesn't... Doesn't have him... The boy..."

"No? Then who does the brat, where is he!" Bellatrix screeched, her lips curled back to show off a snarl.

Blood trickling from the corner of his mouth as he laid face flat against the street surface, Gideon mumbled a coherent. "Don't know."

Letting out a tutting sound, Bellatrix slowly got to her feet and poised her wand at the center mass of her victim's body. "AVADA KEDAVRA!" A flash of green illuminated the alleyway for a moment before it returned to the dark.

Face scrunching up as she surveyed the two brothers before her for a short moment, Bellatrix collected their discarded wands and apparated away with a thunderous 'POP!'

When she appeared again it was in the middle of a muggle street, tall apartment buildings lining the street as she advanced up it toward a building in particular, it addresses not coinciding with one another as they were listed eleven and thirteen. Hissing a single word with a wave of her wand, she watched impatiently as the buildings split apart to give way to another. Number twelve. The missing link to Grimmauld Place's consecutive addresses.

Fingers latching onto the old knocker of the buildings front door, Bellatrix pounded it down over, and over again until the handle turned and it split open to show an elderly house-elf peeking up at her, it's ears hanging down with a frown to go with it's unpleasant expression.

"Mistress Bellatrix, here to see Master Bla-" Questioned the house-elf before being knocked back to it's bottom as she pushed through the front door and began calling out the name of Regulus Black.

Grumbling to himself, Kreacher scrambled to his feet and looked out the door for a moment to the street as if to make sure there was no one watching before closing the door.

Within a matter of moments from when Bellatrix began screeching out her cousins name, the said man appeared coming down the spiral steps of family's ancestral home. His eyes hanging with dark bags as if he hadn't slept in days, his attire simple, that being a black housecoat with the Black family's crest embroidered onto the chest. "Yes, Bella'?" he asked when he made it down far enough of the staircase that he could see her, his voice low and monotone.

"I've come to tell you that the Prewett brothers weren't of any use," Bellatrix informed him in an over sweet tone of voice, her hand going out to show him the two wands she had collected from the two wizards. Letting them drop to the scroungy tiled floor, she cocked her head to one side as she looked to him. "They didn't know a thing, though one of them let slip the Ministry is not in possession of the boy."

"Rubbish, they must have known more than that, they have to! The Order has him, they have to," Regulus snapped, another day of coming up empty handed on information about Harry Potter meant another day of dreading the worst possible situation. "The Ministry

doesn't have him I've been certain of that for days, I've gone through enough Ministry fools to know Potter doesn't reside there."

"Well then, I've nothing else to report to you than what I have already." Bellatrix replied distastefully, the fact of her being assigned to carry out her cousins will by the Dark Lord still irking her to no end, why he saw fit to put her cousin in charge of recovering Potter made no sense other than the fact that her brother-in-law failed to do so when at the Ministry.

Growling a little, Regulus hiked down the rest of the staircase to tower over the much smaller witch, her dark hair in a wacky curled mess. "That isn't good enough, go back out and find me some information worth while, I want him back, Bella'. Do you hear me?"

"Who doesn't hear you, 'oh I miss Potter, the boy was like a son to me'... The boy was a no good filthy half-blood!" Bellatrix grumbled, the remark earning her the point of her cousins wand pressing between her eyes.

"I won't have you speaking ill of him, Bella', now remove yourself from here, collect your husband and brother-in-law and find me some useful information!" Regulus commanded sternly.

Swatting the wand that was pushed against her head away, Bellatrix didn't even bother to hide her hateful look at him as she spun around with a swish of her black robes and went storming down the hall from which she first arrived from, nearly knocking the old house-elf down once again on her way out.

Barely side stepping the furious witch, the house-elf stood pressed up against the corroding wall paper watching as she left with the door slamming behind her. "Master Black?" he croaked out in questioning when she had gone.

"What is it Kreacher?" Regulus asked tiredly while storing his wand in the small hip pocket of his housecoat, the handle of it protruding out from it as he knelt down to collect the two wands Bellatrix had littered on the floor.

"Mistress Lestrage, Kreacher senses she be angry with you?" Kreacher commented as he hobbled his way closer to the middle aged wizard who stood surveying the two wands in his hand.

"Let her be ruddy mad, who gives a bloody hell," Regulus murmured in reply, his eyes looking the length of the two wands over for a long moment before turning and walking away from the foot of the staircase. Kreacher in slow pursuit behind him.

Entering into a side room opposite of the staircase that lead down to the cellar, Regulus found himself in his father's old office, it was filled with Slytherin memorabilia and Black family heirlooms, one of them in particular being the pensieve he had brought to Harry only a short time ago to jog the boys memories.

Placing the wands of the Prewett brothers down atop an antique oak desk positioned in one of the far back corners of the room, he reached down and picked up a sheet of parchment filled with names most of them appeared to have a black line drawn through them though.

"Is Master Black in danger?" Kreacher asked from where it stood in the doorway of the office, it's dull eyes fixed worriedly upon it's Master.

"There's no danger to me, but you can rest assure that there will be to anyone who dares harm Potter, the damn Order, they're probably trying to manipulate him, mess with his mind if not coming up with ways to try and have his soul sucked out again." Regulus brooded darkly, his eyes reading over the names on the sheet of parchment until he came down to the only two names listed that hadn't been crossed out. "Elphias Doge, and Remus Lupin..."

"Has Master Black requested something of Kreacher?" wondered the house-elf, always ready to be at the service of his Master.

Regulus dragged his eyes from the paper he held to look at the creature who to him was one of the most trust worthy people in his life, family even he considered. "Yes, Kreacher. I need you to send word to several of my colleagues, tell them by the order of our Lord I request their assistance, any who refuse shall be reported to our lord for failure to assist in a high order."

Bowing a little, Kreacher showed he understood with a light nod while awaiting further commands from the man whom he served so devoutly.

"Send word to Wilkes, Dolohov, Rookwood, and," Regulus said, his mind working like clockwork as he put together a force that would effectively break down any opposition in his quest for answers, the only thing he needed was a starting point and one person came to mind. "Pettigrew. Have them assemble here."

"Kreacher will do all Master Black asks of him," said Kreacher humbly, it's small knobbly legs slowly backing up from the doorway until it vanished completely from sight.

Standing in the silence of the office, Regulus paced back and forth until his current attire sank into his mind. Feeling tonight should be the day he found Harry, he knew he could not follow through with the Dark Lord's orders of staying out of the mix and only orchestrating the plan to recover the Serpentine child as Potter was so dubbed by the Daily Prophet and the wizarding public.

Leaving the confines of his office, he headed upstairs to his room since childhood and put together the set of black robes and mask that hid his face. It was a uniform of sorts to him, a set of wardrobe that showed his allegiance to a man who despised everything that was impure, a wardrobe that showed he believed in the same thing, but did he? Did the Dark Lord even? Harry was afterall a half-blood as his cousin had so dutifully pointed out, yet he didn't care, the boy meant more to him than any other.

Regulus lifted the mask from the bed and held it up to his face, looking through the eye-holes of it he stared into it for a what seemed like an eternity before he tore his vision from it. Throwing it back on the bed, he looked down at the dark robes laid neatly across bed while shedding his housecoat.

The robes of the Death Eater were an empowering thing, when you adorned them there came respect, fear, and ultimately a sign of belonging. They were everything he desired and wished of when in his youth, but now as he looked down on the robes he had worn for two decades it just didn't feel the same, it didn't hold the same meaning to him much anymore. It represented something entirely different, death, pain, and a struggle for something he wasn't sure he even believed in much at all now.

Still though, he had Harry to find, it was the only thing about him now that seemed to matter, the ruddy boy who was his brother's godson. How ironic he thought that a boy raised in such different ways would turn out to be everything his godfather wasn't, pulled from his thoughts by a few boisterous cracks that signalled the arrival of the people he had summoned, Regulus quickly dressed in the robes of the Dark Lord's society.

When he had dressed and took a short moment to examine himself in the tall mirror of his room, Regulus grabbed his mask and left the comforts of his dwelling quarters. Upon the main floor of his home gathered upon the front hallway stood all those he had requested, speaking amongst one another except for Pettigrew of course, that coward huddled feet away at the front door as if wishing to keep close to an exit.

"Welcome all of you," Regulus greeted as he stepped down to meet them his hand going out to embrace a few of the other men in sturdy shakes.

"Duly noted, but I must say you have quite a peculiar way of throwing a get together at this time of night, Black." greeted a man with sparse hair and a crazed look in his eyes, Dolohov as always eloquent in tongue but disorderly in appearance. "And an invitation brought no less by your house-elf."

"Agreed, but for a just cause I assure you, Antonin," Regulus replied as he then shook hands with Rookwood and gave Wilkes and Pettigrew a simple nod. "As you all know I'm sure, the Dark Lord saw fit to give me the task of recovering, Potter, one that I feel is inching closer to being possible. He is not within the confines of the Ministry, nor does most of Dumbledore's foolish Order know of the boys whereabouts, which leaves me with the belief that there is only one other option. The boys family has him."

Head lifting up a little to look at Regulus, Peter slowly had his head turn to the side to look at the other man. "The P-Potter's have Potter?"

Regulus nodded to the small pudgy man hovering by the front door. "It's the only reasonable explanation to the boys sudden utter disappearance. If they were to have them, they wouldn't want to give

the boy up to the Ministry to be freed once again by our attempts, as well like the devoted parents they probably are, they are trying to brain wash him, try to make him see things like they do."

"That's excellent and all, yet you've got this hypothesis but what proof do you have of Potter being held by his family?" Rookwood asked, his long brown hair streaked with grey swaying as his head tilted from one shoulder to the other while his fixed haze remained on Regulus.

"I have no actual proof other than what my cousin Bellatrix brought me from her most recent inquiry of information, such information that confirms my belief that the Ministry doesn't have him. So to prove my theory of Potter's family claiming, I intend to use the intelligence of Pettigrew, believe it or not." Regulus answered.

"Pettigrew?" asked Rookwood and Dolohov at the same time, both men turning their heads to look at the stout man cowering by the front door.

"M-me?" Peter Pettigrew squeaked, his eyes wide and mouth hanging open in surprise.

"Yes, Pettigrew. You." Regulus said as he bypassed the others he had assembled, going to stand towering over the much smaller man, he grew a smirk upon his face. "Would you prefer I call you Wormtail?"

Shaking his head from side to side, Peter directed his eyes down to the floor. "What do you w-want from me?"

"Whatever it is that you have locked up in that mind of yours," Regulus said as his hand went forward to tap his pointer finger on top of Peter's head. "But if I was to be specific, do tell me Peter, where is Remus Lupin, your old friend?"

"Remus? I... I can't say," Peter replied, his words stumbling over one another. "Perhaps in Muggle London, I don't know. Please, I don't know anything of Potter, the Dark Lord knows this!"

"I know you haven't been contact with Potter you idiot," Regulus said, the pointer finger he had once tapped upon the much smaller man's

head soon had been joined by all other fingers to grasp Pettigrew's skull. "Now where exactly is Lupin's apartment, hmm?"

Grinning darkly from the side, Wilkes seemed grossly amused by the questioning of Regulus, the man's hands twirling his wand between his hands as he peered at the short man a few feet from them. "Where's the wolf at, eh?"

"In M-muggle L-L-London?" Peter answered with a frightened expression.

The hand that Regulus held gripping his brother's old friend slowly dropped with a sigh. "If only you could tell me, Peter, maybe I could put in a good word for you with our Lord."

"For me?" Peter asked, peppering up as soon as the other man had brought up a raise of sorts for him.

Rookwood who stood along the lines of Dolohov and Wilkes appeared ashamed by Pettigrew's response, shaking his head, the man with long hair folded his arms over his chest and questioned the stout man himself. "Seriously Pettigrew, where is the damn werewolf?"

"I don't know, I only know his last residence," Pettigrew replied, his previous answer to the questions being as honest as he was now, yet this time his answer grew to be more descriptive. "In muggle London, n-near Diagon Alley he had a loft."

"Do you remember the address?" Regulus pressed with wide eyes of interest.

"Yes, it's on Richmond road, it's all I know," Pettigrew said in whiny tone of voice, the man's beady eyes looking to the other man as if hoping they would not pass a harsh judgement on him. "I swear it."

"Your words don't weigh much, you're a traitor after-all." Rookwood commented, an unimpressed look showing upon his rugged face.

"Quiet Augustus, let Peter speak, his words could mean everything in the end." Regulus said, him being the closest to the much smaller man served as a defensive barrier against all else. "What is or was Lupin's address, Wormtail?"

"... Two sixty three, Richmond road." Peter whimpered in return as if the answer wounded him to give.

"Richmond road," Regulus repeated in a tone hollow of emotion. Letting his eyes fall onto the other wizards he had assembled. "All of you remember that address."

"Aye, and shall we go and question the werewolf now?" Dolohov asked eagerly, the bags under his eyes appearing more dark now than before, a look of desire coming apparent in the crazed look of his eyes.

"I see no reason to postpone the man's fate to a later day, besides, my patience of waiting for Harry to return to us has long since ran thin." Regulus answered as he drew his wand, his head twisting to the side to look at Pettigrew when he heard the stout man switch from foot to foot. "Something bothering you?"

Shaking his head from side to side, Peter cowered in response, his words getting tangled around his tongue so they came out a mush of nonsense.

"Figured as much," Regulus commented as he waved the other wizards gathered about to follow. "We'll all apperate there and continue the plan as we go. I want valuable information on Harry's whereabouts by the end of the night, even if we have to tear through every wizard and witch we know to associate with the blasted Order to do so."

"Ye' will 'ear no complaints from me," Wilkes said in his high pitch voice, the kind that resembled nails being dragged down painfully slow on a blackboard. "And what happens if the wolf ain't there?"

"If he isn't there, then we carry on like I said before, we find someone else to tell us what we want to know if this plan fails. But if I don't have results in the next twenty four hours, it isn't I alone who will have to face the Dark Lord's wrath." Regulus told them in forewarning. Giving them a look over he lead the way from the hallway of his family's ancestral home to the front door. Stepping out onto the front step where a cold breeze rippled the creases of his robes and sent a calming chill over his skin. Tonight would have to lead to something circumstantial about Harry or he wasn't going to

be having such an easy going meeting with the Dark Lord tomorrow, but more importantly, it would be another day Harry's trail had gone cold.

A/N: Hello there everyone, for some of you I know, not what you probably expected this chapter to be. So I apologize if anyone was hoping to see some Potter family/Sirius Black bonding. But don't you all go worrying, that will be coming soon perhaps, lol. You never can tell with me. Anyhow, on another hand this chapter is needed for later on as believe it or not \*spoiler-of-sorts\* Regulus Black is important to the plot of this entire story believe it or not. So now that I've said that along with what else I blabbered on about, in the next episode, it will feature Harry. Happy? Hope so, see you all soon with a next chapter! As well if you have any questions that may confuse you, let me know. I do read all reviews and on that note, thank you for all of them. Bye for now.

## Chapter Sixteen "Wanted"

DISCLAIMER: The characters and story plot of the Harry Potter franchise do NOT belong to me, I am just one of the many privileged enough to write on J.K Rowling's marvelous novel series.

Twirling his wand between his fingers with a bored expression etched onto his face, Harry sat on the edge of his bed contemplating what life was to be like here in this world. A world far from the one he had dreamt of last night, the memories of his friends there, the memory of what now seemed like an easy life compared to the one he had been forced into living in now.

Looking up to view once more the possessions of his counterparts former room, his eyes skimmed over the endless amount of books littered about the floor in towering stacks, the Quidditch posters plastered on the walls making all of it seem more homely than the cupboard his self been raised in. What could have been so wrong with the other Harry's life to have driven him into the clutches of Voldemort's regime? The bloke had obviously grown up in a loving home, though personally Harry could understand why his other self would want to get away from the likes of their shared father.

Jolted from his daze of thoughts by the sound of a heavy knock to his bedroom door, Harry's head twisted to look at the door which held as a barrier to the visitor at the threshold of his room.

"Um, come in?" he ventured as an unsure greeting.

Door knob turning as the door slowly pushed open, his eyes came to rest on a very sombre looking Lily Potter, her eyes looking red from crying.

"Mu-" Harry began to ask before catching himself, closing his eyes he rethought his words and voiced it in something more suitable. "Yes?"

"Harry, if you wouldn't mind coming downstairs for a moment, Dumbledore is here and would like to speak with you." she said, her voice wavering with each word she pronounced.

Confused and momentarily lacking the ability to respond as the emotion in her features and voice threw him off, he simply let his

head bounce up and down to show her he would oblige in her request. Shoving his wand into the pocket of the plaid pajama pants he adorned, Harry gave the women standing in his doorway a small smile as if to say lead the way.

Returning a half-hearted or less of a smile to her son, Lily stepped from his room and guided the way down to the living room on the first floor, not saying another single word other than requesting Harry join them.

Eyes sweeping past his quiet mother, Harry acknowledged the presence of several others in the living room. His father, Dumbledore, and his Godfather Sirius Black.

"Come and sit, Harry, I have come bearing a bit of bad news." Dumbledore said as he lifted a tea cup to his lips, his sky blue eyes looking weak and tired with heavy bags hanging under them as if deprived of sleep for days.

Unsure of where to exactly sit, Harry took a spot opposite of James and Sirius both men holding similar expressions to that of the Headmaster and his mother. With all expressions noted on those in the room, he tried to piece things together of what could have them looking so down as it were, could Dumbledore have come bearing news that he had found a way for him to return back to his world? Was he here to tell them that there was no way possible to send him back?

Before Harry's thoughts could progress any further as they raced randomly about like a golden snitch a sharp clink of a china tea cup on its saucer plate had him looking over into the weltered eyes of Albus Dumbledore. Was his Professor going to say anything? Or was it he who would have to start off.

"The news Professor... You said you had some news?" Harry prompted from the old wizard.

With Dumbledore's dull blue eyes hidden behind half-moon spectacles came up to meet Harry's, the old shifted in his chair with a slight up turn of a smile at one corner of his mouth. "Forgive me, Harry, my focus escaped me."

"Not a problem, sir I find it to be happening to me a lot lately." replied Harry, attempting to get the flow of conversation going, the need to know what it was Dumbledore came to say was becoming almost unbearable.

"Troubled minds forced on by troubled times," Dumbledore murmured until his voice grew louder and his gaze locked onto Harry's. "Last night it seems a series of events have placed us in a dreadful state of grave circumstances."

"Grave circumstances?" Harry asked, his eyebrows coming to be pushed together with interest.

"... Yes, my boy. It would appear Voldemort has been searching for something, trying to get information from anyone in anyway he can obtain it, tragically enough it is transparently clear he has decided to obtain such information by interrogating members of the Order." explained Dumbledore with a small exhale of a sigh.

Looking over into the faces of everyone in the room it suddenly seemed to all piece together. "Someone's been hurt haven't they?"

"No, not just hurt... Dead," James growled, unwilling to look up from his hands clenched into fists on his lap. "Murdered to be exact, just some more victims of Voldemort and his followers."

"Who was killed?" Harry asked gently, not wanting to stir up any more hurt in his father.

"The Prewett brothers, Gideon and Fabian." James answered shortly, the pain of loss evidently visible in the way he held himself and his voice wavered.

"Oh I'm sorry to hear that, they sound like they were um, good people." Harry replied unsure of what really to say at the moment other than a simple condolence.

"Great blokes." Sirius said, jumping into the conversation with his eyes downcast to the carpet of the room.

With a somewhat awkward silence seeping into the room, Harry switched his focus from his parents and Godfather back onto

Dumbledore. "What is it Voldemort is searching for, sir? That is what you called me here for isn't it, to know what it is he's looking for?"

"It's not what he's looking for my boy, it's who." Dumbledore answered, and before he could divulge anymore James jumped in.

"Albus, we had an understanding of what we would say here to him." James stated, his eyes cemented on the elderly wizard in a hard cold stare.

"I know James, but I believe the boy should know what he's up against while he's here I thin-" Dumbledore said in explanation before things began to piece together in Harry's head and his words were cut short.

"It's me he's looking for isn't it, it's always bloody me, but why here? I thought he wouldn't be looking for me anymore... He knows I'm not the other well me, doesn't he? He knows I'm not one of his Death Eaters, right?" Harry asked, question after question coming out quicker than it's predecessor.

"As of right now, Voldemort's knowledge of your recent switch of places is beyond me, what he knows about you I do not know, though we do know he is trying to seek you out... I have an idea as to why he has been adamant on finding you however-" Dumbledore began answering only to be cut short by the auburn haired Lily Potter.

"Enough Albus, you said you would not share this with him!" Lily interjected hastily when Dumbledore seemed to be dithering in things that weren't supposed to be discussed in the company of Harry.

"Wait, what do you mean? What is it I don't know?" Harry asked, his eyes darting between his mother and Professor.

"Alas, I apologize Harry I must not divulge anymore, I promised your parents I would not dwell in a subject they think you aren't ready for." Dumbledore answered the young wizard, his words seemingly irking the said boy.

"That's just it, they aren't my parents! They don't get the choice of deciding what's good and what isn't for me." Harry defended firmly.

"Oi! While you're under me and my wife's roof you will obey our wishes and rules." James exclaimed, snapping out of his stupor of depression.

Taking a deep breath, Harry looked at the man who was and wasn't his father. His voice sounding like a low growl. "I didn't even want to come here under your roof. I will gladly go elsewhere if it means I might get to know something that concerns myself."

Standing up from the sofa, James raised his arm to point at the stairs. "Go to your room, now!"

"It's not even my room," Harry spat, and as if to say screw you he headed off towards the back door. Turning its handle and pulling it open to have him stepping outside his father's voice following him out in an irritated roar.

A gloomy sky hung overhead in the outside with a crisp fresh air that smelt of a recent rain shower. A squeaking sound of old metal grinding against metal sounding off like a bird call over and over again from behind the house. Interest taking him in hopes of replacing his current mood of frustration, he headed towards the backyard, passing by the living room window and the watchful gaze of those within.

Swinging back forth under the even darker shade of grand looking oak tree Harry found his sister on a swing set with peeling red paint. With a look of innocence on her face with closed eyes he stood watching her and the bliss she seemed to be in.

"Does this thing ever give you a headache?" Harry murmured after awhile when the creaking of the swings started to become almost unbearable.

Eyelids peeking open with a slight smirk on her face, Rose shrugged as she extended her legs to increase the force of the front she came forward on, bringing down her heels to grind against the neatly cut grass to slow her down. "Nope, it sure may sound awful but I love these swings."

"Can't see why you would," Harry replied as he went to take the vacant swing seat beside her, his hands going up to hold the chains

on either side. "Probably nice though to be under the shade here swinging on a hot day."

Head tweaked to the side to look at him, Rose nodded. "Yeah that's a nice benefit to it, but for me it's more so the memories that I have of it... Why are you out here any way, I thought Mum and Dad wanted to talk to you with Sirius and Dumbledore?"

"I thought that too, but it just so happens to turn out I was supposed to sit their listening to some news about Voldemort trying to find me, any questions of my own that I had weren't exactly welcomed." Harry replied, looking off to the back of the house.

"Mum and Dad aren't exactly the most forth coming in telling you things, they think keeping things from you will protect you... Like you for example, they didn't exactly tell me about you when you first came here so I had to find you out myself." Rose said, her eyes still fixed on Harry.

"At least you and I agree on not wanting to be withheld from information that likely concerns us." Harry said, taking a deep breath as he tore his eyes from the house he should have grown up in if his own parents had lived that fateful Halloween night.

"Very much so agreed on," Rose commented with a smile, slipping off the swing she took a few steps and looked back at Harry as if waiting for him to join her.

Looking up when he heard Rose's foot steps stop, Harry waved her off with a lazy smile. "You go on in, I think I'll sit out here for a bit longer."

"Alright, don't stay out to long Mum said earlier it was supposed to rain." Rose said before departing from the swing set to the back of the house. The backdoor opening just before she arrived to show Sirius coming out.

Hands stilling clinging to the chains of the swing, Harry watched with mild interest as Rose and his Godfather shared a brief conversation until Sirius carried on towards Harry and the swing set.

"Sounds as if you and Rose are bonding well together," Sirius began as he went to lean against one of the swing sets support beams.

"She seems infatuated with you... Probably beginning to think of you as Harry."

"I am Harry." he corrected.

"Right, I know... It's what do you call someone else who is the same person?" Sirius said quickly, hoping the boy on the swing could understand what he meant the last thing he wanted was to worsen his relationship with him even more especially after their first meeting at his own home.

"Fair enough," Harry conceded to Sirius' point, looking up to meet his Godfather's eyes. "What are you doing out here anyway, aren't you supposed to be talking with everyone else inside?"

"Meh, I figured I'd come out and talk with you for a minute or two seeing as you don't appear to be in the happiest of moods at the moment." Sirius said, his hand raising to scratch the stubble on his chin.

"Yeah well my mood is kind of warranted considering how I'm not told anything that I should be able to know." Harry answered, the hard gaze he gave Sirius made the older wizard look slightly abashed.

"They are keeping it from you with the best of intentions you know, they aren't doing it to be cruel or because they don't trust you if that's what you're thinking," defended Sirius, pushing off the swing-sets support post. "They do care, I know you all have your differences but when you look at it in a logical sense you lot still are family."

Letting Sirius' words soak in for a moment, Harry shook his head. "I think you may be just saying a load of rubbish to try and make them seem in the right, besides they don't care... To them I'm just a person who took the place of their real son, nothing more than that, nothing less."

"I don't think they look at you in that light, Harry. You're everything 'their real son' should have been, he was a good kid at one point don't get me wrong... I have memories of him I will never forget and cherish to the day I probably die, but the things that he did when he turned makes you the Harry I and I'm sure Lily and James want to

create new memories with." Sirius said, one of his hands slowly reaching out to pat the boys shoulder.

With a feeling of ease settling into his gut, Harry let his hands fall from the chains of the swing he lacked a response to that, it was the first time since arriving in this world that anyone had said something that actually made him feel cared for by the people who were his parents so with a lack of response he replied with the only words he could muster. "Nice to see I'm not a complete arse in their eyes."

"I doubt anyone who knows you now thinks of you like that, it's just hard to want to get close to someone whose just going to up and leave at some point anyway. You will return to your world sooner or later before that time I hope you could consider forgiving me for nearly having you sucked soulless at the Ministry." Sirius said, the half-smile on his face showed he wasn't at all comfortable with the line of topic he had brought their conversation to.

"Don't worry about it Sirius, in my world I had the same kind of problem involving you. Though in my world I thought you weren't only a Death Eater, I figured you were the man who betrayed my parents and got them murdered." Harry commented in a confident voice as if it made them even.

Baffled in expression, Sirius chuckled until stretching his neck forward to look ever closer at Harry's unrelentingly serious face. "Wait... Was that not a joke?"

"No, not a joke," Harry expanded. "It turned out though in the end that you didn't do any of that stuff, you were just framed by Wormtail and had to live in Azkaban for crimes you didn't even commit."

Searching Harry's face for the slightest twitch that might give the boy away for playing him a fool yet there was nothing but an utmost honest expression. "Geez, you are serious... Well then I guess we are kind of in the same boat here in a way... Actually hold on just a second, with me locked away in Azkaban and your parents well absent, where did you grow up?"

Tongue slipping from his mouth to wet his lips, Harry diverted his gaze from Sirius. "Is that something you really want to know? It doesn't matter really." he mumbled, trying to avoid answering with

that part of his past, the part that always seemed to bring a pained memory to mind with it.

"It matters to me, I'd like to know if you would be willing to tell me." Inquired Sirius.

"... My Aunt and Uncle's." Harry replied lamely, he couldn't stop himself from letting a sigh escape him at the end of his confession.

"Aunt and Uncle as in Petunia and Vernon Dursley, that Aunt and Uncle?" asked Sirius wide eyed, confirming the two who could possibly claim the title for the worlds worst muggles in the modern world.

"I wasn't aware I had any other Aunt's or Uncle's." Harry said with a slight grin, the horrified tone of voice coming from Sirius let him know the older man could relate to the childhood he had lived through.

"Well you don't have any others, at least not through blood lineage but... Bloody hell how bad was it there?" Sirius asked slowly, the grin on Harry's face throwing him off for a moment with the thought that perhaps living with the Dursley's wasn't so bad as he believed.

"It's not as bad as you probably think it might have been, and to be honest I'd rather not talk about it at all. Let's just say it's not like they killed me or I wouldn't be here right now." Harry answered honestly while not giving out to much information of his tormented childhood.

Giving his would be Godson a nod, Sirius let the topic drop. "So, what's something you like to do? Tell me a bit about yourself, if you're going to be staying with us for a while here, I'd like to get to know you."

"What can I say, I only really started living and enjoying myself when I came to Hogwarts," Harry said, his grip on the chains of the swing loosening as he found himself drifting into past memories. "For something I like to do it would have to be a tie between learning defensive magic and playing Quidditch."

"Ah, a Quidditch bloke like your father eh, looks like some things don't change even in alternate realities." Sirius joked chuckling.

"I guess not," Harry muttered to himself, taking Sirius' words in as a reminder to the time he and Ron had cleaned the trophy room at Hogwarts and having come upon his father Quidditch trophy. "I suppose that's probably the only thing I have in common with my father then?"

"Um, if playing Quidditch and looking almost identical isn't enough having in common I'll have you know ol' Prongs is quite the Master of hexes and jinxes... Didn't you know he's an Auror?" Sirius replied.

"Da-," Harry started before silencing himself with his own correction of name titles. "James?"

"Yeah, your father was the main reason I joined up as an Auror myself, all his talk about trying to make the world a better place for the good folk of the wizarding world finally seeped into my head, though really whatever James did I always seem to blindly follow," Sirius answered, his grey eyes seemed almost hazed over as if in a high over an old past memory. "You may not see it in him now, but your father... James, his personality, his intelligence, his loyalty, he's a man with a lot to offer and I assure you without any hesitation from me I'd follow him to the grave if need be."

Eyes flickering up to gaze at the back of the Potter family home, Harry felt a spark of warmth in his heart. For the first time since arriving it seemed that all the tales in his own world seemed to finally find truth here in this world as well in the verbal words of Sirius. "From what I've heard from others over the years is that he's quite the character you've just described, I guess I'm just not one to experience it personally."

"Don't go thinking like that now Harry, your father will come around sooner or later," Sirius responded quickly, not wanting to think the boy was wanted by his own parents. "Here I'll tell you what, you said you liked defensive magic right?"

Focus torn from the back of the Potter home, Harry fixed his gaze at Sirius. "Yeah, I like defensive magic, my best subject at Hogwarts was D.A.D.A."

"Brilliant, maybe I can teach you a thing or two," Sirius said, both happy to interact with his would be Godson and being able to lighten the mood. "That being of course if you are willing to learn a spell or

two if not I guess you can continue sitting there being a pansy boy sulking in your misery."

Thrusting himself out of his swing, Harry walked a few paces forward before spinning on heel to draw his wand out at Sirius. "I'm ready, are you?"

"That's the spirit," Sirius exclaimed as he shot out of his own swing, his more well fitting, extravagant set of robes swirling perfectly around him as he went an even four yards directly across from Harry. "Tell me then, have you ever heard of the hex *Mano Calambre*?"

"*Mana Calam*-what?" inquired Harry blankly.

"It's a spell that is quite efficient in my line of work, it contorts the hand muscles of an enemy if aimed accurately, if you shoot at the hand to the shoulder up it will work but any higher than that such as the neck, chest, stomach, even legs all you'll achieve is maybe a simple twitch." Sirius explained, his thin fingers running over the length of his wand he had since drawn from his robes.

"Alright, and the over all point of this spell is to what?" Harry asked bluntly, not quite able to picture the usefulness of this spell in a combat situation if it should ever present itself to him.

"Perhaps an example is in order," Sirius stated, his arm quickly extending straight with his wrist twisted so his knuckles faced the green grass of the backyard. "Willing to test the over all point of it, Harry?"

Curiosity getting the better of him, Harry gave a light shrug and poised himself into a position he felt most comfortable in casting *Protego* "Go ahead and try it."

Giving Harry a quick 'your loss' facial expression, Sirius' wrist quirked to the side just as his fingers snapped his wand up and a static beige light found itself zigzagging it's way speedily to Harry's hand, the speed of the spell in fact reaching his hand many seconds before Harry was even done pronouncing his deflective spell.

Yelping at the unexpected muscle cramp, Harry's eyes clenched close just as the muscles in his fingers and hands became painfully strict causing them to open and his grip on his wand obsolete. The

soft huff of his wand hitting the backyard grass was enough to make Harry realize the effectiveness of the spell and skill of his Godfather.

After watching his Godson's hand stretch open uncontrollably, Sirius was immediate in relieving the hex from Harry once the boy lost his hold on his wand. "How about that, effective no?"

"Yeah, i'll admit to being able to learn a few things," Harry said as he crouched down to retrieve his wand with his other hand, his right still being shaken wildly to try and relieve the sore feeling of having the muscles in his hand spasm.

"Exactly what I was wanting to hear, cause let me tell you Harry, in this world where so many people are out to get you i'm going to make to my personal prerogative to train you to be able to defend yourself while you are here. Deal? From Godfather to Godson?" Sirius asked, pocketing his wand within his robes while his hand stretched out to make a deal with the boy from the other world.

Maybe it being the fact that an adult close in his life was finally acknowledging him as more than the other damned boy from another world, Harry couldn't help but take his Godfather's hand in his own. The man was the first one he knew other than Lupin to be friend's with his original parent's in his own world and he felt safe in his company almost as if he were another parent or his actual parent in his own right. "You have yourself a deal. And oi, Sirius?"

"Hmm?" Sirius asked, his hand linked with messy black haired boy to give it a shake before letting it go so Harry could tend to his other sore hand.

"Thank you." mumbled Harry, his hand being shaken to and fro to try and relieve the numbness Sirius' hex had given him.

"And what exactly would the thanks be for?" Sirius questioned wonderingly as he let go of the mid-teens hand.

"For accepting me, it doesn't seem that easy for everyone here and I mean when you and I first met with me forced as one of Voldemort's barmy followers, it's nice to know you can see beyond that." Harry offered as an explanation, an awkward feeling beginning to take over him as he stood explaining himself to his other-self's Godfather.

"How about we leave tonight with that being something mutual, after all you saw the best in me your world, you saw past the criminal I was presumed to be isn't that right? I'm just returning the favor to you let's say, and honestly, I truly am glad to have you here Harry." Sirius countered, using what Harry had told him earlier with his own emotion and perspective.

Head bowed down as Sirius spoke, Harry took a deep breath of the blowing fresh air it felt rejuvenating, relieving and at the same the perfect mix of blissful nature to clear him of all guilt he had been holding in at having taken the life of his counterpart here in this world.

Watching the boy for a moment, Sirius' hand clapped Harry on the shoulder and lead him towards the back of the Potter household. "So since we've made some good progress between us today, what do you say to spending some more time with me tomorrow and teaching you a few more things?"

Looking over to the sincere face of his alternate Godfather, Harry cracked a light grin. "I haven't got anything else to do here so yes I'm willing to do that."

"Good, until then why don't you practise that hex I showed you today if you can remember how I did it that is." Sirius said as his hand slipped from the teens shoulder to grab the backdoor handle.

"I'll have it mastered by tomorrow." Harry said confidently though his face held a little show of amusement.

"Aren't you a cocky little bugger," Sirius replied with a chuckle, following Harry inside the house to be confronted with a lame faced James, a crystal clear glass filled with an amber liquid in hand. "What's that you have there mate, Firewhiskey?"

"Yes," James commented shortly, the contents of his glass being consumed in one whole swallow as he stared blatantly obvious at his son.

"Wanna pour me a glass then too and chat for a little?" Sirius asked his friend when he found the current situation to be caught in a chokehold of awkwardness between father and son.

"There's not much to talk about at the moment other than what you've been saying to the boy out there." James said in a not so subtle way of asking whether Sirius had told Harry what Dumbledore had tried to tell him before.

Heaving a sigh, Sirius shook his head at his old friend. "He doesn't know anything you don't want him to, Prongs. Keep in mind though that maybe Albus is right, maybe Harry here does have a right to know."

"I'm not discussing this right now," James grumbled, finally turning his gaze to look at Sirius. "At least not in present company."

Harry rolled his eyes and diverted his gaze gladly from his fathers to look at the kitchen wall.

Head twisting to look at Harry, Sirius gave his Godson a nod. "Well looks like me and your Pa' have a talk ahead of us, keep practicing that hex I showed and I'll see you around tomorrow night."

"Mmm," Harry noted, showing he understood Sirius' kind way of telling him it was best for him to leave the two adults to be alone.

Without another word Harry left the two men behind speaking in a hushed heated conversation yet curiosity as always getting the better of him he had only walked a few steps out of the kitchen before sneaking back to the kitchens entryway, his back pressed up against the other side of the wall that split him from his Godfather and father.

"What were you doing with him out there?" Harry heard James ask impatiently.

"I was talking to him James, learning about him, talking to him he is a person James, not a monster." replied Sirius in a quiet voice.

"I'm not saying he's a monster dammit, but I don't want him getting the wrong idea here I don't want him becoming to involved in this world Padfoot, can't you see? This is isn't his world, he doesn't want to be here nor does he care to spend the rest of his life here. He has his own world, one where he actually managed to turn out to be a decent person whatever my twin or otherself over there did a better job with raising him before he died than I had with my own Harry

while being alive. The last thing I'm willing to do is get him killed or manage to turn him into the arms of Voldemort, I've lost my child I don't want those who took him in and consider him their child to loss their's too." James ranted in such a passionate tone it had Harry's mind spinning for a moment as he listened in.

James, his dad cared for him? Or at least came as close to caring for him as Harry began to think was possible for the man. Shaking his head he quickly dropped back into eaves dropping.

"What you do," Harry caught Sirius say mid sentence. "But I can tell you while he's here give him the chance, you'll be surprised what you learn from him he's your son no matter how hard you might try to convince yourself he's not. There's nothing wrong with letting yourself give him a chance, I'm going to go now though I have to go to the Ministry, do me a favour?"

"What?" James asked slowly.

"Give the boy a try and quit being such a prick to him. I'll catch you later." Harry heard Sirius reply before the sound of thudding foot steps came walking his way, ducking down behind the loveseat in the living room Harry had just managed to get to his knees when his Godfather stepped into the room.

Head poking out from the back of the chair he and Sirius locked eyes, not saying a word to each other Sirius smirked and continued to walk on by to the fireplace his hand filling with green floo powder from a small pouch he pulled from his robes before stepping inside and vanishing into a blast of green flames to the Ministry of Magic.

Not waiting behind the loveseat to be discovered by his father, Harry quickly made his way from the living room and up the stairs to his bedroom passing by his mother and Rose huddled over an old photo album in his parents bedroom. Closing the door behind him, he flopped onto the single bed mattress with what looked like a pleased smile on his face. Without having been told to his face by the person he thought despised him it was a comforting feeling knowing he was wanted in a foreign world.

A/N: So after reading this you are probably amazed I am still alive, but fear not I am and have updated! Party in fanfic world right? Woot woot! lol, anywho hope you enjoy this one with a little clue into the

insight of the Potter family. If you've stuck with me this far into this chapter I promise you the next one will hopefully come out soon and become more thrilling. Hope to hear your thoughts about this chapter and what you might think happens next, see you all soon! Good-bye! :D

Chp17